May 5, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50

WATERCOLORS
COVE COTTAGE
MON.-WED.-FRI. 12-5
BRUCE KANET
POTTERY
JUST OVER THE BRIDGE
EVERY DAY-1 TO 5
Kenwick
PAINTINGS
HOURS
2-6
PHOTOS - PRINTS
JANE AND ROBERT TINE
PAINTINGS
Season

CRISTAL LALIQUE®

LOUISIANE

bloomingdale's

For further information please write to Lalique, Dep't. N.Y.L. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

THE CASUAL INCLINATION FOR SPRING

Karen Kane
In keeping with crisp, cool tradition, Karen Kane strikes the perfect informal agreement with the continually favored combo— Navy & White. Here, in 3 easy pieces to stroll through spring and summer. The white jacket, squared and casually tailored with blue piping and emblem, linen/cotton, S-M-L, 88.00. The navy and white tank, cotton, S-M-L, 36.00. The navy walking shorts, linen/cotton, 4 to 14, 50.00.

In Sutton Sportswear on 3, New York.
And in all our stores.

bloomingdale's

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE L
Big Sandy, Texa

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. **ORCHARDS**, a bill of seven new plays—by Maria Irene Fornes, Spalding Gray, John Guare, David Mamet, Wendy Wasserstein, Michael Weller, and Samm-Art Williams—all adapted from Chekhov short stories. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday, April 30, and Saturday, May 3, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, at 8.)

The Alchemedians—Bob Berky is a superlative clown, and Michael Moschen is a superlative juggler. They combine to make an evening of comedy and surprises and start-to-finish delight. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/7/86.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author is Wallace Shawn and the admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones in a cleverly constructed and eloquently written play by Michael Frayn, the burden of which is that attempting to do good in the world is a perilous adventure. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Deal—A very peculiar musical by Bob Fosse, about black criminals in Chicago a long time ago. The music consists of an assortment of golden oldies, capriciously misused. (4/21/86) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in Autumn—A play by Bernard Sabath in which George C. Scott and John Cullum portray the adult Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. Theodore Mann is the director. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 30. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2,* and Sundays at 3.)

Daughters—The DiAngelo women of Brooklyn would make rather trying company were it not for the performances of the actresses who play them. John Morgan Evans was the dramatist, John Henry Davis directed. (4/14/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Emerald City—A comedy by Donald Marcus, presented by the Ark Theatre Company. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18. For tickets, call 226-7682.)

Equity Library Theatre—Chekhov's **THE THREE SISTERS** in a new translation by Lanford Wilson is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 4. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Goblin Market—This musical, based on Christina Rossetti's *erotic allegorical poem*, has a charming score by Polly Pen, imaginative scenery by William Barclay, and good performances—singing and acting—by Terry Klausner and Ann Morrison. It may prove a little too fanciful for every taste, though. (4/28/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline is one of our finest actors, and his Hamlet has much to commend it, but he is almost done in by the foolish, intrusive production and the poor work of the supporting company. (3/24/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 an Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival o John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy wit Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockar Channing, among other fine performers. Jerr Zaks was the acute, perceptive directo (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturday at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sundays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's syntheti though often entertaining, comedy about tw old men who share a bench in Central Park given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 22 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised masterly comedy in this frightening tale o two Western families bound together by dreadful marriage. (12/16/85) (Promenad Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunda

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33
"SIGNALS" . . . . *Constance Schraft* 38
"GREEN ANIMALS" (POEM) . . . . *Nicholas Christopher* 40
"THE COLONEL SAYS I LOVE YOU" . . . . *Sergei Dovlatov* 42
"LOOKING OUT" (POEM) . . . . *Neal Bowers* 46
REFLECTIONS (BASEBALL AND DRUGS) . . . . *Roger Angell* 48
A REPORTER AT LARGE (CAMBODIA) . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 66
"SONG" (POEM) . . . . *Jane Kenyon* 105
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 106
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 114
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 120
 OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 121
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 122
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 129
 BRIEFLY NOTED 132

RECEIVED
MAY 13
Ambassador College Library

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, Edward Frascino, William Steig, J. B. Handelsman, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, George Booth, Roz Chast, Robert Weber, Robert Mankoff, Charles Addams, Lee Lorenz, Bernard Schoenbaum, Ed Fisher, Gahan Wilson, Arnie Levin, Warren Miller, Dana Fradon*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publishe Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Elaine M. Matteo, vice-president, treasurer, and secretar Milton Greenstein and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and comptroller; Douglas W. Florenzie, circulation director; Owen J. Hochreite advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmo Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXII, No. 11, May 5, 1986. Second-class posta paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage i cash. © 1986 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.0
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

PRIVATE
COLLECTION
ESTĒE
LAUDER
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 4: Gilbert and Sullivan's **TRIAL BY JURY** and **COX & BOX** (lyrics by F. C. Burnand). . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, May 7: Victor Herbert's **SWEETHEARTS.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—Jack Lemmon stars in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's drama. Directed by Jonathan Miller. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.)

LOOT—A far too mild revival of Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher and Zeljko Ivanek, among others. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MARKET THEATRE COMPANY—A South African company, in its first appearance here, presenting **ASINAMALI**, a play written and directed by Mbongeni Ngema. (Roger Furman, 290 Lenox Ave., at 124th St., third floor. 876-3272. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD—Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Cleo Laine, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NUNSENSE—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE PERFECT PARTY—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, Charlotte Moore, David Margulies, and Kate McGregor-Stewart is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PERSONALS—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE PETITION—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn give excellent performances in an unsatisfactory two-character play by Brian Clark, about an old couple bickering in the shadow of death. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PRECIOUS SONS—Judith Ivey and Ed Harris in what is sometimes called a "memory" play, about an unhappy family in Chicago back in the late forties. (3/31/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SMOKING NEWPORTS AND EATING FRENCH FRIES—A comedy by Sebastian Stuart. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SOCIAL SECURITY—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Stefan Schnabel, Olympia Dukakis, and Kenneth Welsh. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

SO LONG ON LONELY STREET—A comedy by Sandra Deer about a decayed Southern family facing those old Southern fritters—death, incest, alcohol, and conversation. With Lizan Mitchell, Ray Dooley, Pat Nesbit, Stephen Root, and Jane Murray. (4/14/86) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SONG & DANCE—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SWEET CHARITY—A revival of the 1966 musical by Cy Coleman (score), Dorothy Fields (lyrics), and Neil Simon (book), with Bob Fosse again acting as director and choreographer. Debbie Allen stars. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

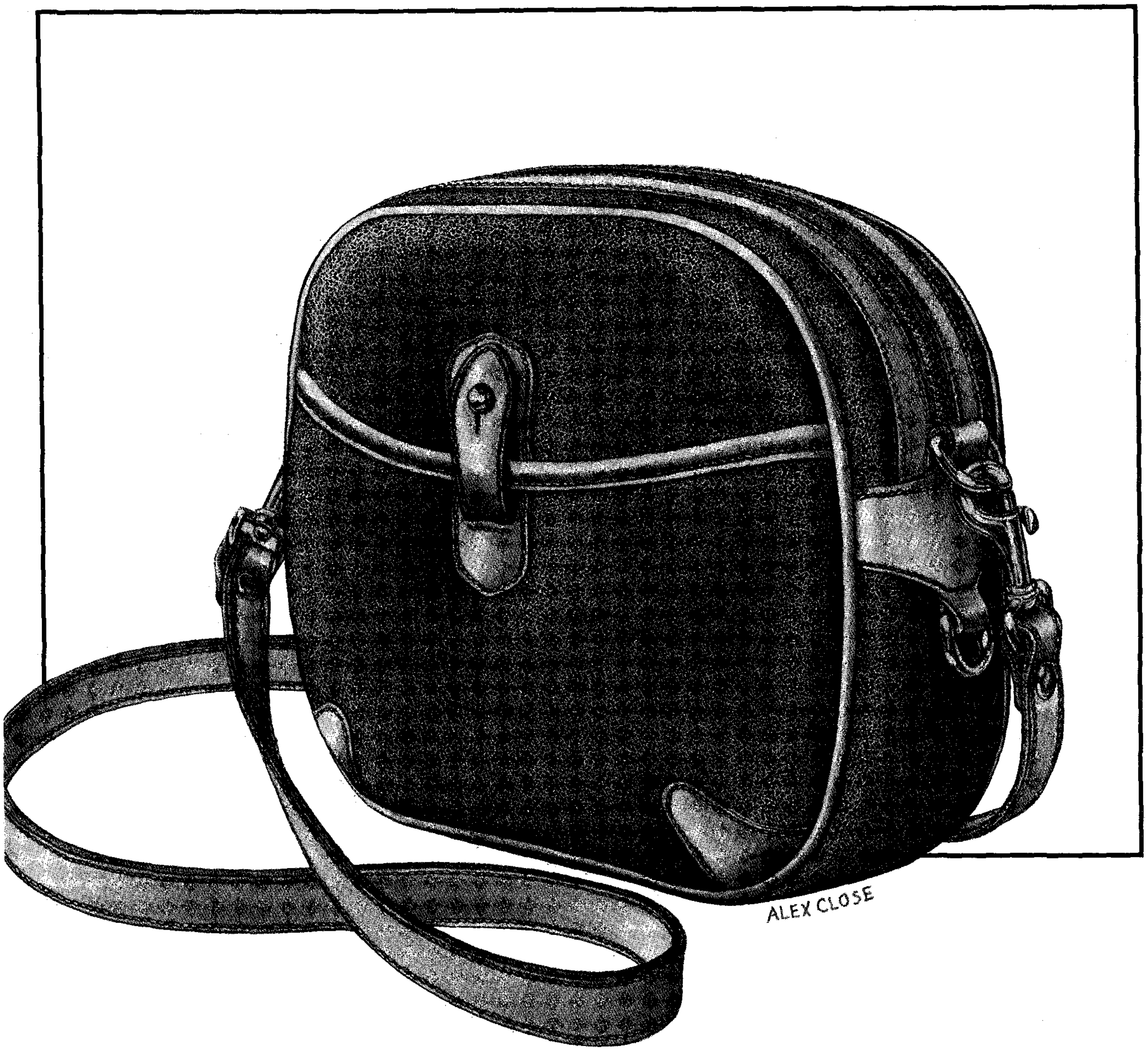
VIENNA: LUSTHAUS—This evocation in dance, mime, acting, and music of turbulent Vienna before the First World War is often beautiful and always entertaining. It was created and directed by the imaginative Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee—the pair responsible for "The Garden of Earthly Delights" a couple of years ago. Witty text by Charles Mee, Jr. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

WILLIAMS AND WALKER—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Sloan, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with percussionist Joe Marshall at his side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 5:30.)

LONG RUNS—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays a 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** comedy that verges on auto-hagiography, th hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a youn Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling t assume the mantle of writer. (Neil Simon 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, excep Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Another remembrance of things past by Ne Simon. This time, the hero is a sex-obsesse fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 22 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 11.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has littl wit and a lot of phony sentimentality abou the tenderhearted family life of homosexual The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757 2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, an Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and unde that name Eliot wrote a collection of poem about cats, and now the cats are on displa on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloy Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** group of young dancers audition for a handf of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsa and by the time the evening is over we kno everything about all of them. (Shubert, 22 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,824 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-383 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays a 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funn play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of th company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayett St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Onc upon a time there was a silly-wonderf Warner Brothers musical about a youn hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled sta and herself becomes a star overnight. Th legitimate musical that has been fashione from the movie musical is just as silly but b no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHO OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 196 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, thi exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free camp. The score is by Alan Menken, an Howard Ashman directed and wrote the boo and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed th menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** collection of short sketches that purport t give us a refreshing view of sex and do no (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Monday through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 an 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays a 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does th talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 40 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays an Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except May 10, at and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except May 10, and Sundays at 3.) . . ***SINGIN' IN THE RAIN:*** A watered-down version the celebrated M-G-M original. Directed an choreographed by Twyla Tharp, the sho tries to do too many things at once, with cast that is hardworking but not very winsome. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

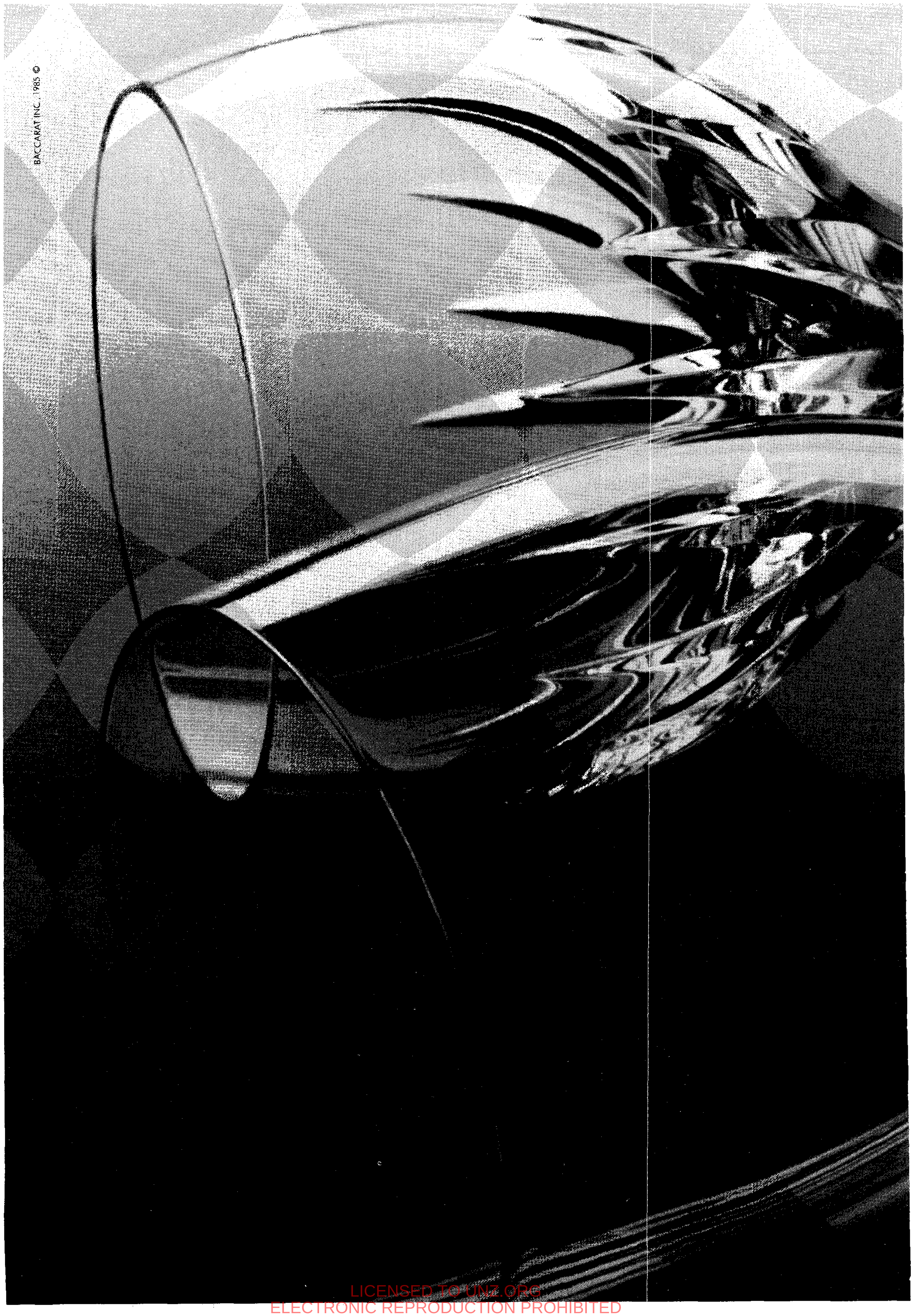
THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth editi (Madison Square Garden. 564-44



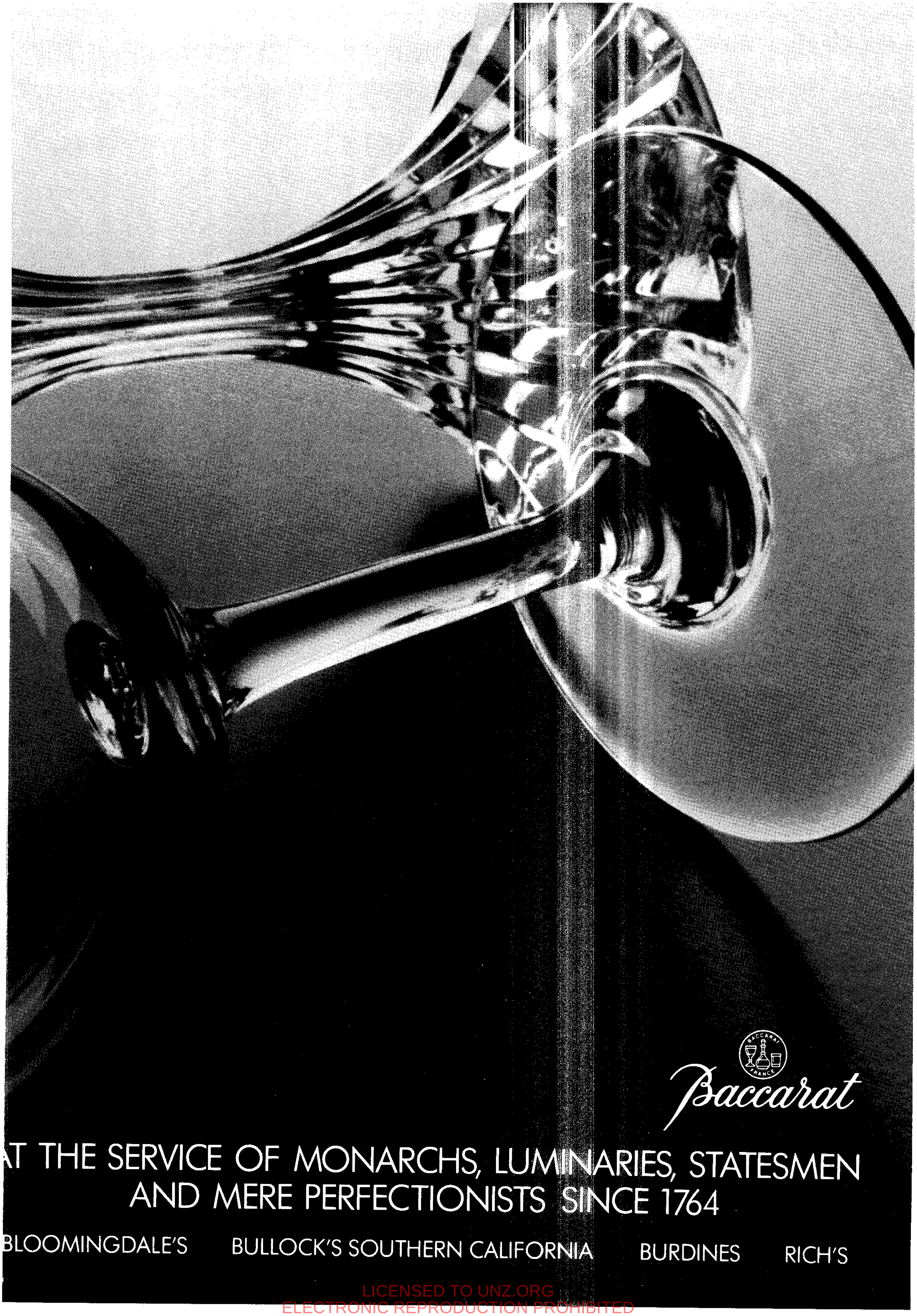
The Camera Case
from Dooney & Bourke®

Dooney & Bourke introduces the Camera Case—a handsome, compact and functional bag beautifully crafted of their naturally water-repellent All-Weather Leather.®
In 12 colors and 2 sizes: Small (H7½″ L8½″ W2¾″)—$165 (pictured), and Large (H7″ L11″ W3″)—$185.
Catalog available upon request.

Dooney & Bourke, Inc. • P.O. Box 841 • Regent St., S. Norwalk, Ct 06856 • (800) 243-5598



BACCARAT INC. 1985 ©


BACCARAT FRANCE
Baccarat
AT THE SERVICE OF MONARCHS, LUMINARIES, STATESMEN
AND MERE PERFECTIONISTS SINCE 1764
BLOOMINGDALE'S
BULLOCK'S SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
BURDINES
RICH'S

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the one-thirty performance on Wednesday, May 7, has been cancelled. Through Sunday, June 1.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—Hilarious joking and juggling by some exceptionally gifted young men, who were all born closer to the Russian River than to Russia. (4/14/86) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday at 7 and 10; Saturday at 8; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

Mummenschanz—A mime-and-mask trio. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, May 25.)

Royal Lipizzan Stallion Show—A brief engagement. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 1 and 5.)

"Furies"—An experimental theatre-opera work created by the Roy Hart Theatre of France and New York's The Talking Band. The production is based on Robert Lowell's adaptation of the first two parts of Aeschylus' Orestean trilogy. With music by Ellen Maddow, Harry Mann, and Jonathan Hart. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1. Opens officially on Friday, May 2, and will run through Sunday, May 18. (Crypt, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. For information about tickets, call 316-7563.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, April 30: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Shadows," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 1: "Interplay," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 2: "Stars and Stripes," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 3: "Ballo della Regina," "Prodigal Son," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 4: "Interplay," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 4: "Stars and Stripes," "Shadows," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 6: "Interplay," "Shadows," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 7: "Shadows," "Pas de Deux," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 8: "Interplay," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 9: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 10: "Ballo della Regina," "Eight More," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 10: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except May 3, at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 22.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a nine-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 5—Monday evening, May 5: Two New York premières—"Francesca da Rimini" and "Walk This Way"—and excerpts from three full-length ballets, and "Theme and Variations." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-3030.) . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 6: "Symphonie Concertante," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 7: "Les Sylphides," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 7: "Les Sylphides," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "Dark Elegies," "Walk This Way," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 9, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 10: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Sankai Juku—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, April 30, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, at 8; Saturday, May 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 4, at 3: "Jomon Sho." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Friday, May 6-9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 11, at 3: "Kinkan Shonen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pilar Rioja—Programs of flamenco dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Friday, May 2, at 8; Saturdays at 3; Sundays at 7; Monday, May 5, at noon; Tuesday, May 6, at 8; Wednesday, May 7, at 2 and 8; and Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8. Through Sunday, May 11.)

Nancy Meehan Dance Company—New and repertory works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Friday through Sunday, May 2-4, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Battery Dance Company—"Divertimento for Strings" (première), "God's World," and "At the Fair." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 6:45; Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 8; and Sunday, May 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 219-3910.)

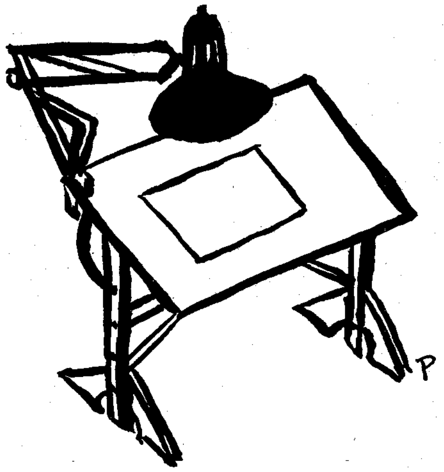
DanceAfrica Festival—Two programs of traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, each performed by the Chuck Davis Dance Company, Calabash Dance Company, Forces of Nature, the Kan Kouran Dance Company, Odadaa Dance Company, and Sabar Ak Ru Afriq. With Djimo Kuoyate, narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 2.)

Rachel Harms Dance Company—Performances of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 10-11, at 8.)

Dance Interviews—Merrill Ashley being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians an night-club proprietors live complicated liv that are subject to last-minute change; it therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)- **JULIE WILSON**, a compelling, convincing, ar generally wonderful singer, is in the Oa Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nin fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd S (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical ba restaurant, and jazz haunt. The weeker music honors go to pianist **JOHN BUNCH** ar bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** on Friday and Saturda May 2-3, and to pianist **JILL MC MANUS** ar bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** on Friday and Saturda May 9-10. Other groups can be heard tl rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays throug Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Satu days at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSO DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in h small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-pe fect voice. Early-evening concerts Wedne days through Saturdays from six-thirty eight-thirty. Wednesday through Saturda May 7-10, **JO SULLIVAN** will be singing fro nine.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (47 8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club wi deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy ba Drummer and composer **MAX ROACH** leads double quartet on the double through Su day, May 4; Monday, May 5, will belong classically bluesy organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF**; ar on Tuesday, May 6, bassist **RAY BROWN'S** tr will take over along with tenor saxophoni **STANLEY TURRENTINE** and his outfit. Music aft nine. Jubilant hard-bop trumpeter **TED CURSC** presides over after-hours jam sessions eve night but Monday until about four in tl morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (22 6300)—"Just Once," with music and lyri by Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, is the fa Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight, Fr days and Saturdays, except May 10, seven-thirty and eleven, and Sundays seven and ten. Saturday, May 10, the thi annual **FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE SHOW** w commence at eight and again at eleven. Dining.

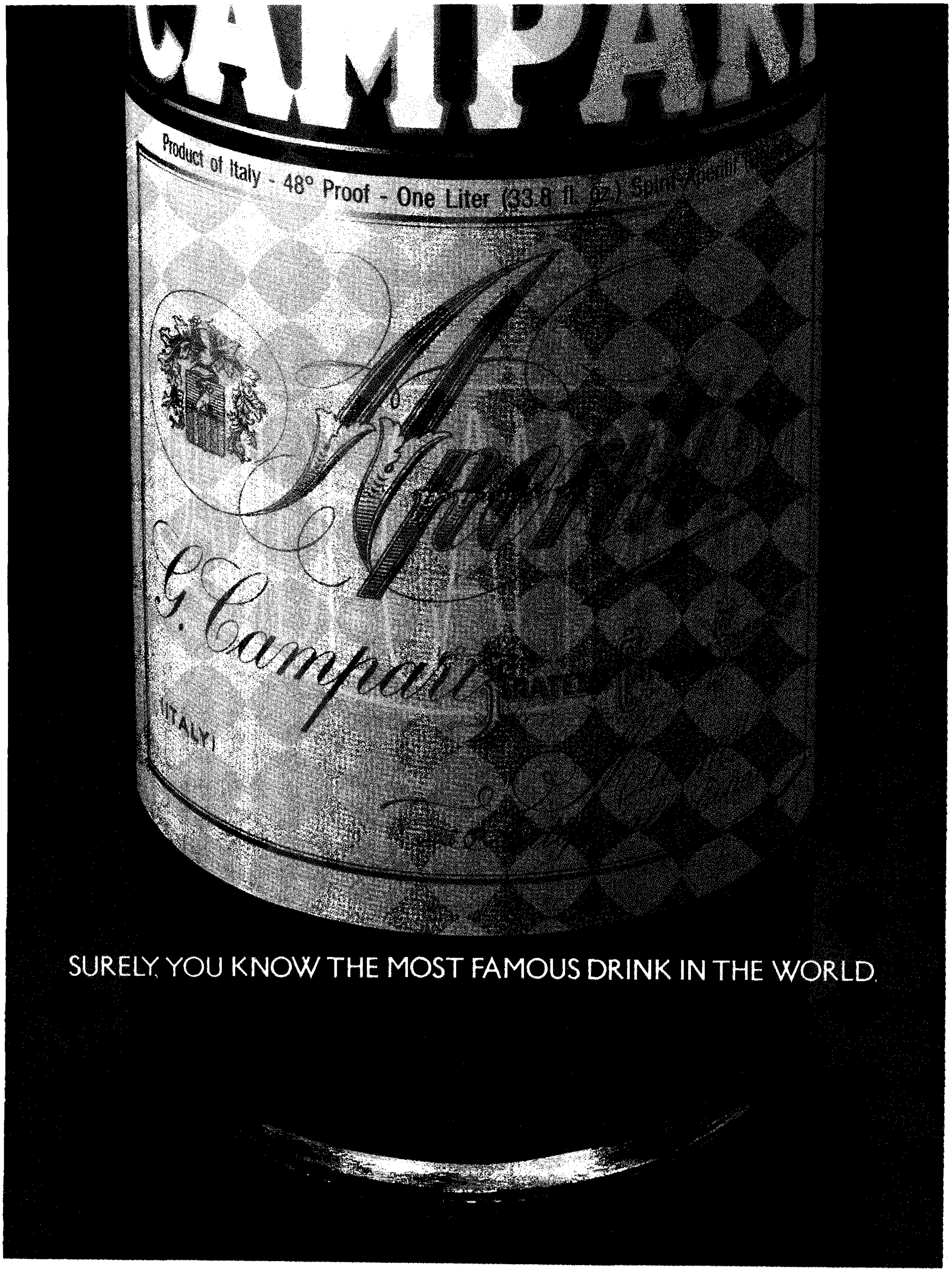
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (22 6440)—A real New York bar; it has da wood panelling, Type A conversationalist and some very good musicians. Pianist **JAM WILLIAMS** and bassist **RUFUS REID** collaborate u til Saturday, May 3; on Sunday, May pianist **HUGH LAWSON** will drop by; and Monday, May 5, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMB** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** will live here night. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (74 1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elega room where **BOBBY SHORT** performs his coz elegant repertoire Tuesdays through Satu days at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Ov in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CA ROLL** is singing and soloing Tuesdays throug *Saturdays from nine-forty-five.*

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathere splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer sig and a general ramshackle feel. All this a rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase nigl Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (92 0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven, where yo can order pitchers of beer and listen to blu grass or folk or Irish music. Saturday, May Deborah Snow & the Arkansas Travelers wi be onstage; Saturday, May 10, Metropolita Opry puts on a show. There is Irish music Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fr days, and Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (53 7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belo stairs music room. Super bassist **RON CART** and a quartet that features **ROLAND HANNA** piano are present through Sunday, May Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7, will l shared by singers **MARION COWINGS** and **K SHAW**; and **KENNY RANKIN**, the pleasant pop-ja folkie, will come in on Thursday, May Mondays remain the property of guitari and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his tri

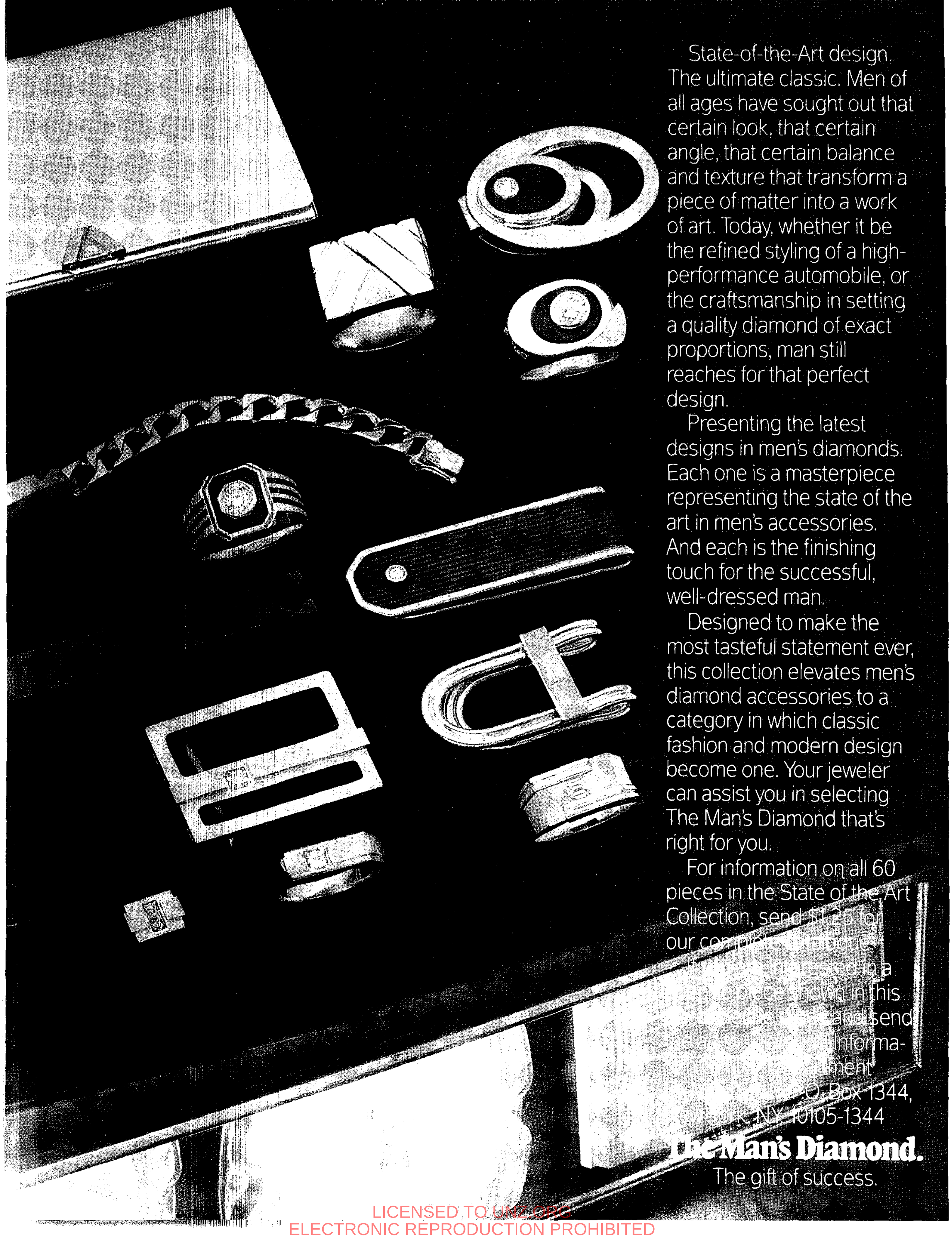

CAMPARI
Product of Italy - 48° Proof - One Liter (33.8 fl. oz.) Spirit-Aperitif
G. Campari
(ITALY)
SURELY, YOU KNOW THE MOST FAMOUS DRINK IN THE WORLD.

CAMPARI®
THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

SERVE WITH ORANGE JUICE, SODA OR ON THE ROCKS, IMPORTED BY: CAMPARI USA, NEW YORK, NY 10104.

THE MAN'S DIAMOND.

THE STATE OF THE ART.



State-of-the-Art design. The ultimate classic. Men of all ages have sought out that certain look, that certain angle, that certain balance and texture that transform a piece of matter into a work of art. Today, whether it be the refined styling of a high-performance automobile, or the craftsmanship in setting a quality diamond of exact proportions, man still reaches for that perfect design.

Presenting the latest designs in men's diamonds. Each one is a masterpiece representing the state of the art in men's accessories. And each is the finishing touch for the successful, well-dressed man.

Designed to make the most tasteful statement ever, this collection elevates men's diamond accessories to a category in which classic fashion and modern design become one. Your jeweler can assist you in selecting The Man's Diamond that's right for you.

For information on all 60 pieces in the State of the Art Collection, send $1.25 for our complete catalogue.

[illegible] interested in a [illegible] piece shown in this [illegible] and send the ad to [illegible] Information [illegible] ment [illegible] O. Box 1344, [illegible] ork, NY 10105-1344

The Man's Diamond.

The gift of success.

DAUM.
LE CRISTAL EST UN ART

A powerful thoroughbred bound for an imaginary destination.
A fusion of line and light in subtle interplay.
An invitation to a journey, born of the skill and inspiration
of the master craftsmen of Daum.

Daum
CRISTAL FRANCE

225 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010 (212) 532-5686

© 1986 Weil Ceramics and Glass Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

REDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is still on hand Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and after twelve-thirty Friday and Saturday. **KAY STARR** is here now, too, and she performs at nine through Saturday, May 3. Dining.

REGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to Alicia Sherman; Sundays Joe Derise sings and plays piano; Mondays the Stan Edwards trio drops in; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

ANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **LARRY VUCKOVICH** holds down the dining-room grand until Saturday, May 3; on Tuesday, May 6, **JUDY CARMICHAEL** will claim the keyboard. Sundays belong to Amy Duncan, and Mondays to **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

NICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **FRED HERSCH** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** are working here through Saturday, May 3, and on Tuesday, May 6, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will come in with **CECIL MC BEE.** Dining.

ONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, **RICK DANKO** and **LEVON HELM;** Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, keyboardist **BERNIE WORRELL;** Sunday and Monday, May 4-5, zydeco king **CLIFTON CHENIER;** Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, Spirit. Music after nine. Dining.

ICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ROSEMARY CLOONEY** is singing Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

IKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule: Wednesday, April 30, Colombian singer Corina Bartra; Thursday, May 1, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, the **GADD GANG,** led by drummer **STEVE GADD;** Monday, May 5, Blind Lemon Peel; Tuesday, May 6, Walter Duda; Wednesday, May 7, reggae drummer and singer **WINSTON GRENNAN;** Thursday, May 8, Axiom; and Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, violinist **NOEL POINTER.** Music from about ten. Dining.

ARK TEN, 10 Park Ave., at 34th St. (889-1310)—**SYLVIA SYMS** is performing songs associated with Fred Astaire on Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-fifteen.

ITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, Flock of Seagulls and **MODERN ENGLISH;** Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, **A.P.B.** and Fishbone; Friday, May 9, Erasure; and Saturday, May 10, Trouble Funk. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

OUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio, and the music is the kind you won't find on "Solid Gold." Wednesday, April 30, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ;** Thursday, May 1, reggae-ist Don Carlos; Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, May 6, reggae with Leroy Sibbles; Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, **CHIEF COMMANDER EBENEZER OBEY** and his troupe from Nigeria; Friday, May 9, Wilfredo Vargas and System Band; and Saturday, May 10, **MIKATA.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**MC COY TYNER,** as dense and

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

rhythmic as ever, performs Tuesdays through Sundays, and Monday, May 5, is **DAKOTA STATON** Night. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club featuring **ELLIOTT MURPHY'S** band on Thursday, May 1, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE** Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, and a whole bunch of other bands the rest of the time. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room on Mondays: on May 5, keyboardists **CHARLIE PALMIERI** and **MICHEL CAMILO** will be on hand with their groups, and so will **HILTON RUIZ,** the guest jazz soloist. . . . ¶ On the Terrace after nine-thirty, you'll find bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and a pianist through Sunday, May 4, and pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** and a bassist can be heard nightly except Mondays, beginning Tuesday, May 6. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays, too.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Singer and lyricist **JON HENDRICKS & COMPANY** reign through Sunday, May 4, and on Tuesday, May 6, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz. Bassist **MICKEY BASS** heads up a combo through Sunday, May 4, with **JOHN HICKS** on piano, and on Wednesday, May 7, pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** bassist **JAMIL NASSER,** and guitarist **RODNEY JONES** will begin a five-night visit. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Two longtime piano-bass teams can be found here most of the time right now: **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, May 3, and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** beginning Monday, May 5. Sundays are the domain of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and *his* longtime colleague, bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

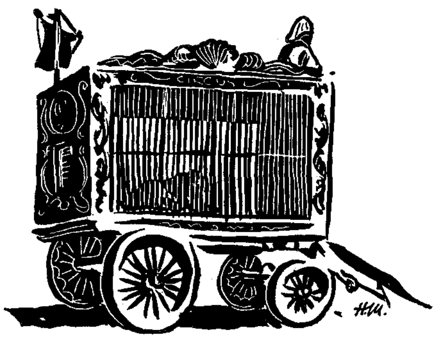
C-SHARPE—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday, May 2, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

CHRIS ANDERSON TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Saturday, May 3, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

PAT METHENY, ORNETTE COLEMAN, CHARLIE HADEN, JACK DE JOHNETTE, AND DENARDO COLEMAN—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, May 8, at 7:30 and 10:30.

ALARM—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, May 9, at 8.

ARTO LINDSAY AND BILL FRISELL—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, May 9, at 8.



JOSÉ JOSÉ—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, May 9, at 8.

BARRY HARRIS TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

OLA BELLE & BUD REED, THE WHITSTEIN BROTHERS, and **BESSIE ELDRETH**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Saturday, May 10, at 8.

TONY BENNETT—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 3.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, May 2: Soul Asylum, Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper, and Oysters. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3: Live Skull and Government Issue. . . . ¶ Friday, May 9: Chesterfield Kings and Reducers. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to bewteen 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BYRON BROWNE (1907-61)—Ten abstract paintings from the fifties. Through May 24. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ANTHONY CARO—Nudes in bronze and in charcoal drawings executed in his Pine Plains, Dutchess County, studio. Through May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

RENÉ GENIS—Tropical landscapes and related still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 10. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

MARIA COOPER JANIS—Impressionist paintings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

CHARLES MAURIN (1856-1914)—Landscapes done with a sprayed-watercolor technique invented by the artist. Also, drawings and watercolors by Maurin's contemporaries, Toulouse-Lautrec and Villon among them. Through Saturday, May 3. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Abstract paintings completed in 1985. Through Saturday, May 10. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

AIKO MIYAWAKI—Abstract steel sculptures. Through May 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

OWEN MORREL—An abstract bronze sculpture and five very large pencil drawings of the piece as it would appear if it were enlarged to monumental scale. Through Saturday, May 10. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Oil paintings and collages, all recent work. Through Thursday, May 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE (1887-1986)—Paintings, pastels, drawings, and prints—more than forty works in all. Through June 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—A loan show of fifty drawings, which are being shown in public for the first time. Through June 28. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

MARIO SIRONI (1885-1961)—Paintings and works on paper. Through May 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Paintings from the past forty years. Through May 24. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

JAN TSCHICHOLD (1902-74)—Posters, books, and typographical designs by a designer known for theatre posters (from the twenties) and for the design (in the thirties) of the Penguin paperback. Through June 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

CY TWOMBLY—Paintings, drawings, and bronzes. Through Saturday, May 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

MARY ANN UNGER—A walk-through aluminum architectural work that will go to a Philadelphia park this summer. Also, three life-size figures. Through May 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

WILLARD GALLERY ANNIVERSARY—The gallery that takes the credit for introducing such artists as David Smith, Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, and Dorothy Dehner has mounted the work

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

of these and other artists in the first of two fiftieth-anniversary exhibits in memory of its founder, Marian Willard Johnson. Through Saturday, May 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Animal sculptures by American artists; Elie Nadelman and William Zorach are among those represented by works that date from 1915 to 1950. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by the founders of Purism, Ozenfant and Le Corbusier, and their followers. Through May 31. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of about a hundred paintings and works on paper from the Princeton University Art Museum. These works—by Europeans and Americans—include a Degas "Dancers," Ammi Phillips's "The Girl in Pink," and Willem de Kooning's "Black Friday." Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through May 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953) / **Seymour Lipton**—Nonobjective paintings. / Drawings in Conté crayon by a sculptor. Through May 21. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Blackwell—Paintings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Norman Bluhm—Recent paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through June 14. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and 113 Greene St.)

Frank Bowling—Recent impastoed abstractions. Through May 31. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Peter Dean—Neo-Expressionist paintings of landscapes. Through May 24. (Kerr, 225 W. 57th St.)

Stuart Diamond—Painted constructions and mixed-medium paintings whose themes center chiefly on conflict and war. Through Wednesday, May 7. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gonzalo Fonseca—Sculptures carved from stone blocks which suggest archeological digs. Through May 31. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—A new series of figure paintings called "The Resurrection." Through Wednesday, May 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

R. D. Huggins and Diane Keaton—Joint works (hers the conception, his the execution) in oil on canvas which are based on interpretations of Christian tenets for children. Through May 24. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bryan Hunt / **Ellsworth Kelly**—Small-scale bronzes, and drawings. Through May 31. / Monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases. Through June 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Jessup—Paintings and drawings of blocky figures and simplified landscapes. Through Saturday, May 3. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Monochromatic paintings, sponge reliefs and sculptures, and paintings with body imprints. Through May 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bruce McLean—Functional painted plates and bowls that the artist made at Fulham Pottery, in England. Through Saturday, May 10. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Recent paintings, including reliefs. Through May 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick / **Martha Diamond**—New abstract paintings in oil and gouache. / Cityscapes bordering on abstractions. Through Saturday, May 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—Paintings and works on paper depicting pigeons—walking on cobblestone streets, perched on corners of buildings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Joyce Treiman—A series of lively Expressionist paintings involving one or more figures (the artist and a possible suitor) and, sometimes, an ocean liner. Through May 24. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ger van Elk—Painted landscape photographs are transformed into formidable three-dimensional works when stretched over polyhedral frames. Also, preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, May 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jane Wasey—Animal sculptures cast in bronze and carved in wood or stone. Through May 24. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

James Wolfe—Abstract forms using painted, curled steel. Through Saturday, May 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DONSON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Handmade wood-block prints by early-twentieth-century Fauvists and Expressionists, among them Dix, Feininger, and Maillol. Through June 14. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Etchings by three Italian Old Masters: fourteen by Canaletto, a complete set of "Vari Capricci" by Tiepolo, and forty-five by Piranesi. Through May 24. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St.: A show entitled "Free Space: Artists' Use of Floating Forms in Two-Dimensional Art" includes works by Lee Krasner, Sonia Delaunay, Manoucher Yektai, and others. Through May 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings reflecting the current interest in city (or town) street incidents, by contemporary realists, including Rackstraw Downes, Louisa Matthiasdottir, and Wayne Thiebaud. Through May 21.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Miquel Barceló—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 3. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Tom Bills—Steel and lead floor sculptures. Through May 17. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Bruce Boice / **Gianfranco Gorgoni**—Abstract paintings. / Photographs of Robert Smithson's earthwork "Spiral Jetty." Through Saturday, May 3. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Adam Cvijanovic—Multipanel paintings. Through May 24. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Dorothy Dehner—A retrospective, including watercolors, prints, and sculptures in wood, bronze, and Corten steel. Through May 28. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

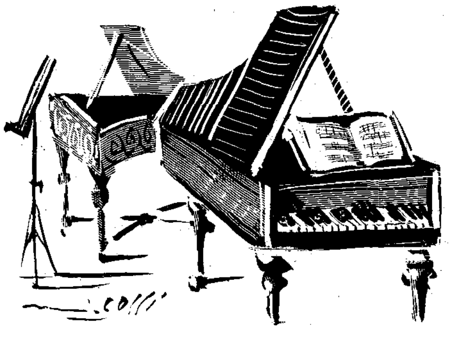
Perle Fine / **Paul Russotto**—Works on paper from the fifties and sixties by a New York School artist. / Paintings. Through May 24. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

April Gornik—Paintings and drawings by a landscapist who capitalizes on nature's overstatements. Through Saturday, May 10. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

John Hultberg—A veteran New York artist showing paintings in which (often) landscapes, cityscapes, and figures converge. Through Saturday, May 10. (Shapolsky, formerly Arbitrage, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Jim Jacobs / **Max Cole**—Lacquer paintings. / Drawings on Plexiglas superimposed on canvas. Through Saturday, May 3. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Yvonne Jacquette / **Ken Goodman**—Paintings and pastels of Tokyo at night. / Paintings i which a realist portrait merges with abstra brushstrokes, plus similar charcoal drawing Through Saturday, May 3. (Alexander, 5 Wooster St.)



Komar & Melamid—Large multipanel works en bracing numerous art styles. Through Ma 17. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Christopher Le Brun—Emblematic painting Through May 31. (Sperone Westwater, 14 Greene St.)

Mimi Korach Lesser / **Doris Lubell**—Paintings the Galápagos Islands. / Acrylic-and-wate color paintings. Through May 11. (Pinda 127 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

George Longfish—Acrylic paintings incorpora ing pictographs and other images associate with the artist's American Indian heritag Through Saturday, May 3. (Steinbaum, 13 Greene St.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Abstract painting Through May 14. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Manuel Pardo / **Y-J Cho**—Stylized portraits androgynous figures. / Photo-Realist wate colors of architectural details. Through Satu day, May 3. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Sprin St.)

Joseph Raffael—Landscapes in oil (with Japa nese motifs) and watercolors of oversize bir and moths. Through May 14. (Hoffman, 42 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Landscape paintings. Throug May 17. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Ope at noon.)

David Salle / **Jean Kallina**—Recent paintings. Photographs of a performance of a play f which David Salle designed the sets and co tumes. Through Saturday, May 3. (Castell 420 West Broadway.)

Babe Shapiro—Abstract paintings. Throug May 17. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

Mark Tansey—Allegorical paintings. Throug Saturday, May 10. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.

Karl Wirsum—A retrospective of painting drawings, sculptures, and prints. Throug May 24. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **BRYERS,** 111 Greene St Paintings, mostly, by Mike Bidlo, Keith Ha ing, Rhonda Zwillinger, and many others i an exhibit that pays tribute to the late arti Nicolas Moufarrege. Through Saturday, Ma 10. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: show entitled "The Northern Landscap Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings fro the Courtauld Collections" contains some the major exponents of the landscape gen between the sixteenth century and the nine teenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, th Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turne Through July 26. (Open Wednesday evening until 8.) . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Oil pain ings by Ethelyn Honig, wall sculptures b Anna Broell Bresnick, and a painting (amon other works) on paper that is attached to a aluminum framework and suspended fro the ceiling, by D. Corley. Through Saturda May 10.

OTHER GALLERIES

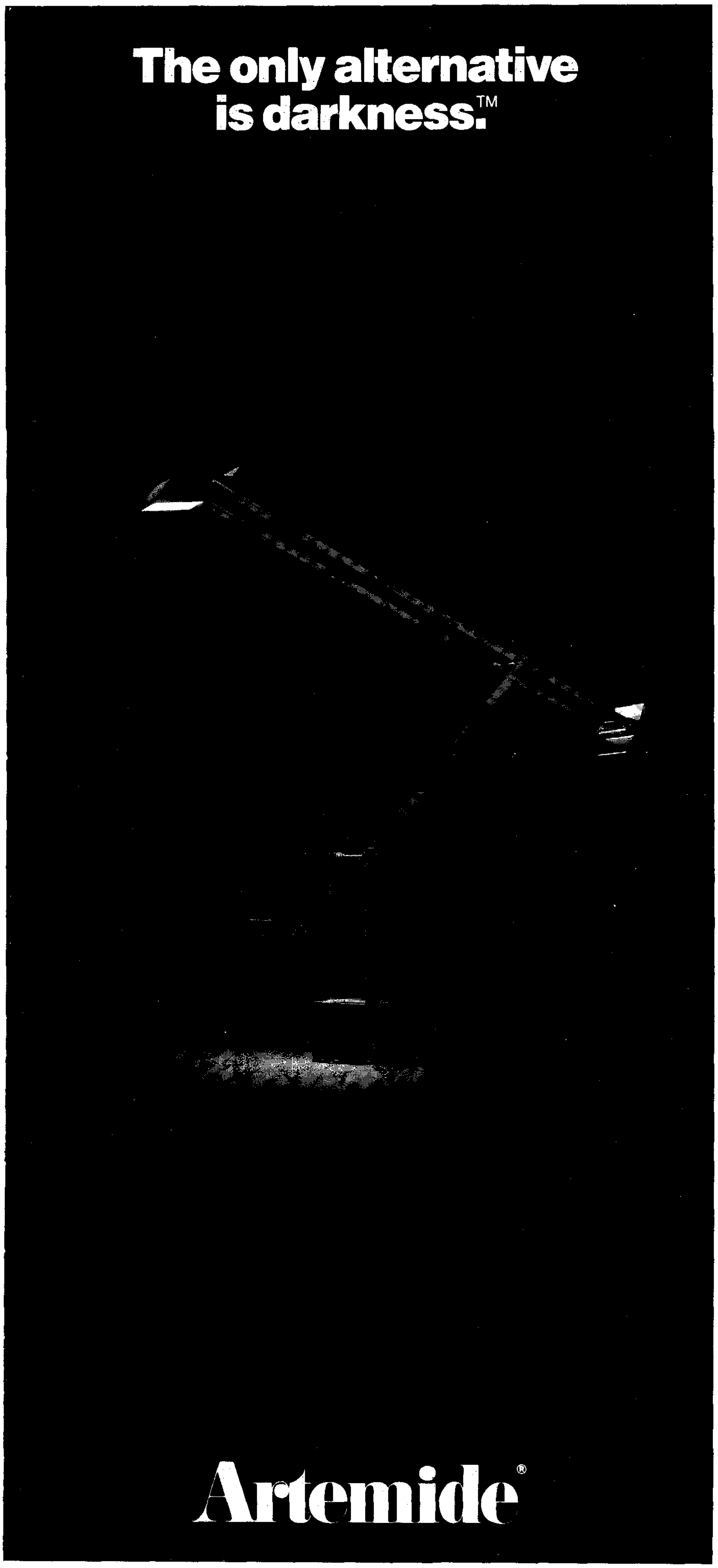
Paul Benney—Impressive paintings of slavish looking figures on their hands and knees, b an artist who reinforces the usual dolor of h subject matter by mixing sand in his paint and collaging wire cages to the canva Through Sunday, May 4. (P.P.O.W, 337 E 8th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays throug Sundays.)

Mike Bidlo—Copies of Morandi painting Through Sunday, May 4. (Audiello, 436 E 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays throug Sundays.)

Katharine T. Carter—Paintings. Through Ma 31. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambe St.)

Suzan Etkin—Footprints, handprints, and print of other parts of the artist's body, by woman who began where Yves Klein left of black, white, and silver are the color Through Sunday, May 4. (Postmasters, 6 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noo Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Annette Lemieux—A show revealing severa facets of this artist's talent, from Minimalis painting to the glorification of German ste



Tizio™ Lamp

Tizio™ Table/Desk Lamp from **Artemide** is perhaps the most famous lamp in the world today. Designed by Richard Sapper in 1972 and part of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, **Tizio** has become universally accepted as a modern classic.

Beautifully crafted, in black or white, it is fully adjustable and extendable, with a two intensity, energy efficient halogen light bulb. An optional floor base is also available.

The **Tizio** Table/Desk Lamp from Artemide is protected by United States patent no. 3,790,773.

Tizio™ available at these selected stores throughout the United States:

Birmingham MI
Michigan Chandelier 313/626-2548

Boston MA
Adesso 617/969-2285
Roche Bobois 617/723-2866

Chicago IL
Tech Lighting 312/337-0759

Denver CO
Harris Myers 303/377-4411

Ft. Lee NJ
City Lights 201/944-4098

Ft. Worth TX
Cummins Lighting Center 817/732-1433

Los Angeles CA
American Lighting 213/653-8555
Brentwood Lighting 213/472-6575

Miami FL
Lumen 305/576-1737

New York NY
Lee's Studio Gallery 212/265-5670
The Lighting Center 212/752-6868
Lightforms 212/255-2272
The Museum of Modern Art Bookstore 212/708-9700
Sam Flax 212/620-3000

Philadelphia PA
OLC 215/923-6085

Phoenix AZ
Modern Age 602/275-2711

San Diego CA
Inside 619/233-8201

San Francisco CA
Basic Concepts 415/626-9077
Policelli Lighting 415/621-1684

Seattle WA
Current 206/622-2433

St. Paul MN
Creative Lighting 612/647-0111

Washington, DC
Roche Bobois 202/966-4490

Also available at the following
Bloomingdale's
New York City
Fresh Meadows NY
Garden City NY
White Plains NY
Bergen County NJ
Short Hills NJ
White Flint MD
Tysons Corner VA
King of Prussia PA
Willow Grove PA
Dallas TX
Miami FL
Stamford CT
Chestnut Hill MA

helmets. Through Sunday, May 4. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Christopher Lucas—Abstract paintings on wood—sometimes bent wood—whose surfaces are heavily worked with oils, varnishes, waxes, washes, and glazes. Through Saturday, May 3. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Will Mentor—Small, concise abstract paintings, most of them devoted to what appear to be sewer pipes draining into one another. Through May 11. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Roxie Munro—Watercolor paintings and ink drawings by an artist whose work has appeared on the cover of this magazine. Through Saturday, May 10. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Paintings and collages dated 1949 to 1952. Through May 31. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near 11th Ave.)

Terry Rosenberg—Life drawings. Through Saturday, May 3. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Alan Scarritt—An installation of found objects and plaster sculptures, plus related drawings. Through May 14. (Attitude Art, 184 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts. Opens at noon.)

Robert Terry—Landscape paintings reflecting the influence of Munch and others. Through Sunday, May 4. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

David Wojnarowicz—Paintings. Through May 18. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **ARTISTS SPACE**, 223 West Broadway: Paintings by Lee Mullican and Gordon Onslow-Ford, and a geodesic dome and animal sculptures impastoed with sequins, gems, and beads by Gerome Kamrowski. Through Saturday, May 10. . . . **P.S. 1**, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Images of the Unknown," an exhibit of artists who avow a spiritual motivation for their work—for example, three visionary paintings by Joseph Parker, a recluse who lives in the desert, and a room-size piece by Ann McCoy in which the walls, ceiling, everything is painted a very dark blue, to make a sanctuary for her paintings and bronze preternatural figures. Through June 15. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83)—Approximately a hundred vintage photographs. Through June 7. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Stephen Frailey—Photographs of various items superimposed on old photographs. Through May 29. (303 Gallery, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Benno Friedman / Margaretta K. Mitchell—Silver prints on which the artist has drawn and painted. / Photogravures of dancers. Through May 22. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Jacques Henri Lartique—Photographs detailing upper-middle-class life in France between 1904 and 1980. Through Saturday, May 10. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Eliot Porter / Charles Heaney (1897-1981)—Black-and-white photographs of the Southwest, dating from 1939 to 1965. / Paintings and prints. Through May 31. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Roughly two hundred prints by this photojournalist, some previously unpublished. Through Sunday, May 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Harvey Stein—Photographs of contemporary artists, including Alex Katz, Colette, and Dan Flavin. Through Saturday, May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of seventy works by Rodin. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A chronological arrangement of the school of Nuremberg's Gothic and Renaissance works of art, including oversize carved-oak statues of Christ and the Virgin by Veit Stoss, Dürer's sketch for a chandelier in the shape of a dragon and the finished chandelier itself, and brass sculptures by Peter Vischer the Elder. Through June 22. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher. Through Sunday, May 4. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the garden. Through May 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

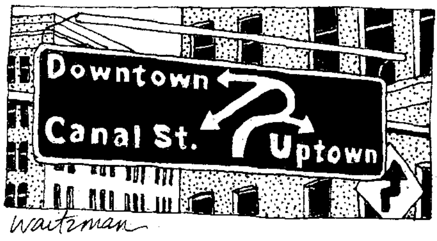
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit entitled "Sacred Images in Secular Art" includes paintings, sculptures, and photographs by a dozen contemporary artists; Italo Scanga, Audrey Flack, and Joel-Peter Witkin, among them. Through July 13. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of some of the works that will go to the new Musée d'Orsay when it opens in Paris later this year as the repository of the Louvre's collections of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and decorative objects. Through Monday, May 5. . . . ¶ Works by some preëminent American watercolorists of the past two centuries—John William Hill, Seth Eastman, Homer, Burchfield, Avery, O'Keeffe, and others. Through May 26. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of antique and contemporary Chinese puppets and shadow figures. Through June 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée," in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9 with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays noon to 5.)



Waitzman

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—The authors of the manuscripts, proofs, first editions, and letters collected by the University of Texas (and being shown here) amount to a *Who's Who* (male version) of the literary world of the past century: Poe, Conrad, Wilde, Faulkner, Kerouac, Beckett. George Eliot is the sole woman represented. Through June 7. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs that document British rule in India from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Photographs by Beato, Frith, and Bourne are in the section devoted to that subject. Starts Thursday, May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings, sculptures, drawings and prints by Arbit Blatas re-create the Theatre de Lys's 1954 production of "The Threepenny Opera." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—This year's juried show includes more than two hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by member artists (Will Barnet, Nell Blaine, and Rosemarie Beck) and nonmember artists (Carl Ashby, Lionel Gilbert, and Elinore Schnurr). Through Sunday, May 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An exhibition of Sots Art, shorthand for unofficial works by Russian artists who managed to get out from under the thumb of the official Socialist Realism; all but one of the artists live here now, and all but one (a sculptor) are painters. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A seventy-fifth-anniversary show of original architectural drawings for the library, photographs of it during its construction and as it appears now, and furnishings designed by the library's architects. Through May 31. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artists Al Loving and Howardena Pindell are each represented by eighteen paintings and collages. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

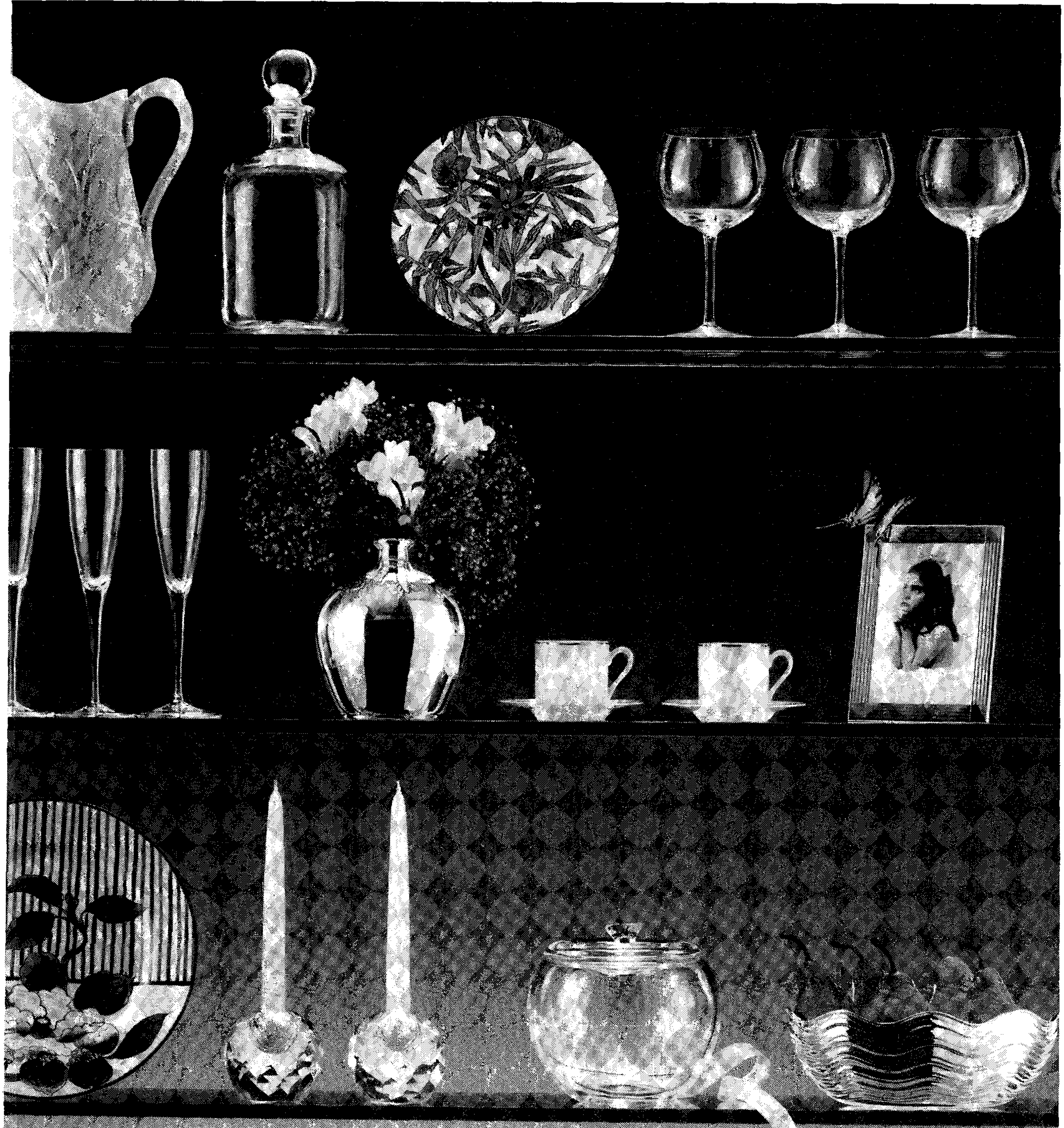
(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Timothy Buckley (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 1-4, at 8:30. . . . ¶ M.J. Becker (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 8-11, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—A ten-day festival of theatre and performance art sponsored by the people at the Veselka Coffee Shop. Friday through Sunday, May 2-4, and Thursday through Sunday, May 8-11, at 8: John Kelly; at 10: David Cale; at midnight: Iris Rose. . . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 10:30: Jim Neu (performance). . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 10:30: Beth Lapides (performance). . . . ¶ Monday, May 5, at 9: Videos by Tim Miller, David Lyons, Tom Rubnitz, Myrna Schloss, Mark Oates, Laura Levine, and Stephanie Woodard.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington



A few of our favorite things

Tiffany presents a selection of classic gifts for any occasion. From top: Tulip pitcher in white porcelain, $75. Crystal decanter, $50. "Tiffany Yellow Flowers" dessert plates, set of four, $38. All-purpose glass in full lead crystal, set of four, $44. Champagne flute in full lead crystal, set of four, $44. Sterling silver vase, $850. "Gold-line" porcelain after-dinner cup and saucer, set of four, $38. Sterling silver picture frame, 5 x 7″, $200. "Magnolia" earthenware dinner plate, $52. "Honeycomb" crystal candlesticks, $50 each. Elsa Peretti's "Apple" jar in full lead crystal, 7½″ high, $250. "Swirl" bowl in sterling silver, 9½″ diameter, $900.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. • BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1986

THE CUISINART® CREDO:

THE FASTEST WAY TO MAKE JUICE IS ALSO THE SLOWEST.

The love affair between Americans and fresh orange and grapefruit juice accounts for the profusion of electric citrus juicers now on the market. Their juicing cones usually rotate between two and three hundred rpm, the right speed for fast, easy juicing.

Food processors, however, operate at rpm's of 1700 or higher. Our new Cuisinart Super Citrus Juicer Attachment uses an ingenious mechanism to slow the rpm's of our food processors down to 250 rpm's. Now you can obtain the same—or better—juicing results with your Cuisinart food processor as you would with the very best citrus juicer.

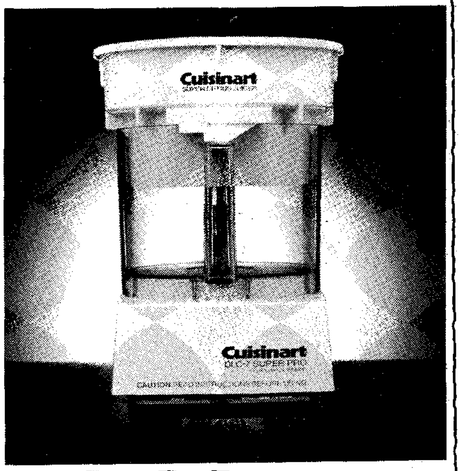
This speed also eliminates the risk of bruised finger tips inherent in high rpm food processor citrus juicer attachments. In addition, the strainer for the Cuisinart attachment rotates, generating centrifugal force that throws seeds and pulp onto the splatter-guard wall. This prevents clogging of the strainer holes and allows the fruit juice to flow freely.

The Super Citrus Juicer Attachment for the DLC-7 Series Cuisinart food processors makes more than 9 workbowls—or 3 gallons—of citrus juice without overheating the motor. (A DLC-7 Series workbowl holds over 1¼ quarts, more than enough for ten standard size 4 fluid ounce juice glasses.)

There is a Super Citrus Juicer Attachment for all four Series of Cuisinart food processors. All carry a three year limited warranty.

I'll be happy to send you three unusual recipes using fresh citrus juice. If you would like them, just write to me at Cuisinarts, Inc., Dept.(N), P.O. Box 2150, Greenwich, CT 06836-2150, or call our toll-free number below.

Carl G. Sontheimer
President, Cuisinarts, Inc.



Cuisinart®
Food Processor

For a store near you call toll-free
(800) 243-8540.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 30, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Gail Dubinbaum, Myra Merritt, Ernesto Palacio, and Vernon Hartman; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 1, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Nicole Lorange, Giorgio Lamberti, and Richard J. Clark; and "Pagliacci," with Mariana Nicolesco, James McCracken, and George Fortune. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Vladimir Popov, and Ryan Edwards; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Giorgio Lamberti, and Richard J. Clark; and "Pagliacci," with Mariana Nicolesco, James McCracken, and George Fortune. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Gail Dubinbaum, Myra Merritt, Ernesto Palacio, and Vernon Hartman; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.)

Vineyard Opera Shop—Final performances of "Una Cosa Rara," a 1786 opera with a score by Vicente Martín y Soler and a libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte. James Kurtz is the conductor and Joseph LoSchiavo is the director. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Wednesday, April 30, and Saturday, May 3, at 7:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," in French and English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Michael Recchiuti conducting the first three of six performances of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice." (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, May 7, and Friday, May 9, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, at 8, and Tuesday, May 6, at 7:30: A program of music by Vivaldi, Mozart, Schoenberg, and Tchaikovsky, with Alfred Brendel, piano, and Mindy Kaufman, piccolo. (On May 6, a work by Strauss will replace the one by Tchaikovsky.) . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 8; Friday, May 9, at 2; and Tuesday, May 13, at 7:30: A Haydn-Druckman-Tchaikovsky program, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano, and members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.

National Arts Center Orchestra and James Galway—Mr. Galway conducting and acting as flute soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 3.)

Minnesota Orchestra—Neville Marriner conducting, with Kaaren Erickson, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 8.)

Janáček Chamber Orchestra—An ensemble from Czechoslovakia, with Michael Ponti, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, May 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Seoul Philharmonic Orchestra—Chai-Dong Chung conducting, with Dong-Suk Kang, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

Toronto Symphony—Andrew Davis conducting, with Alexander Toradze, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Peter Tiboris directing a Kodály-Nielsen-Chopin program, with Dimitris Sgouros, piano; Eileen McDaniels, soprano; Lisa Miller, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Mosher, tenor; Keith Lynch, baritone; Stephan Kirchgraber, bass; and a four-hundred-member chorus, combined from members of seven choral programs from across the United States. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ Tamás Vásáry conducting a Mendelssohn–Peter Maxwell Davies–Rachmaninoff program, with Natalie Hinderas, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Hunter Symphony—Clayton Westermann cor ducting, with Susan Kagan and L. Micha Griffel, piano. (Hunter College Assembl Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, Apr 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night the concert.)

Mozartean Players Classical Period Orchestra—Steven Lubin conducting and acting as fort piano soloist. With Eric Hoeprich, clarine (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Frida May 2, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conductin —An all-Mozart program, with Mark Pe kanov, violin; Lani Misenas-Padua and Dian Walker, sopranos; Douglas Perry, tenor; an Maurice Edwards, buffo. The final concerts the regular season. (Brooklyn Academy Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-410 Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8, an Sunday, May 4, at 2.) . . . ¶ The last in a s ries of "Meet the Moderns" programs, th one with Speculum Musicae and Judith Be tina, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Musi Thursday, May 8, at 8. . . . Great Hal Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Frida May 9, at 8. For information about ticket call 254-6374.)

Oberlin Orchestra—Michel Singher conductin an all-Beethoven program, with André-M chel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Satu day, May 3, at 3.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—With Richar Goode, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Ma 3, at 8.)

Musica Viva—Walter Klauss conducting, wit Marion Verbruggen, recorder. (Merkin Co cert Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting third-anniversary concert. With Liz Smit George Steinbrenner, guest conductor; an others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 5, a 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler co ducting—A performance of Ponchielli's "L Gioconda" in concert form, with Ghen Dimitrova, soprano, and Piero Cappuccill baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 6, a 8.) . . . ¶ A program of arias and duets fro Verdi operas, with Miss Dimitrova and M Cappuccilli. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Ma 8, at 7:30. A benefit performance.)

Horizons Concerts Orchestra—Terrill Jory co ducting. With Mayor Edward Koch, narra tor, and Fred Strickler, tap dancer. (Alic Tully Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 1.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Wood side directing a Brahms-Beethoven progra with Andrea Matthews, soprano; Kevi McMillan, tenor; and David Ralph, pian (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman direct ing. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May at 9.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall, 12 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, May 4, a 3.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsle Walker directing a performance of Bach Mass in B Minor, with Jennifer Barron, so prano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Ga Glaze, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. a 90th St. Sunday, May 4, at 4. Admission b contribution.)

Verdi's Requiem—Peter Tiboris directing th American Symphony Orchestra, with Nicol Philibosian, soprano; Paula Liscio, mezzo-so prano; Efren Puig, tenor; Peter Loehle, bass and a five-hundred-member chorus, com bined from nine choral groups from across th United States. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday May 4, at 8.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth di recting. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E 88th St. Tuesday, May 6, at 8. For informa tion about tickets, call 289-4100.)

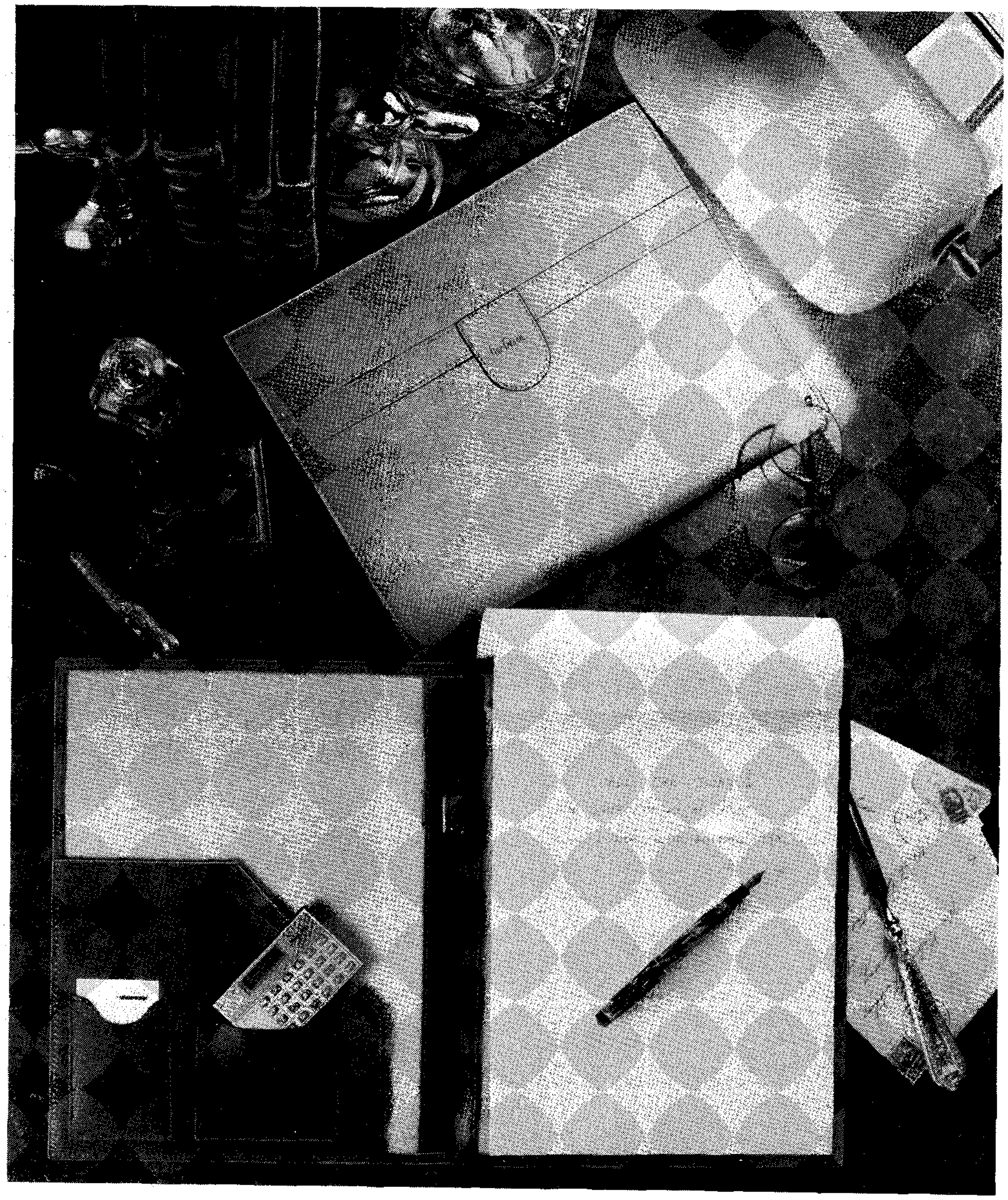
New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormie directing a performance of Berlioz' Requiem The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegi Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Th group's thousandth concert—with member of the Society and fifteen guest artists, in

HARTMANN FOLIOS

IMPORTANT BUSINESS EQUIPMENT AND RIGHT NOW YOUR GIFT WITH PURCHASE



Hartmann. For more than 100 years, a leader with the shakers, movers and travelers. And, right now an especially good buy; The leather folio is a $90 to $100 gift with any Executive Collection purchase just before Mothers Day, Fathers Day, graduation day or just any old day you want to make special. Choose Hartmann's Overnight Business Traveler, Attache or Brief or any other piece from the Executive collection and the Folio is yours. Complete with calculator and business card pockets, loose paper pocket, pen holder and pad. It's a solid gift giving decision for all careers.

Shown are just a few pieces from our complete Hartmann Executive collection. Destinations, Lower Level, New York, and all stores. For more information call: (212) 705-2252.

The Full Grain Leather Briefcase in cordovan or chestnut leather $230

The Belting Leather Attache with 24K gold plated locks $375

The Overnight Business Traveler in nylon packcloth with vinyl trim, $300

bloomingdale's

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON, D.C NEW JERSEY CONNECTICUT DALLAS MIAMI cluding Judith Blegen, soprano; Yo-Yo Ma, cello; and Emanuel Ax and Victor Borge, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 7:30. A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ The final concerts of the regular season, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 5.)

Lockenhaus Festival—The last in a series of concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's four-year-old Austrian-based festival. With Mr. Kremer and Daniel Phillips, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

Edmund Niemann—Piano, with guest artists. Composer Larry Lockwood will also be present. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Thursday, May 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 777-3240.)

Lise Friedman—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, May 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ The same program. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

Early Music at the Vineyard Theatre—Two programs. Thursday, May 1, at 8: With Andrew Appel, harpsichord, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8: With Music for a While. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696.)

An Evening of New Music by the Curriers—Works by Marilyn, Nathan, and Sebastian Currier, performed by Michael Boriskin and Judith Lynn Stillman, piano; Ron Thomas, cello; and the Cremona String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 9.)

Jeffrey Siegel and Peter Zazofsky—Piano and violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8.)

Charles Abramovic—Piano, with Charles Stier, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 2.)

Christine Diwyk—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 5:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 8.)

Timothy Eddy—Cello, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Saturday, May 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Festival Chamber Players—A program of works by Shostakovich, Messiaen, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, May 3, at 10:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 3.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 3.)

Oxana Yablonskyaya—Piano, with Dmitry Yablonsky, cello. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 4, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The last in a series of concerts. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, May 4, at 5. For information about tickets, call 799-9595, Wednesday through Friday.)

Cecile Licad—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 8.)

Evelyn Simon—Soprano, with assisting artists. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Sunday, May 4, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

René Heredia—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Brynjar Hoff—Oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—Boaz Sharon, piano, with Hao Huang, piano. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Monday, May 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Peabody Percussion and Computer Music Consort—With the American Saxophone Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, May 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musica Camerit—The last in a series of concerts, this one with William Purvis, horn. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 6, at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Arturo Delmoni—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—The last in a series of programs, this one an all-Mendelssohn program, with Carole Farley, soprano; Ida Levin, violin; and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Violoncello Society—With Gary Hoffman, Stephen Kates, Sharon Robinson, Jeffrey Solow, Carter Brey, and five other cellists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Nagauta To-on-Kai—An ensemble from Japan performing two programs of Nagauta music from the Kabuki. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—With Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, May 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 567-2069.)

Ronald Sadoff—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Newband—A program of contemporary music, part classical and part jazz, with Stefani Starin, flute, and composer Dean Drummond, zoomoozophone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. Saturday, May 10, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Benita Valente—Soprano, with Lydia Artymiw, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday, May 2, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4, at 1:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, May 9, at 7:35, and Saturday, May 10, at 1:20.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesday, at 1; through Thursday, May 8. The Fort Marcy Handicap, Saturday, May 3; the Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 4; the Withers, Wednesday, May 7; and the Comely, Thursday, May 8. . . . **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1, from Saturday, May 10, through Monday, July 28. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 10. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

Tennis—Shearson Lehman Brothers Tournament of Champions: Jimmy Arias, Boris Becker, Aaron Krickstein, Ivan Lendl, Yannick Noah, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills 1-718 268-2300. Monday through Friday, May 5-9, at noon and 6:30; semifinals Saturday, May 10, at 12:15; and finals Sunday, May 11, at 12:45.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Monday, June 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknight at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—M. L. Rosentha reading from his own poetry. (Loeb Studen Center, Room 310, Washington Sq. S. an LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, May 1, at 8. N tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ A program calle Festival of India, with eight Indian poet reading in their native languages and in English, and nine American poets reading from their own works. (Museum of Modern Art, 1 W. 53rd St. Monday through Wednesday May 5-7, at 6:30. No tickets necessary . . . ¶ Central Park Bandshell, Saturday, May 10, at 2.) . . . ¶ Richard Wilbur reading from his own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexingto Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 5 at 8.) . . . ¶ Jamaica Kincaid, Susan Sontag Ian Frazier, and Michael Lally reading from their own short stories. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. Monday, May 5, at 8. Fo tickets, call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ E. G. Marshall Cynthia Harris, Katharine Balfour, an Tandy Cronin reading from the short storie of Saki, Ann Beattie, Lynne Sharon Schwartz and Laurie Colwin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 7, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Meg Wolitzer and Davi Leavitt reading from their own novels (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St Thursday, May 8, at 8. No tickets necessary seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Walking Tour—"Astor Place," a conducte tour sponsored by the Museum of the City o New York. Sunday, May 4, starting at St Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, May 4, from 1 t 5.)—Saturday, May 3, at 2: French furniture, as well as decorations and carpets . . . ¶ Monday, May 5, at 7, and Tuesday May 6, at 10:15: Contemporary art. Admission to the Monday sale by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. Exhibition start Thursday, May 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or s ahead.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 25.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westcheste Country Club, Harrison. June 5-8.)

Racing—At **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness May 17. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J. June 6-Aug. 30. . . . **BELMONT:** The Belmont June 7.

Music—**AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17, to be followed by "Horizons '86 Music as Theatre," May 21-June 4. . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 16. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, May 18. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi, piano, May 11. . . . ¶ Richard Strauss Opera Festival, May 11. . . . ¶ José Carreras tenor, May 12. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra May 14 and 17. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, May 15. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 18. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Tokyo String Quartet, May 11. . . ¶ Composers' Showcase, May 11. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, May 12. . . . ¶ Robert Taub, piano, May 14. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, May 16. . . . ¶ Arminda Canteros piano, May 18. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, May 19. . . . ¶ Elizabeth Rich, piano, May 21. . . ¶ Kenn Hicks, tenor, May 29. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410) Chamber Music at the Y, May 13-14. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, May 17-18.

Dance—Martha Graham Dance Company, at City Center, May 27-June 15.

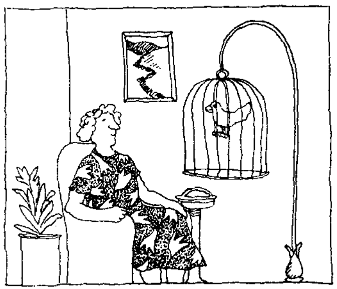
Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 24-26, May 31-June 1, and June 7-8. . . . ¶ Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 26. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 16.

A GIFT:
THE PLEASURE OF READING
Fifty-two Times a Year

For the person who reads, the person for whom reading is one of life's joys, what more welcome gift than *The New Yorker*? But what, exactly, is *The New Yorker*? Nobody so far has been able to define it. It is what Duke Ellington used to call "beyond category." It is an odd and special mixture of humor pieces, fiction, reporting, poetry, cartoons, essays, and reviews (books, theatre, films, music, art, dance): all done with style. Taken as a whole, the magazine can be seen as a high-spirited, intelligent running commentary on the main cultural, social, and political events of our time.

The New Yorker provides information that restores intellectual order, and entertainment that restores balance. It is not concerned with following trends or setting them, yet stays a step ahead of the news. It has a clear, steady view of what's going on, and can distinguish between what counts and what doesn't count. It is renowned as a literary magazine, and at the same time it covers the whole world journalistically. Its reporting and its fiction are among the country's finest; its reviews are among the liveliest; its humor pieces and its cartoons are among the funniest. The London *Observer* recently put it this way: "*The New Yorker* must be the best general magazine ever published."

Why, then, try to define it? Why not simply read it and enjoy it? Or give it to others to read and enjoy? Please send us their names on the card or coupon and we'll send them *The New Yorker*, along with a gift card saying it's from you. You will be giving fifty-two weeks of pure pleasure.



Mother's Day

Father's Day

Graduation

THE NEW YORKER

25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

1 Year (52 Issues) $32

A $78 newsstand value!

Your Name (please print)

Address Apt. #

City

State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

☐ Start my own subscription

Gift Recipient's Name (please print)

Address Apt. #

City

State Zip

Gift card to read "From________________"

Charge my: (Use envelope) ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Acct. No. Exp. Date

Signature

Additional Postage: Canada $12.00 a year; other foreign $20.00 a year.
(Please remit in U.S. funds.) Basic rate 1 yr. $32.

464Q2

©1986, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 8: "Funny Dirty Little War" (1983; directed by Hector Olivera; in Spanish).
From May 9: "Dreamchild" (†).

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Violets Are Blue" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 2: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 3: Through May 1: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh. From May 2: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 1: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.
From May 2: "On Valentine's Day" (Ken Harrison), with William Converse-Roberts and Hallie Foote.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 4: A week-long program of films from the Scandinavian countries.
From May 5: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 3: "Ran" (†).
From May 4: "Bliss."

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From May 2: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Just Between Friends" (†). From May 2: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 2: "Violets Are Blue" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Color Purple" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Echo Park" (Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce.
Theatre 2: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine. From May 2: "Agent on Ice" (Clark Worswick).
Theatre 2: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

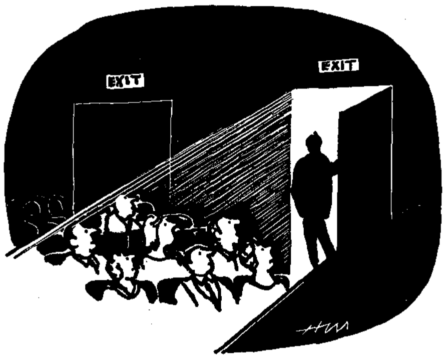
LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long. From May 2: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 2: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ginger and Fred" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 1: "Ryder, P.I."
From May 2: "Agent on Ice" (Clark Worswick).

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 2: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 1: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.
From May 2: "Cut and Run" (Ruggero Deodato).

R. K. O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From May 2: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Routine Pleasures" (directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin).
Theatre 2: Through May 1: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. May 2-8: "High and Low" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. From May 9: "Horse" (1941; Kajiro Yamamoto; in Japanese).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Smooth Talk" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary; and "Broken Rainbow" (Victoria Mudd), a documentary. From May 9: A program of animated short films.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).
Theatre 2: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "The Color Purple" (†). From May 2: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro. From May 9: "Funny Dirty Little War" (1983; Hector Olivera; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "F/X" (†). From May 9: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 1: "The Imagemaker" (Hal Weiner), with Michael Nouri. From May 2: "Dark of the Night" (Gaylene Preston).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "The Quiet Earth" (Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence. From May 2: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty;" and (evenings only) "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.
Theatre 2: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.
Theatre 3: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 1: A program of nine new Spanish films.
From May 2: "Femmes de Personne" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Marthe Keller, Philippe Léotard, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Absolute Beginners" (Julien Temple), with Ed O'Connell, Patsy Kensit, and David Bowie.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 1: "Mr. Love" (Roy Battersby), with Barry Jackson.
From May 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Home of the Brave" (Laurie Anderson) with Anderson.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through May 8: "Violets Are Blue" (†).
From May 9: A week-long program of Greek films.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Lucas" (David Seltzer).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 2: "Smooth Talk" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

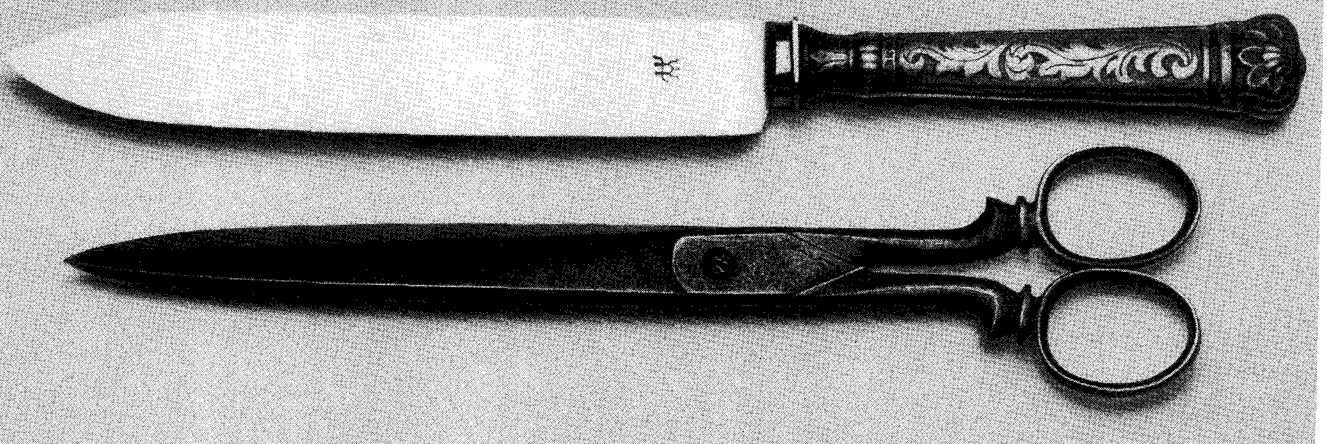
CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Quilombo" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From May 2: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 6: "Tracks in the Snow" (Orlow Seunke; in Dutch). From May 7: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

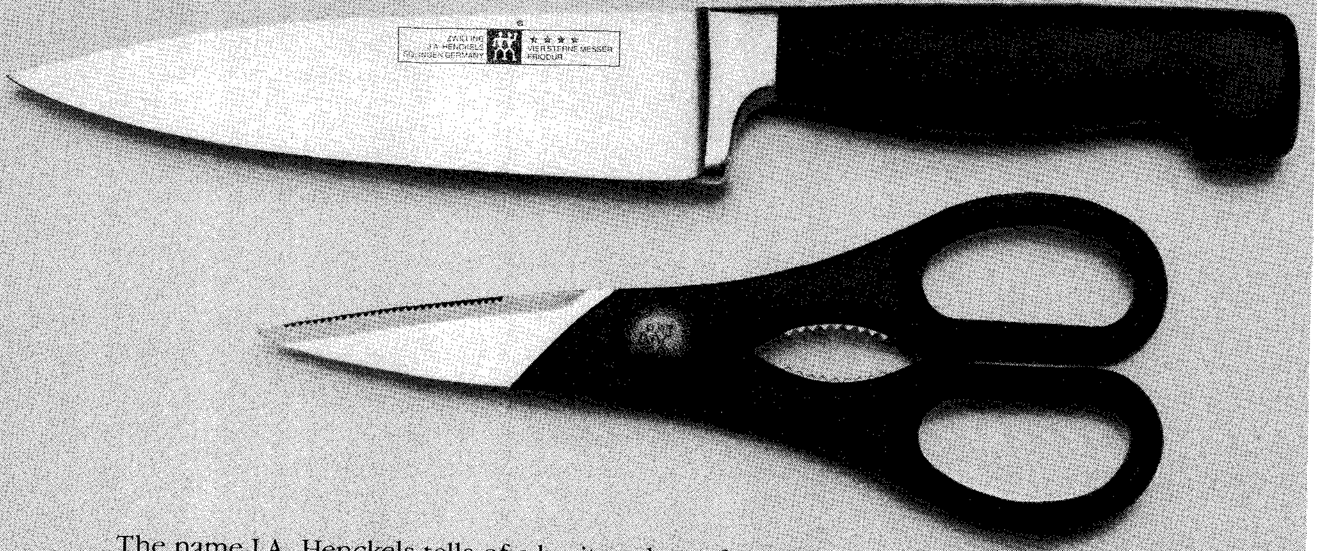
LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "On Valentine's Day" (Ken Harrison), with William Converse-Roberts and Hallie Foote. From May 2: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma) with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 3: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 5: Through May 1: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long. From May 2: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 6: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Low Blow." From May 2: "Getting Even."
Theatre 2: Through May 1: "The Imagemaker" (Hal Weiner), with Michael Nouri. From May 2: "Legend" (Ridley Scott) with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 3: Through May 1: "Murphy's Law"

J.A. Henckels.
As sharp today as in 1840.



J.A. Henckels.
Just as sharp generations from now.


ZWILLING
J.A. HENCKELS
SOLINGEN GERMANY
★★★★
VIERSTERNE-MESSER
FRIODUR

The name J.A. Henckels tells of a heritage born four decades before the American Revolution. Of the invention of an ice-hardening technology called Friodur® Of craftsmanship, honed to perfection in Solingen, Germany. Which is why the best cutlery in the world will be just as sharp generations from now.

If you'd like to know more, send for our free brochure: J.A. Henckels, Dept. NY5
9 Skyline Drive, Hawthorne, N.Y. 10532

ZWILLING®
J. A. HENCKELS
THE WORLD'S FINEST CUTLERY. SINCE 1731.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

(J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From May 2: "Cut and Run" (Ruggero Deodato).
Theatre 4: Through May 8: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh. From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "Water" (directed by Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.
Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 6: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Pretty in Pink" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 4: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo. From May 2: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 2: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Spasms." From May 2: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 1: "The Imagemaker" (Hal Weiner), with Michael Nouri. From May 2: "Cut and Run" (Ruggero Deodato).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser). From May 2: "Getting Even."
Theatre 2: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through May 1: "Low Blow." From May 2: "Agent on Ice" (Clark Worswick).
Theatre 2: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.

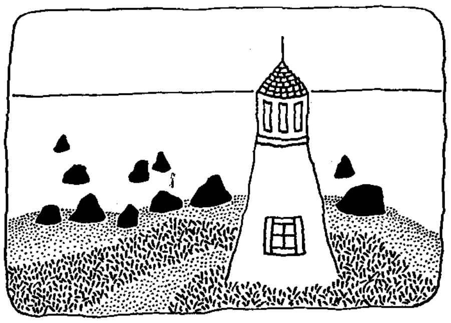
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 1: "Morgan!" (1966; directed by Karel Reisz), with David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, and Robert Stephens; and "Georgy Girl" (1966; Silvio Narizzano), with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling.
May 2-3: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
May 4: "On Golden Pond" (†); and "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (1967; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, and Katharine Hepburn.
May 5-6: "The King of Comedy" (†) and "Stardust Memories" (†).
May 7-8: "The Exterminating Angel" (†) and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†).
May 9-10: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through May 8: A program of animated short films.
From May 9: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 30: "Lili" (1953; Charles Walters), with Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "Tonight and Every Night" (1945; Victor Saville), with Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, and Janet Blair.
May 1: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "The Cotton Club" (1984; Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
May 2-3: "Silk Stockings" (1957; Rouben Mamoulian), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Janis Paige, and Jules Munshin; and "Les Girls" (1957; George Cukor), with Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, and Kay Kendall.
May 4-5: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" (1938; Allan Dwan), with Shirley Temple; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (†).
May 6-7: "Yolanda and the Thief" (†) and "Ziegfeld Follies" (†).
May 8-10: "Gold Diggers of 1937" (Lloyd Bacon), with Joan Blondell, Victor Moore, and Dick Powell; and "The Gang's All Here" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 30: "Intruder in the Dust" (1949; Clarence Brown), with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Hernández; and "The Reivers" (1969; Mark Rydell), with Steve McQueen, Sharon Farrell, and Rupert Crosse.
May 1: "Phantom of the Moulin Rouge" (1924; René Clair; a French silent film); and "Imaginary Voyage" (1926; René Clair; a French silent film).
May 2: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
May 3: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, and Anne Louise Lambert; and "Wetherby" (1985; David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.
May 4: "Le Bal" (1984; Ettore Scola); and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
May 5: "The Last Waltz" (†) and "Carny" (†).
May 6: "The Furies" (1950; Anthony Mann), with Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey, Walter Huston, and Judith Anderson; and "Forty Guns" (1958; Sam Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan.
May 7: "Gaslight" (†); and "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.
May 8: "Tabu" (†); and "Moana" (1926; Robert Flaherty; a silent film).
May 9: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Hair" (†).
May 10: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "THX 1138" (†).



Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
April 30: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey, Cedric Hardwicke, and Ralph Richardson.
May 1: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German).
May 2-3: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.
May 4: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
May 5: "Quintet" (†) and "That Cold Day in the Park" (†).
May 6: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.
May 7: "Medium Cool" (†); and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
May 8: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.
May 9-10: "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Breathless" (1959 †).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 30: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche.
May 1: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, and Marie Dressler; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Fredric March.
May 2-3: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.
May 4-5: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959 †).
May 6: "Blonde Crazy" (1931; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Joan Blondell; and "Lady Killer" (1934; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney.
May 7: "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan; and "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard.
May 8: "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, and Orson Welles; and "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon de Wilde.
May 9-10: "Murder at the Gallop" (†); and "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: May 1 at 2:30 and 6: "Westfront 1918" (1930; directed by G. W. Pabst; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: "My Name Is Ivan" (1962; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 2 at 6: "The Mirror" (1975; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 3 at 2: "Solaris" (1972; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 3 at 5: "Nostalghia" (1983; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 4 at 2: "The Mirror." . . . ¶ May 4 at 5: "Solaris." . . . ¶ May 5 at 2:30: "Nostalghia." . . . ¶ May 5 at 6: "My

A New Idea Just Flown In From Paris

The Silver Lace Birds of Christofle.
Seven finely filigreed birds that make a perfect gift or the beginning of a glorious collection. From Fifty dollars.

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris

BLOOMINGDALE'S • MARSHALL FIELD'S • FOLEY'S • ROBINSON'S
PAVILLON CHRISTOFLE, NEW YORK • GEARY'S, BEVERLY HILLS

Name Is Ivan." . . . ¶ May 8 at 2:30: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Morocco" (1930; Josef von Sternberg). . . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: "Amore Mio Aiutami" (1969; Alberto Sordi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sordi and Monica Vitti. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "Polvere di Stelle" (1973; Alberto Sordi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sordi, Monica Vitti, and John Phillip Law. Miss Vitti and Mr. Sordi will be present. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2: "La Tosca" (1973; Luigi Magni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti, Luigi Proietti, Vittorio Gassman, and Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ May 10 at 5: "La Ragazza con la Pistola" (1968; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti and Stanley Baker.

Theatre 2: May 1 at 3 and 6:30: "Stubborn Hope, a Story of a South African Exile" (1985; Peggy Stern) and "Two Rivers" (1985; Mark Newman), both documentaries. . . . ¶ May 2 at 3 and 6:30: "The Amish: Not to Be Modern" (1985; Victoria Larimore and Michael Taylor), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 3 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Made in China" (1985; Lisa Hsia) and "All Under Heaven: Life in a Chinese Village" (1985; Carma Hinton and Richard Gordon), both documentaries. . . . ¶ May 8 at 3: "Shamans of the Blind Country" (1980; Michael Oppitz), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "Red Desert" (1964; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. . . . ¶ May 10 at 5:30: "Andrei Rublev" (1966; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Kirribilli Wharf" (1976; Bill Fontana), an audio installation. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Breathless (1959; "À Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff—even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive*. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4-5. . . . ¶ Thalia SoHo; May 9-10.)

Carny (1980)—As the teen-age small-town girl looking for excitement who joins up with a carnival that's travelling through, Jodie Foster has a marvellous sexy bravado. But the carny partners she hooks up with are played by Gary Busey and Robbie Robertson, and it's hard to know what they think they're doing. The low-life carny world has been shot for funky exoticism, and the director, Robert Kaylor, overdoes it—the images are too grotesque, too ominous, too garish, and the music is too insistent. With Meg Foster, Kenneth McMillan, Bert Remsen, and Elisha Cook, Jr. (Thalia; May 5.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (D. W. Griffith, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through May 1.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through May 1. . . . ¶ Festival; starting May 2.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 9.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Cinema Village; May 7-8.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 8.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of Twentieth Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda appears in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which as a piece of staging passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, and Edward Everett Horton. (Regency; May 8-10.)

Gaslight (1944)—Ingrid Bergman is the cherubic bride who is terrorized by the grisly dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. She runs the gamut from antimacassar to antimacassar, and it's good scary fun all the way. This pseudo-Victorian thriller is rather more enjoyable than one might expect. Bergman is occasionally genuinely moving. Boyer is expert, and the cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dame May Whitty, and Angela Lansbury (only in her teens, but you couldn't guess it). The full-dress production was directed by George Cukor. (Thalia; May 7.)

Ginger and Fred—The title of this Fellini movie is alluring, but the picture isn't about those two tapping, twirling icons. It's about two mediocre dancers (played by Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni)—small-timers, curiosities—who, in the nineteen-forties, entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by imitating the Astaire-Rogers numbers. Now they are being reunited, in Rome, for an appearance on a Christmas TV Special. This situation (which is reminiscent of Neil Simon's "The Sunshine Boys") serves as a pretext for Fellini to vent his disgust at TV. He "flashes" his spoofs of TV programs and commercials as if they were obscene images, and he means them to be obscene. They're images of piggy abundance—oral and infantile. But Fellini has no zest to energize these skits, or the rest of the material, either. This is a cranky, wobbling movie. Fellini appears to be condemning TV for being a green slime that's absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too, for passing him by. The film treats Masina's character with an element of condescension, and Mastroianni is playing the Maestro's view of himself as an aging, crumbling tower of a man—a drunken bum. With Franco Fabrizi as host for the Special and Frederick Ledebur as the old admiral. The score, by Nicola Piovani, has a lovely finesse; the script is by Fellini, Tonino Guerra, and Tullio Pinelli. In Italian. (4/21/86) (Loews Tower East.)

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by Miloš Forman, who managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign, small folk town of New York. (Thalia; May 9.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling—Directed by, and with, Richard Pryor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; starting May 2.)

Just Between Friends—With Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti, directed by Allan Burns. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet; through May 1.)

The King of Comedy (1983)—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, coldhearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard, Diahnne Abbott, and Shelley Hack. (Cinema Village; May 5-6.)

The Last Waltz (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a rock-and-roll performance by The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, of course, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system is an overloud nightmare that could make one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Thalia; May 5.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Thalia SoHo; May 7.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Regency; May 4-5.)

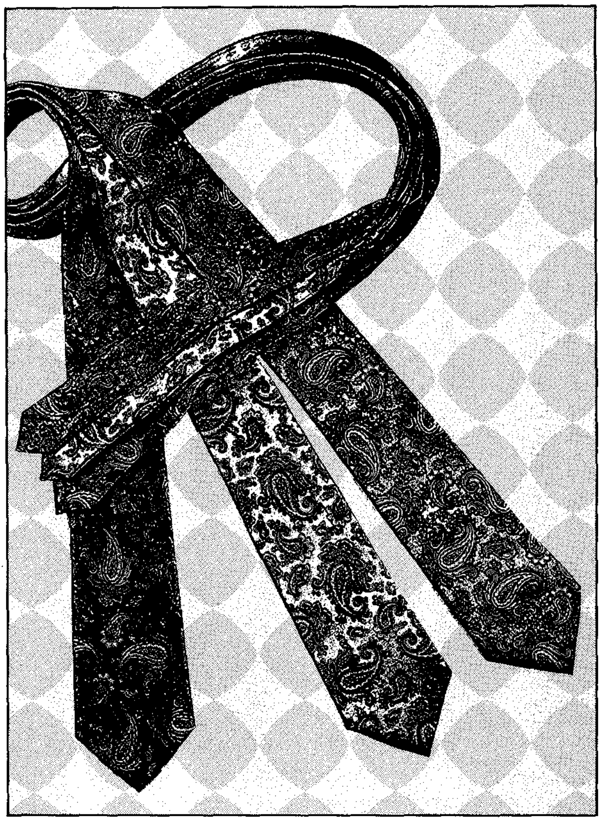
Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9-10.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

On Golden Pond (1981)—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed

Wear Something Sulka

One of the small but special pleasures in a successful man's life: owning a Sulka product, secure in the knowledge that you have the finest quality possible.



THE SULKA TIE
Every Sulka tie is hand-sewn, silk tipped, double lined, diamond reinforced in the neckband and slip stitched through the spine.
Sulka Silks in one of a kind patterns.
From $30 to $125.

The Standard of Excellence
In Gentlemen's Wear Since 1895

A. Sulka & Company

Sulka New York Park at 55
Sulka London 19 Old Bond Street/**Sulka Paris** 2 Rue de Castiglione
Sulka San Francisco 188 Post Street/**Sulka Philadelphia** Wanamakers, Center City
Sulka Houston Sakowitz, Post Oak/**Sulka Chicago** Bonwit Teller, John Hancock Center

SEND FOR OUR NEW SULKA PORTFOLIO, $5.00. REFUNDABLE WITH ANY PURCHASE.

by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair; and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (Cinema Village; May 4.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin.)

Pretty in Pink—The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Andie (Molly Ringwald), a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. This picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, Andrew McCarthy, Jon Cryer, Harry Dean Stanton, and James Spader. Directed by Howard Deutch. (4/7/86) (Embassy.)

Quintet (1979)—When Robert Altman enters his allegorical, poetic phase, he goes into his own fugal version of dreamtime, which means, in practice, that he puts the audience in such a depressed state that people are fighting to stay awake even before the titles come on. The picture is set in a post-apocalypse ice age in which the scattered survivors of a highly technological society live without hope in decaying, vandalized structures. To alleviate the boredom of survival, the last men and women play a death game called Quintet, which appears to be an elaborate form of Arctic roulette. Paul Newman plays Essex the seal hunter, who appears to be the last potent man left; Brigitte Fossey is lovely as his fresh-faced, pregnant companion. Also with Bibi Andersson, Vittorio Gassman, Fernando Rey, and Nina Van Pallandt. (Thalia SoHo; May 5.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza; through May 3. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting May 2.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

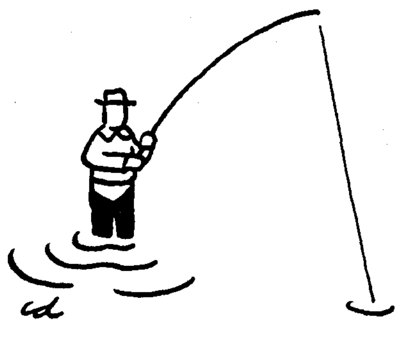
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Smooth Talk—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start, and the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy; unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. With Sarah Inglis, Margaret Welch, Mary Kay Place, and Treat Williams. (3/24/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Stardust Memories (1980)—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, shot in black-and-white, that suggests a dupe of a dupe of Fellini's "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust, a resort on the New Jersey seashore, to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't feel like it because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsized thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. Everything in it turns uncomfortable, morose, icky. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, Jessica Harper, and Anne De Salvo. (Cinema Village; May 5-6.)

Tabu (1931)—Working together, two great directors—Robert Flaherty and the German Expressionist F. W. Murnau—began this South Seas picture; they disagreed and Flaherty split. Murnau was killed in an auto accident before the opening of this marvellous, deeply flawed classic. It has some of the worst scenes that have ever been part of a work of screen art—cavorting natives and a creaking plot and a heroine with plucked eyebrows—and its musical score combines plaintive, moaning choirs, bits of Schubert, and the "Moldau," but the dancing is superlative and there are extraordinary pictorial effects. Silent. (Thalia; May 8.)

That Cold Day in the Park (1969)—It is certainly well directed (by Robert Altman), it's well written, and it is beautifully shot. But does anybody want to see a movie about a desperately lonely spinster (Sandy Dennis) who traps a young man (Michael Burns) and walls him up in her home? One can admire this film for its craftsmanship; it has a cold brilliance. But that's all. With Luana Anders, John Garfield, Jr., Suzanne Benton, and Michael Murphy. From a novel by Richard Miles. (Thalia SoHo; May 5.)



That Obscure Object of Desire (1977)—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." The role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (Cinema Village; May 7-8.)

THX 1138 (1971)—George Lucas's first feature—a psychedelic view of the horrors of the twenty-fifth century, which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984." The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." With Ian Wolfe, Marshall Efron, and Irene Forrest. (Thalia; May 10.)

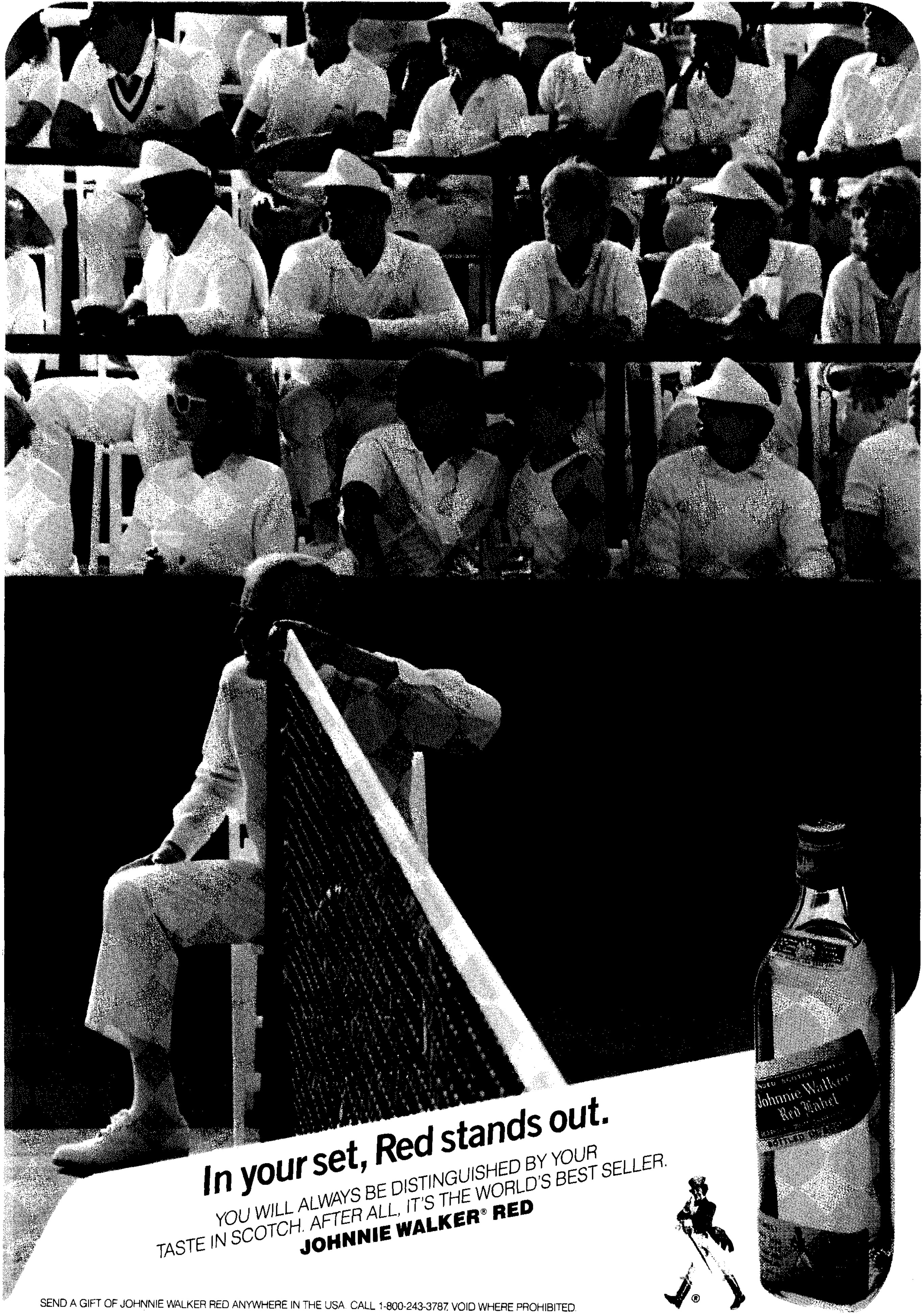
The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Violets Are Blue—With Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline, directed by Jack Fisk. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, and Coronet. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through May 8.)

Yolanda and the Thief (1945)—Fred Astaire was paired with Lucille Bremer in this stupefyingly baroque musical set in a mythical South American country and encumbered with what its director, Vincente Minnelli, once called "an insane plot." Astaire is cast howlingly against type as a crooked gambler; when he learns that the beautiful heiress Yolanda believes she has a guardian angel, he pretends to be the angel in order to swindle her. The picture is the most extreme of the big-musical mistakes of the forties; it's full of surreal dreams and fiestas, and because it goes beyond parody it perhaps needs to be seen by anyone who wants to know what killed the M-G-M musicals. The cast includes Frank Morgan, Mildred Natwick, Mary Nash, and Leon Ames. (Regency; May 6-7.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1944)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this plotless, often tedious M-G-M musical revue. Some high spots: Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set lifted over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number "A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Jimmy Durante, Lucille Ball, Hume Cronyn, Edward Arnold, and William Powell as Ziegfeld up in heaven dreaming this big bash. (Regency; May 6-7.)

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY DISTILLERS SOMERSET, N.Y., N.Y. ©1986


In your set, Red stands out.
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE DISTINGUISHED BY YOUR TASTE IN SCOTCH. AFTER ALL, IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER.
JOHNNIE WALKER® RED
Johnnie Walker
Red Label

SEND A GIFT OF JOHNNIE WALKER RED ANYWHERE IN THE USA. CALL 1-800-243-3787. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.

In some cars, a turbo
In Thunderbird, it's

It's one thing for an automobile to offer turbocharging.

It's altogether another thing for an automobile to be designed for turbocharging.

Thunderbird Turbo Coupe adheres to philosophy number two. Some points of proof:

To withstand the heat and stress generated by turbocharging, Turbo Coupe's overhead-cam 4 cylinder engine has high-temperature alloy valves, forged aluminum pistons and an externally mounted oil cooler for effective lubrication.

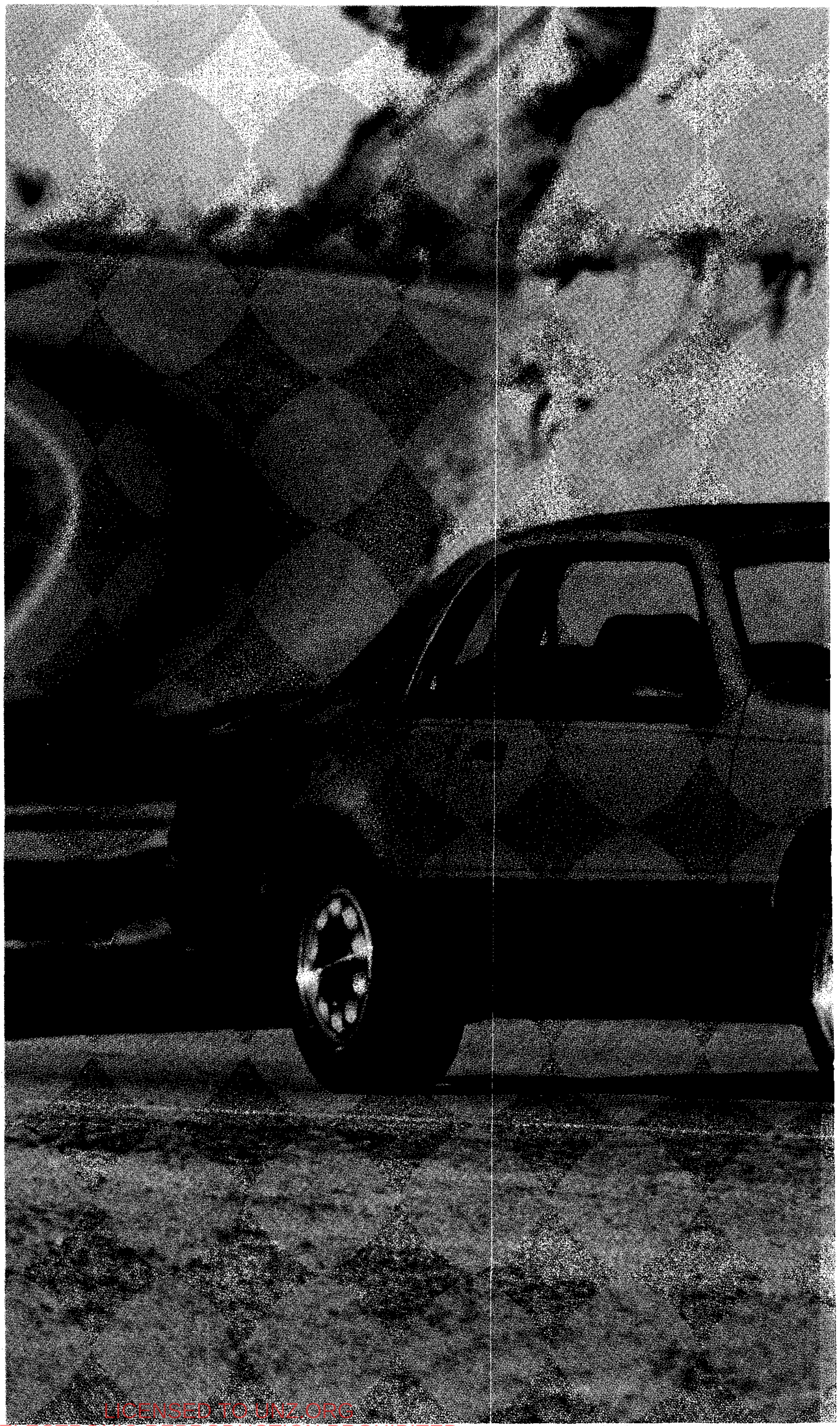
(The result is 155HP at 4600 RPM.*)

The five gear ratios allow the driver to keep the engine within its optimal torque/power band during acceleration, cornering, and after braking.

Under adverse road conditions, the Traction-Lok limited-slip differential delivers power to the wheel with the most traction.

In turns, on rough roads or under acceleration, Turbo Coupe's unique Quadra-Shock suspension enhances stability by reducing fore-and-aft axle travel. Goodyear P225VR60/15 "Gatorbacks" (derived from Formula One rain tires) spread the power over a 7" wide tread. And the rack-and-pinion power steering provides 2.5 turns lock-to-lock.

Other items of note: articulated seats provide a high degree of lateral support during cornering, and adjust to a wide range of physiques;



harger is everything.
ust the beginning.

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

all instruments are analog for quick-read information; and the most visible design element of all: Thunderbird's shape. A shape which helps improve directional stability and road-holding by reducing front and rear lift.

But perhaps the most telling fact of all is this: Turbo Coupe offers no performance options. Because none is needed. The performance gear is included as part of the overall design. Proof, we feel, of a high performance automobile's basic integrity.

3-Year Unlimited Mileage Powertrain Warranty.

The new 3-year unlimited mileage warranty covers major powertrain components on 1986 Ford cars. Warranty is limited and certain deductibles apply. Ask to see the 3-year unlimited mileage warranty when you see your Ford Dealer.

Best-built American cars.

"Quality is Job 1." A 1985 survey established that Ford makes the best-built American cars. This is based on an average of problems reported by owners in a six-month period on 1981-1984 models designed and built in the U.S.

See the Turbo Coupe, available to buy or lease, at your Ford Dealer.

*Based on SAE standard J1349.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

MASTERPIECE
CENTERPIECE

The Aalto vase and tra
are part of MOMA'
design collections
Sensuous shape
envisioned by Finnis
architect Alvar Aalt
and handmade fo
the past fifty years i
crystal by iittala
A museum classic—
the masterpiec
for your centerpiec

For information, writ
Ahlström-iittala Inc., Dept. A
41 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 1001
Phone (212) 689-7430. In Canada, writ
to iittala Canada Inc., Dept. A
10217 Cote de Liesse Road, Dorva
Quebec H9P 1A3. Phone (514) 631-184

iittala finlan
CRYSTA

The Museum of Modern Art Store • Tiffany & Co.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

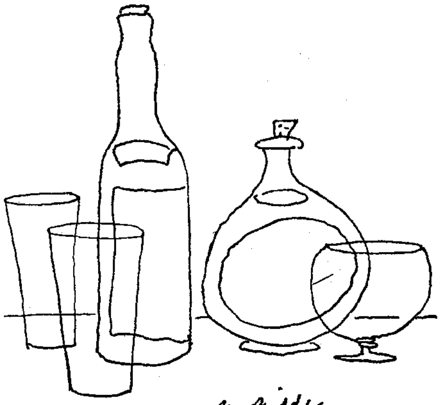
ONE often hears that there is nothing rational or moral that can be done about terrorism, since retaliating against terrorism with violent action of our own is ineffective as well as morally repugnant, yet actually something can be done, and terrorism can be defeated. In fact, it's because we *can* win the war against terrorists that we need not become terrorists ourselves. "Rage . . . rises within and swirls like smoke in the heart and becomes in our madness a thing more sweet than the dripping of honey." So wrote Homer in the Iliad, rightly identifying rage as a passion that has no goal but its own fulfillment—a fulfillment that duellists, seeking redress for injury to their honor, aptly used to call "satisfaction." However, it's a fulfillment that creates a reciprocal passion in the hearts of the victims, who seek satisfaction in their turn, setting in motion the much mentioned "cycle of revenge," which, barring external intervention, has no logical stopping place, and can continue indefinitely. Today, demanding satisfaction through duelling for slights to one's honor is out of fashion, but the passion for revenge is as hot as ever, as anyone watching the recent exchange of blows between the United States and Libya can see. A passion, though, is not a policy, and these days we require at least the appearance of some constructive purpose for military action. In conventional war, the cycle of revenge is harnessed and subordinated to other objectives—the "war aims," which might be the protection of one's country or the defense of some national interest. Because in war the path to attaining those objectives runs through the center of the enemy's ranks, soldiers can feel assured that when they trade their blows with the enemy, perhaps tasting the sweet honey of revenge as they do so, they are at the same time pursuing more substantial ends. That marriage of a ubiquitous passion with rational purposes may be one reason that war has proved to be such a popular and durable institution in human affairs.

None of this might be worth mentioning if it were not for the fact that in our time forms of war have become widespread in which the connection between the passion of war and its rational objectives has been broken. That is, of course, true of nuclear war. It is also true of war waged against terrorists. The reason lies in the very nature of terrorism. In conventional war, the soldiers concentrate their attacks on enemy forces, whose destruction is seen as the path to victory: first comes their defeat; only then comes the occupation of their country. That strategy seems so natural and obvious to us that we risk failing to see that the terrorist follows a quite different one. The terrorist, too, is a warrior, and he, too, has war aims. Very likely, they are to bring about changes in another government's policies—to cause Britain to quit Northern Ireland, for example, or to cause the United States to moderate or abandon its support for Israel. Although the terrorist's attacks may at first look demented to us, divorced as they are from military objectives ("senseless violence" is the phrase often used), they in fact have a logic (a sense) of their own. The terrorist wins when the adversary changes its policies in the desired way. In the terrorist's war, that's what winning is. His means, though, are not the destruction of our military forces, so that he can march through their broken ranks into our country and seize things of ours that he wants. The terrorist instead employs psychological means. He wants to change our minds. To this end, leaving our military forces largely untouched—and certainly undefeated—he attacks our civilian population. He calculates that when we see our people, including our children, being blown up in airports or at discothèques, we'll think twice about pursuing the policies he despises. The blood that the terrorist sheds is tangible, and the policy change that he seeks will have tangible effects, but the means by which the one is supposed to produce the other—terror—is a purely mental product. It's only one aspect of the cruelty of this strategy that it subjects the victimized nation to an exquisite form of moral torture. For the terrorist can hope to succeed only to the extent that his adversary is prepared to cling to some of its highest ideals, including, above all, its respect for innocent human life. He tries to cash in twice on whatever humanity we may have managed to preserve: first, by trading on our respect for our own citizens' lives, to blackmail us into changing some national policy, and, second, by trading on our respect for the lives of innocent people in other countries, among whom he hides, to protect himself from our retaliation. By using our decency as his shield, he turns our virtues into liabilities, and tempts us to imitate him in barbarism. Of all the threats that terrorists pose, this is the

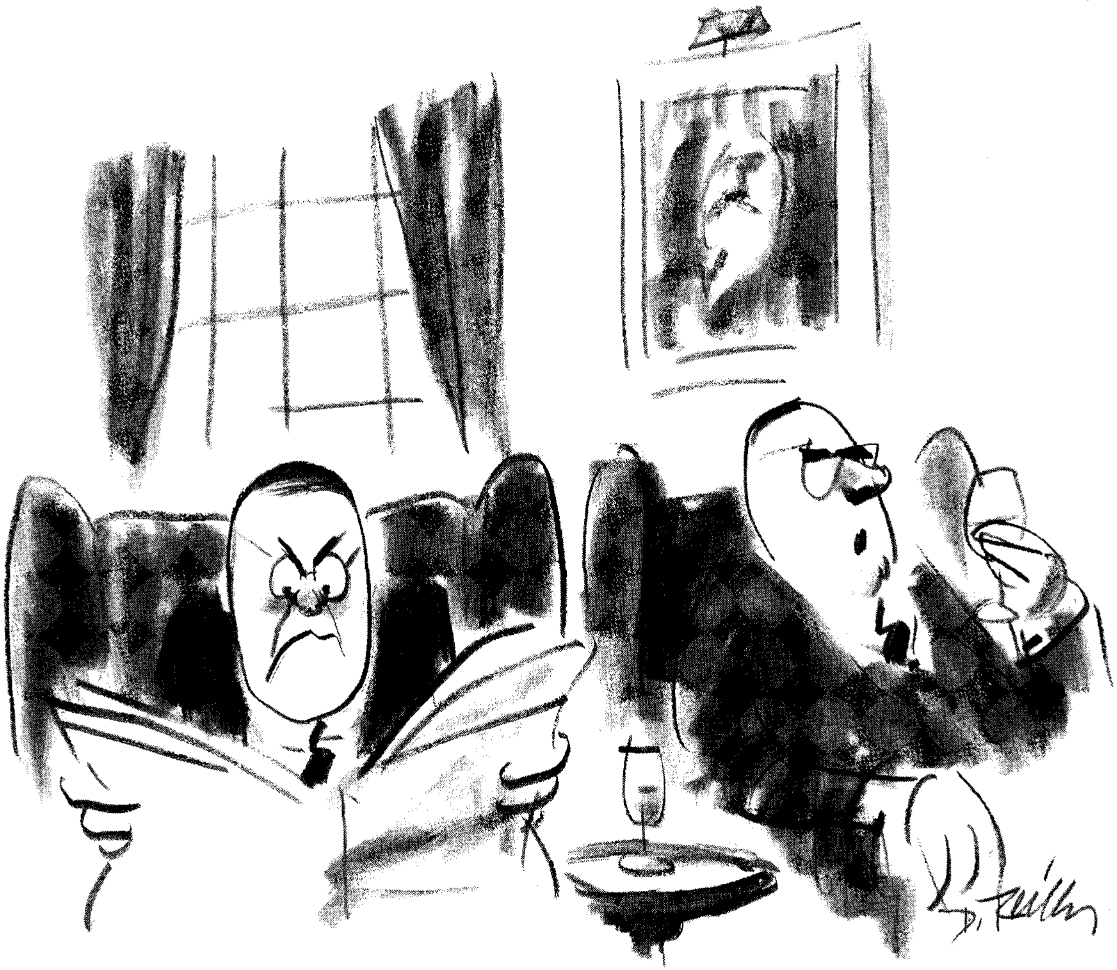
most fundamental. Senator Lowell Weicker spoke eloquently to this point when, after the American bombing raid on Libya, he told an interviewer that we shouldn't "get down into the gutter" with Qaddafi. "Our leadership in the world is based as much upon our perception of ourselves as a moral people as anything we've got going for us," he said. "And the minute you take that away from the United States, it's not a question of losing respect around the world, it's losing respect among ourselves."

If the special nature of terrorism places us in these cruel dilemmas, that special nature may also point a way out of them. The terrorists win their war if, under the pressure of terror, the nation they attack alters its policies—if, say, the United States, in order to buy its citizens safety from pro-Palestinian groups, withdraws its support from Israel. From this basic fact regarding the aims of terrorism there may follow a prescription for actually defeating the terrorists: hold fast to the challenged policies—or, to be exact, continue to decide on their merits alone, irrespective of terrorist attacks, what the policies should be. (To freeze any policy in its present form would simply be to give the terrorists another, negative form of control over policy. And, of course, just because a given policy is opposed by terrorism does not necessarily mean that it is right.) The terrorists' sole means of winning their war is to produce a certain state of mind—terror. It follows that a fully effective countermeasure is another, opposite state of mind—courage. If a nation, mustering its courage, refuses to give in to the terrorists' implicit demand that it change particular policies, then—no matter how much violence they unleash—they have, in the fullest and most precise sense of the word, been defeated. Of course, if the attack were of the conventional variety, aimed at destroying conventional forces, and if the attacker's forces were great enough, then courage, while admirable and useful, might be insufficient for victory; many courageous nations have been militarily defeated. But since the strategy of terrorism does not and cannot include the defeat of a great power's armed forces pure courage—pure resolve, pure steadfastness—can fully defeat terrorists. It is here, in the test of wills—not on the physical battlefield (which in any case is in fact no real battlefield but only the scene of civilian life)—that the outcome of the war with terrorists is decided. The challenge posed for us by terrorism is how, in the face of it, to remain true to our ideals. By refusing to be tempted into adopting the terrorists' methods as our own, we decline to abandon those ideals; by actively pursuing our ideals through the government policies that the terrorists despise, and so defying their attacks, we positively assert those ideals in the world. Perhaps because steadfastness is not violent or in any way spectacular—and the policies it safeguards are normally pursued without any particular fanfare—we can fail to realize how much it accomplishes. But a policy of steadfastness could, if it were to be clearly announced by our political leaders and followed through in action, be the full equivalent of (to use conventional terms) the defeat of the Germans in the Second World War. Because such a policy denies the terrorists the fruits of their action, it is effective. It also satisfies the requirements of honor, for the requirements of honor are that we value our ideals more highly than our own lives, and act accordingly.

In a curious way, the strategy of terrorists, who are perhaps the most violent people in the world, resembles the strategy of nonviolence, as this has been evidenced recently in Poland and the Philippines, among other places. Like the practitioners of nonviolence, the terrorists avoid direct assault on the military power of a nation and instead seek to work their way around it. Both nonviolent resisters and terrorists address themselves to civilians—whom the former help and the latter kill. But it is for just this reason that a nation can effectively oppose terrorism without necessarily exterminating it. Since the violence of terrorists is ultimately aimed at the mind and spirit of a nation, the nation can thwart them with a mental and spiritual response.



What, then, of direct action to stop terrorism? A policy of steadfastness would deprive the terrorists of victory but it would not, of course, "solve the problem of terrorism." On the contrary, it might exacerbate it. Terrorists, angered by our defiance, migh step up their attacks. (On the other hand, seeing that their attacks were producing no results, they might cease them.) In conventional war, attainment of the war aims is likely to be accompanied by the defeat and dissolution of the enemy forces; at any rate the fighting stops. In a war agains terrorism, however, attainment of the war aims, which results from a policy of steadfastness, is not necessarily accompanied by that welcome second result, and the day-to-day fighting continues. Yet once we understand tha through pure resolve we have deprived the terrorists of their victory we can perhaps see such fighting in a differen light. At present, confusing the wa against terrorism with conventiona war, we go in search of conventiona victory, in which the opposing force are destroyed. Finding such a victory impossible, we become frustrated and worried, as if we believed defeat to b at hand—believed, in the present instance, that the weak nation of Libya had somehow found a way to prevai over our powerful nation. In this way terrorism becomes a means by which tiny nations unnerve great ones Tremendous public and political pressure arises to "do something." A minority says that there is nothing to b done. A majority, finding that counse intolerable, continues to demand action. And the result is action that, lik the bombing of Libya, all too closely resembles terrorism, both in its strategy and in its consequences. The strategy is to employ violence for a psychological purpose—in the presen instance, to send Qaddafi a "signal" that he must desist from *his* violence The consequences, all too predictably are the deaths of innocent civilians But, of course, Qaddafi is as free to ignore our violent signal as we are to ignore his. So we have begun a debate among ourselves, in which some argue that our violence is bound to intimidate him (force is the only language he understands, they say and others argue that it is bound to provoke him. But until someon learns to read his mind—and it seems to be a particularly difficult mind to read—we will simply have to wait on events for our answer. The only thing we can know for certain now is that by carrying out the raid we took a step down the path of adopting the terrorists' standards as our own. If, however, we were to unburden ourselves of the expectation of victory in the day-to-day fight against terrorists, the battle could be approached in a more pragmatic spirit, in which we would take whatever measures were both effective and consistent with our ideals—much as we do in the fight against crime at home. Leaving the psychological use of violence to the terrorists, we would seek to oppose them by taking practical steps—thwarting the terrorists' plans (as we have already done many times), detecting the terrorists at airports, apprehending them, putting them in jail. The aim of winning the war—which we are certain to achieve by the policy of steadfastness—would be accompanied by the more modest aim of reducing terrorism whenever and wherever that could be done, with the understanding that complete success was not a realistic hope. The right balance between the need to prevent terrorism and the need to remain true to our ideals would not be easy to strike; but it is a task that free people, who know that there is always a cost in efficiency for adherence to moral standards, are well equipped to address, for they can be confident in the knowledge that against a nation abundantly armed with courage terrorists can never win.



"I console myself with the belief that when the roll is called up yonder there'll be at least three Meeses for every Stockman."

• •

• •

Greeting Miss H.

THE Nordic Film Festival, currently in progress at the Eastside Cinema (Third Avenue and Fifty-fifth), with nine movies from Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden, was organized over the past year by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, thanks largely to the efforts of a small staff headed by Roger Kaufman, a very polite, very wide-eyed young man three years out of Brown University. The festival was scheduled to open with "Da Capo" (like the eight other Scandinavian movies, it had never been shown in New York and was to be shown several times in the week-long program), co-produced and co-directed by a Finnish powerhouse named Pirjo Honkasalo, who is thirty-nine, trim, attractive, with light-brown straight hair worn in the most familiar Garbo style, and with grayish-blue eyes that focus unswervingly on anyone she is talking to. She is a straight talker, too, in only faintly accented English (four years at the Film School of Helsinki's University of Industrial Arts and about a year at the School of Communications and Theatre of Philadelphia's Temple University). About a week before the festival's opening, Miss Honkasalo arrived from Helsinki. Mr. Kaufman arranged for her to stay, as guest of honor at the opening, at the Roosevelt Hotel. Promptly at nine the next morning, Mr. Kaufman, neatly attired in a freshly pressed dark-gray suit, white shirt, and dark tie, met Miss Honkasalo for the first time, in the hotel lobby, and, with nervous solicitude, ushered her into the Roosevelt restaurant called Crawdaddy, a spacious, airy room with a white tile floor and quietly revolving old-fashioned ceiling fans, where honest-to-goodness freshly squeezed orange juice is served. Both Mr. K. and Miss H. ordered some. Mr. K., while uncertainly questioning Miss H. about whether her room was satisfactory, forgot to drink his. Miss H., with a gold cuff earring on her left lobe, and wearing Finnish-style black cotton pants with a black T-shirt bearing "Da Capo" in lavender script, sipped her juice while looking at him, in a direct, Scandinavian way, over the rim of her glass.

"Do you like this hotel?" Mr. Kaufman asked. "Is it all right?"

"Yes," Miss Honkasalo said. "But when you're a filmmaker you get tired of modern, big hotels, which are all the same, as you never know where you are."

"I couldn't get the Leo. I couldn't find it. Nobody ever heard of it," Mr. K. said.

"It's the Leo House. It's very small—a very small hotel run by nuns, on West Twenty-third Street. You want to know what it would have cost you?" She gave a kind of Garbo laugh.

Mr. K. laughed, blushed, and relaxed. "I'm afraid to ask," he said.

"Twenty-three dollars a night!" Miss H. said triumphantly. "I wanted to save you some money."

"Well, you're certainly not a *Hollywood* kind of director," Mr. K. said, with a loud, unexpected laugh, in which Miss H. joined.

With a more confident manner, Mr. K. got down to business. "Here's the way it will go," he said, looking at his wristwatch. "At ten-thirty this morning, we're having a screening of 'Da Capo' at the Eastside Cinema for critics and distributors. It's the first time I've ever done anything like this, so I'm not sure who will come. We invited about thirty people, but I don't know how many will come. Maybe only five will come."

"The big, important critics usually don't come," Miss H. said evenly, and smiled at him.

"You'll be able to see whether the ratio is O.K. on the Eastside Cinema screen," he said. "You'll be able to check out the sound. After all, this is a film with music—the sixteen-year-old prodigy playing the violin, the symphony orchestras, all that sound."

"Oh, I don't want to come," Miss H. said.

"Don't you like it? Don't you want to see your own *film*?"

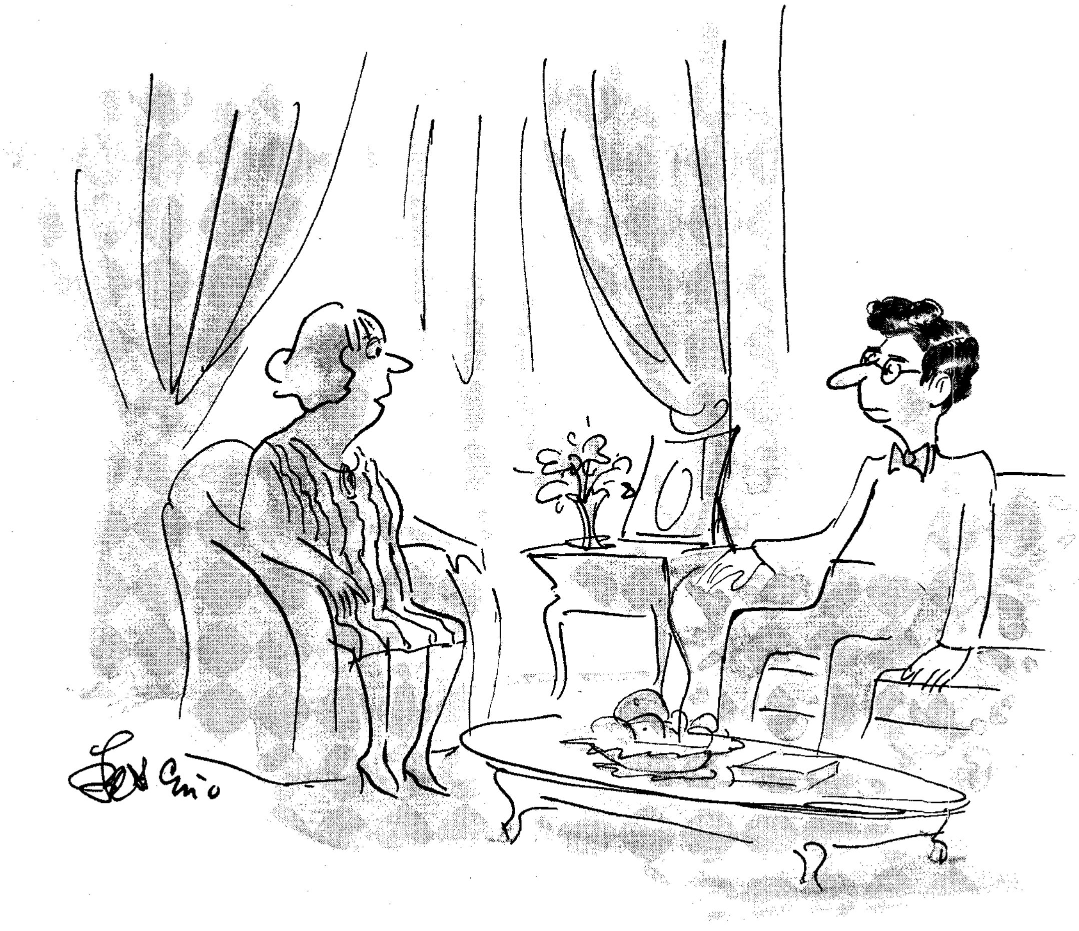
"Yes, I like it, but I've seen it," Miss H. said. "First of all, I'm not interested in what the audience thinks. I'm not going to change the film anyway. If you try to think like that, you can't make films the way you want to. Also, if you are part of every step in making a film, you are so blind you see only your mistakes. Then, the sound is never good enough, and the picture always looks out of focus, so I don't want to torture myself." She laughed.

"I don't know how you are about parties," Mr. K. said. "I've never done one before, but we're planning to have one after 'Da Capo' on opening night. At the Limelight. It's a discothèque. I thought it would be nice to have a party for everybody who comes to the opening. You didn't let me know the names of people you want to invite."

"Jayne Meadows—you should invite her," Miss H. said. "She is so good in the film, in the part of the lady in Beverly Hills. And you should invite the maid at the Finnish Consulate, because they never invite the maids."

Mr. K. made a note.

"Jayne Meadows really fell in love with Finland, with the way we're so different," Miss H. said. "She was so surprised to find how little we spend in Finland to make films. We are not like Hollywood. 'Da Capo,' when it played in Helsinki, competed with 'Amadeus.' The entire budget for 'Da Capo'—eight hundred thousand dollars—about equalled the cost of the *wigs* in 'Amadeus.'"



"Has anyone noticed your healthier, lively-looking hair?"

"Well, life in Hollywood isn't like life anywhere else. They certainly know how to sell and promote films, though," Mr. K. said, a bit wistfully.

"We shot 'Da Capo' partly in Los Angeles," Miss H. said. "Did you know that it is more difficult to shoot a film in Los Angeles than in Leningrad, where I made part of my first film, 'Flame Top'? Every time we wanted to move across the street in Los Angeles to set up and shoot, we had to apply for a new permit and wait two weeks for it. The walls of my office in Helsinki are papered with Los Angeles permits."

Mr. K. took another look at his watch. "This morning's screening will be a small one, but I'm trying to make the opening a bigger event. We mailed festival announcements to eight thousand people. We're having hundreds of balloons at the opening saying 'The 1986 Nordic Film Festival.' "

Miss H. smiled at him sympathetically. "New York is pretty tough for getting interest in Scandinavian films," she said. "Look. This is urgent. Could you send this on your telex?" She handed him a small piece of paper. "It's to my set designer in Helsinki. I want him to check Philippus, Andreas, and Judas in 'The Last Supper.' I tell him Philippus should not have long hair. It's for a film I am making for Finnish television—about two people working on the seventh restoration of Leonardo's 'The Last Supper.' Did you know that we are the only Nordic country with commercial television? When I finish the film, it will be owned by television, not by me, but I don't care. I have everything I need. The more luxury you have, the less interesting it is for you."

Mr. K., regarding her with puzzled admiration, took the telex message and said he would be happy to send it. Then he looked at his watch again and said he'd better go.

"Sure you don't want to come and check out the screen ratio and sound, and stuff?" Mr. K. asked.

"I'm sure," Miss H. said. "You check it and let me know."

After the screening, Mr. K. immediately let Miss H. know that the size of the screen was fine, the sound was fine, and twenty-four of the thirty people expected had come to the screening.

ASCAP

OF the nine founders of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers in 1914, four wore mustaches, as follows:

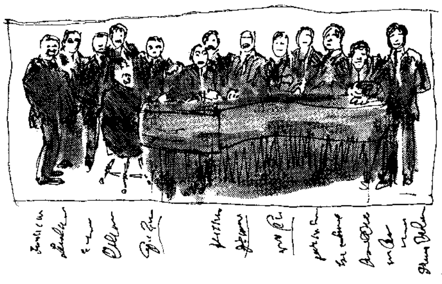
Victor Herbert

Jay Witmark

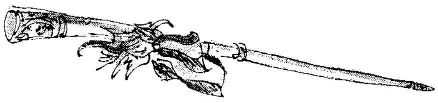
Gustave Kerker

George Maxwell

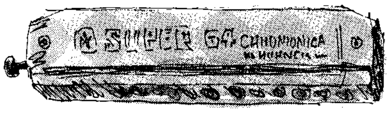
Maxwell, naturally, was elected president, and the society kicked off with a hundred and ninety-two members. Songwriters' dues were ten dollars; publishers were hit for fifty dollars. (Today, ASCAP has forty thousand members.) A year or so later, a select group of presumably paid-up composers gathered around a concert grand for a photo opportunity (*Illus. A*). They included Jerome Kern, Oscar Hammerstein I, Irving Berlin, and John Philip Sousa, and the result—sallow but still spirited—was hanging, a while back, in the Amsterdam Gallery of the Lincoln Center Library, as part of a show called "ASCAP: 7 Decades of America's Music." (The show moved on, but most of it will soon return, as a part of the library's permanent collection.) To a background of songs by Kern, Harold Arlen, Richard Rodgers, Frank Loesser, Bob Dylan, and others, visitors could examine sheet music ranging from Rudolf Friml to Bruce Springsteen—songs that spanned the vast romantic distance from "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" to "What's Love Got to Do with It?" Sousa's baton (*Illus. B*) was on view—a gold-tipped, gold-headed ivory model with a frayed and faded red-white-and-blue ribbon. Stevie Wonder's harmonica (*Illus. C*) was there, and Jerry Herman's Tony, Paul Williams' Grammy, Walter Schumann's Emmy, Ira Gershwin's Pulitzer, and George M. Cohan's Congressional Medal of Honor. (If the show had an excess of dignity—and it did—well, that may be what happens after you turn seventy. But it would have been refreshing to have some reference to the Brill Building, and the song-pluggers of Tin Pan Alley.) There were lots of letters: by Kurt Weill, Sigmund Romberg, Samuel Barber, Béla Bartók, Igor Stravinsky ("I believe that you should consider my standing in the general world of music. . . . It is my opinion that I have done much to enrich the total field of music for many years"). The most flamboyant signature was Victor Herbert's; the outstanding letterhead appeared on a note from Sousa, who was apparently staying at the Planters Hotel ("Absolutely Fire-Proof") in St. Louis (*Illus. D*).



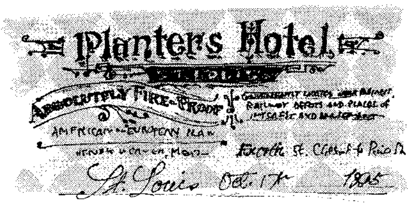
Illus. A.



Illus. B.

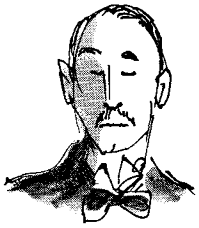


Illus. C.



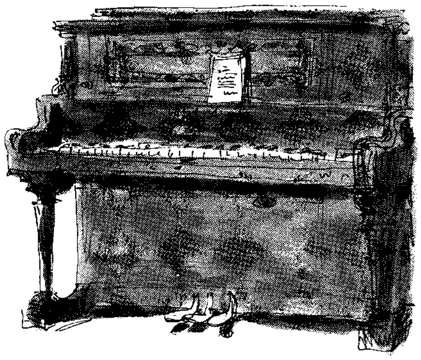
Illus. D.

In a photograph of a large, bang-up banquet (date and place uncertain), one of the spiffiest guests (at a table in the foreground) sat very straight but with his eyes closed (*Illus. E*). He may have been composing or counting his ASCAP royalties, or both.



Illus. E.

"This is the piano I told you about," Irving Berlin wrote to Hal David, the society's president. "It is the first one I ever owned. I bought it in 1909 for $100." The instrument (*Illus. F*), a Calvin L. Weser Monarch Upright Grand with Patented Transposing Keyboard (Berlin has always played only in the key of F-sharp) and a Non-Squeaking Pedal Action (also patented), was near the gallery entrance. It was chipped and scratched, familiar yet mysterious. On this keyboard, yellowed now, Berlin wrote "God Bless America," "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," and "Alexander's Ragtime Band."



Illus. F.

SIGNALS

MY mother and I are watching her favorite soap opera together over the phone; my mother in Hastings, me across the river in Englewood. "Honey," she says, "do you think Christina's really going to lose that baby?"

"That's Stephanie, not Christina," I tell her. She always gets the names wrong. "Christina's the one who pushed Stephanie down the stairs."

"Oh, honey, I think it was an accident, don't you?" she says.

"And believe me," I say, "they wouldn't bring in all those extras to be doctors and nurses if they weren't going to kill that baby off."

She doesn't answer right away. When she does, it's in her four-star general's voice, the tone she uses whenever she mentions my dad. "Stop being so cynical, Mona. It would upset your father. I'm sure Bob doesn't like it, either."

A commercial comes on, in black-and-white. A woman pours her friend a cup of coffee and says, "You owe it to yourself." The other woman starts to weep; she fiddles with her cup and stammers, "I guess you're right."

"Do you know people like that?" my mother says. "I don't know anyone who talks like that."

"Looking for an inexpensive divorce?" says the male voice-over.

"Your father would *hate* this," my mother says.

A new actor appears, replacing the guy who used to play Richard Pennington. He looks exactly the way Bob did five years ago, when I first met him. It's eerie, the resemblance. Bob was in medical school then. There were thick volumes stacked on the floor beside his bed—Pathology, Radiology, Biochemistry—and a stethoscope on the kitchen table by the toaster. He wanted to be a brain surgeon. The first time I slept with him, he said, "Being together like this means we're bound to each other for life." We were lying on top of the sheets, a pale green-and-white Indian bedspread tangled around our ankles. I thought, This guy's way too serious for me. But a lot of people I know thought their husbands were the last people in the world they'd marry.

"Mona, are you with me?" my mother calls over the phone. "I really think Shirley Capwell looks like Aunt Marion, don't you? Around the eyes?"

"A little," I say. "But doesn't this new Richard Pennington kind of look like a young Bob?"

"Bob?" she says. "*Your* Bob? No. I don't see it. I really don't see it at all."

Some leaves have fallen from the ficus tree by the window. While I'm picking them up, I see a flash of red next door—Jean's M.G. making a broad screeching turn into her driveway. The instant it stops, her son, Johnny, slides out of the car, his hair falling across his forehead in a haphazard curl. He just turned eight. He can't see me, the way the sun is striking the window right now, and I stand there and watch him.

About a month ago, Bob caught Johnny puffing on one of Jean's cigarettes. He wanted to tell her, but I said no. I pulled out an old photograph of Bob, taken when he was a Boy Scout. I said, "Think of this boy. What would *he* want you to do?"

"I like to think I know more now than that boy knew," Bob said. But he didn't tell Jean.

Jean climbs out of the driver's seat, her legs unfolding until, at full height, she towers over the car. She opens the trunk and lifts out a bag of groceries. She removes one bag after the other. It's like a comic strip, so many bags coming out of the tiny car, but Jean, with her bronze hair and enormous, expressionless eyes, is much too beautiful to be a comic-strip character.

I turn back to the TV. Another commercial comes on, women in underwear, dancing to a disco beat. My father would hate this one, too. He loved jingles; he sang his favorites while he worked around the house. If he were still alive, he'd be humming tunes of products that don't even exist anymore.

"WHAT are you doing?" my mother shouts in my ear. "What's all that noise?"

"Ice," I say. "Sorry."

"I wish you'd tell me when you're going to start moving around," she grumbles. "I like to know where you are when I'm talking to you." She shouts, "What

Informal Gathering

now? It sounds like Niagara Falls!"

"I'm filling the ice tray," I say.

"I don't like that phone," she complains. "You sound so far away, off in China somewhere." She's talking about the cordless phone Bob bought me when we moved out here last year. At first I didn't use it much. The voices at the other end sounded fuzzy. But I'm used to it now. I carry it everywhere, room to room, into the garden, down the driveway with the garbage.

"I'm in the hall now," I say. "I'm passing the front door."

"Hurry, the show's back on," she says.

"I'm sitting down on the tan couch in the den."

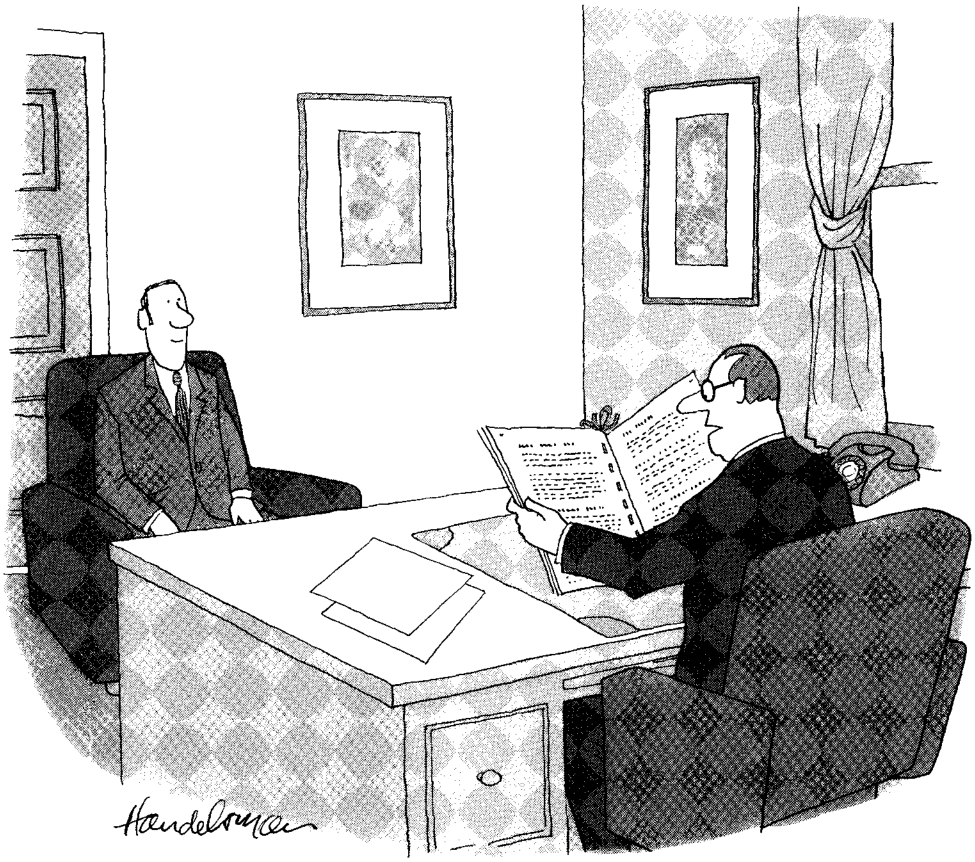
"Sh-h-h!" she says, excited. "There's Kelly!" Kelly is my mother's favorite character. She's quiet a moment, in reverence. Then she says wistfully, "You could be pretty like that if you'd do something with your hair."

Kelly is talking to Richard Pennington. Close up, he's not like Bob at all. His chin is square, and his eyes are darker and wider. Still, the way he's looking at Kelly makes me shiver.

"Poor Kelly," my mother says, sounding worried. "She's so fragile now. It's been almost a year since her husband, what's-his-name, died, but she acts like it happened yesterday." She sighs. "I know how she feels. When your father died, I felt like a tiny baby bird."

What is she talking about, I wonder. Two years ago, when my father died, she was like a commando. By the time she called to tell me, she'd already cleared away his belongings and put the house on the market. I looked for his shaving soap and brush in the medicine cabinet when I got there; I wanted to hang on to them. But they were gone. He had been sick on and off for three years. She was so brave I figured she'd been preparing for his death while I was praying he'd get better. *He* was the baby bird, lips parted, gasping. He couldn't take in enough air for himself.

The show ends, and we hang up. When I'm between jobs, my mother and I spend time together this way. I finished a few weeks ago at an elementary school in Teaneck, where I was substituting for a fifth-grade teacher on maternity leave. I prefer these longer stints. When you work sick days, you start to feel like a jack-in-the-box—a day here, a day there—and the kids never really respect you. It's summer now. I don't know yet where I'll be in the fall.



"Your curriculum vitae is extremely detailed, isn't it? I don't quite know what to make of the fact that your third-grade teacher, Miss Hartley, made you stand in the corner for throwing an eraser although another kid did it."

• •

THE cleaning ladies are filing down the street. Children arrive home from day camp in air-conditioned vans, shivering, their hair still wet from the pool. Soon the husbands will appear, stooped and breathless from climbing the hill that begins at the bus stop and rises in a gradually increasing incline until it peaks at our house, exactly. The other women on the block are peeling potatoes or washing lettuce leaves or thinking about doing those things. I go into the kitchen.

The morning paper is lying on the table, still folded so the corners of every page are flush. I open the refrigerator door with my foot. Two six-packs of beer, three extra-large bottles of tonic water, a gallon of milk. A bowl of tuna salad I made for lunch and didn't eat. A steak the size of half a cow, a sack of potatoes, twelve slender yellow zucchini. I pick up the phone and punch out Jean's number. Maybe she and Johnny will come for dinner.

"I've got enough food for an army—" I say.

"Can't talk now," Jean interrupts. "Can I call you later?"

Jean is always busy. She also substitutes, she takes care of Johnny and the house, she writes poetry. Last winter she gave a reading at the Y.M.C.A. Listening to her, I thought, This woman is just like me inside. On her, though, the characteristics we share rise to the surface in a more appealing way. She's mysterious; I'm cold. She's reserved; I'm sullen. From Jean, I learn how to be myself better. After her reading, I redoubled my efforts to be her friend. I've made some progress, I think.

The phone rings. "Honey, I forgot to tell you who I ran into. Remember Danny Foster?" my mother says.

"The guy who wants to marry Kelly?" I ask, and laugh.

"Oh, Mona, Danny Foster was in your fourth-grade class," she says. "He set his parents' house on fire smoking cigarettes behind the curtains. Remember? His mother was a cleaning lady, but I didn't use her. I thought it would be awful for that boy, knowing his mother cleaned his classmates' houses. I used Priscilla instead." She sighs. "Poor Priscilla. Did I ever tell you about the wake? The casket was on a long table with skinny white tapers flickering around it. Just beautiful." Her voice stiffens. "Your father and I spent that entire last year at funerals. Everyone was dying."

It's funny. When I wanted to talk about death, back when my father died, she always shut me up. "Don't be morbid," she said. "It's a fact of life."

"Why are you talking about him now?" I ask her.

"When you're my age, you'll understand," she says. "Memories are what keep people alive."

"Next you'll be going to séances," I say.

She's silent.

"Just kidding," I say.

"Oh," she says. "With you, I can't always tell."

After we hang up, I unfasten the hook on the back door and slip outside. The lawn hasn't been mowed in a month. When I lie down, I'm hidden; the grass tickles my nose and ears. My mother's wrong. I understand about memories. When I was a kid, I lay in the grass just like this, waiting for the stars to come out. I watched my father prune the bushes, scaring the fireflies out, whistling the tune of the Roto-Rooter commercial. I've lain here in daylight, on a beach chair, while Bob pushed the lawnmower around, shirtless, sweating. He was half and half at the end of last summer—brown face and chest and arms, pale legs. In bed he traced the outline of the bikini I wore.

AT dusk, the husbands are climbing the hill, already almost shadows. Bob's not with them. I dial his office number, bending to pull weeds from among the impatiens and marigolds in the flower bed by the garage. Every night as I wait for Bob to answer, I bless Alexander Graham Bell. If it weren't for him, I'd have to battle the bridge traffic in order to hear Bob's voice, slow and deep, like the ocean, the kind of voice you hear on late-night movies.

He finally picks up. I picture his bow tie perched on the starched white triangles of his shirt collar, like a butterfly, the color of Bing cherries and speckled with golden crescents.

"I didn't fix dinner," I tell him quickly. "I'm forwarding your mail. It's just the evenings. I can't stop waiting for you."

He's quiet a moment; then he says, "O.K.," meaning, "You asked for it." He repeats the things he's told me several times since the morning two weeks ago when he told me he was leaving.

I don't understand how you can go from loving someone to despising her, and he doesn't see that his list doesn't answer my question. His criticisms are simply my characteristics—what he once loved me for. The more he talks, the more precisely he describes me, and it's evident that he knows me better than anyone ever has. What conclusion can I come to but this—that the old saying is true. Familiarity has bred contempt. While he talks, I yank weeds. After a while, it's dark and I can't tell what I'm pulling out of the ground anymore.

Finally I say, "O.K.," meaning, "Enough."

I put the phone down, gather up the pile of what I hope are weeds, and carry them to the mulch pile. I see Johnny in his back yard, in his pajamas. When he sees me, he waves, and I wave back. The darker it gets, the more vigorously our arms move over our heads. When Jean calls Johnny inside, I stop. I hope she didn't see this long silent exchange. I'm self-conscious with children when other adults are around.

Anne Burgess

I lie down in the grass again. The phone rings. "I never finished telling you about Danny Foster," my mother says. "He wouldn't stop talking about you. I could hardly get away. I told him you were married. He wanted to know what Bob was like. I think he still has a crush on you."

"He never had a crush on me," I say. Sometimes I think my mother was watching some other child instead of me.

"*All* the boys liked you," she insists. "All right. I'll let you go. Say hi to Bob for me."

If someone asked me what Bob is like, I'd say he doesn't try hard enough. He gave up his dream of becoming a brain surgeon and performs plastic surgery instead.

I HOPE I won't need a sleeping pill tonight. I don't like taking them; when I do, I never really wake up the next day. But usually by one or two in the morning the temptation is

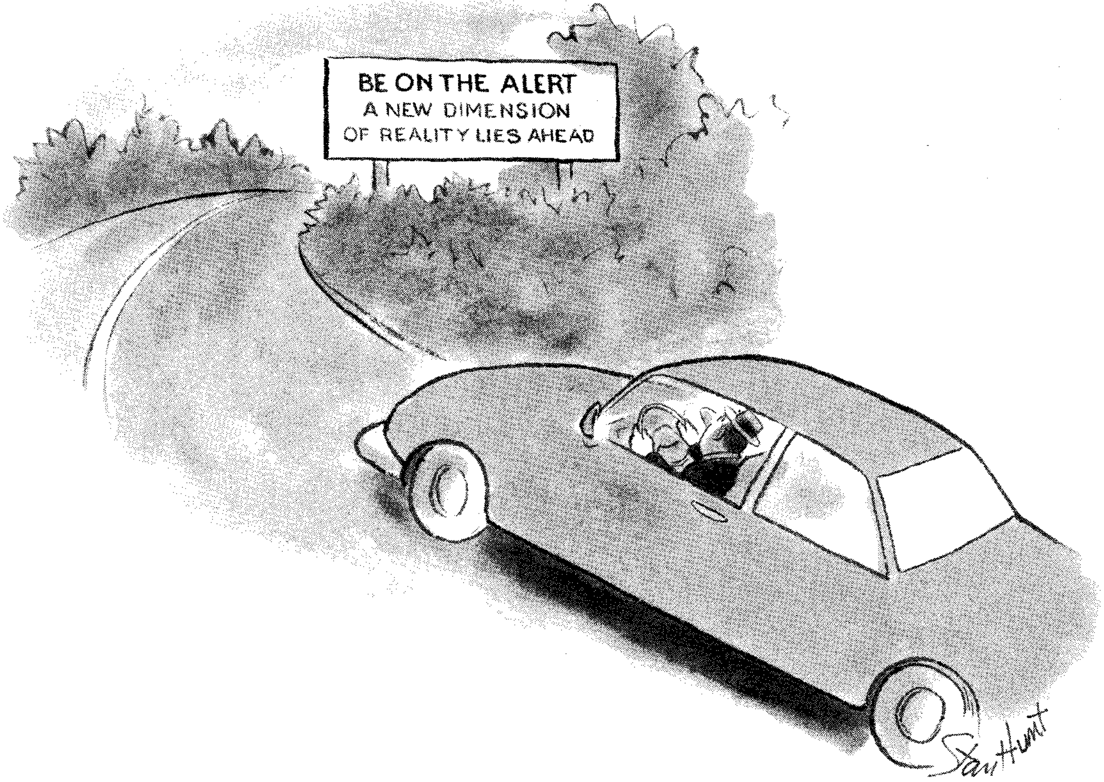
GREEN ANIMALS

You can glimpse them at twilight
in the vague terrain surrounding
the ancient stadium after it rains,
or on the cupola's copper dome
weathered the acid-green of the sea
at dawn, before the storm comes.

When they stare back at you,
you see the eyes of your ancestors glittering,
their familiar forms unlike those
you imagined for the dead
in their sky-locked rooms;
you see yourself in those blurred settings,
before a forest backdropped with mountains.
Beyond all that, and beyond still
more mountains and an emerald sea,
lies a greener landscape
from which the animals have fled
in a vast cloud, like ghosts.
Call it death, something permanent,
as you listen to the rain approaching
fast across the hollow rooftops.

—Nicholas Christopher

• •



• •

much greater than my concern for the next day, which seems far, far away.

Jean's back door creaks open, and she appears on the stoop in her nightgown. "Hello, Mona," she calls. I can tell where she is by the fuzzy golden circle burning at the end of her cigarette. She edges past the row of rhododendron that separates our back yards. She lies down beside me, exhaling smoke overhead.

"I didn't think anyone could see me," I say.

She laughs and takes a deep drag. She says, "Out here, there's always someone watching."

I wonder if she knows I observe her from my side window, and if this annoys her.

"You get used to it," she tells me. "In a way, it's kind of comforting."

She finishes her cigarette, then puts it out on the ground between us. She digs through the grass and buries the butt in the dirt. "You don't mind, do you?" she says.

"Why don't you come inside for a cup of coffee?" I say.

"Oh, I'd love to, Mona," she says. She pats my shoulder and stands up. "But I don't like to leave Johnny alone at night." She pauses. "He's discovered cigarettes," she confides, then moves away quickly across the yard. When she reaches her stoop, she ignores the steps, hikes up her nightgown and jumps, one movement of long, white legs.

She has never mentioned her husband, and I don't ask what happened to Johnny's father. She won't ask me about Bob. Even if she never sees him around here again, she won't say anything. She'll just add his name to her list of the missing.

I called Bob one night and told him the problem is I have no one to talk to. He said, "Well, you better find someone, don't you think?"

I press the numbers that will connect me to my mother. "Bob's gone," I say.

"Gone?" my mother says. "What, a convention? I didn't know he was going away."

"He's taken a room," I tell her.

"He's left you? Oh, honey. Are we dreaming? This sounds like a bad dream."

I shouldn't have told her. I see now why she didn't call right away after my father died. She knew that once she said it, it would be true.

In just a second, she takes control. "We're going out first thing tomorrow morning and buy you a new dress. You're going to walk into Bob's office in a pair of high heels, and then you're going to walk out. That'll show him."

Bob always told me I don't know how to handle my mother. He said I should either make light of her comments or get mad right away. He said harboring things made them worse. He said, "She loves you, you love her. Why make such a fuss?"

"Show him what?" I say. "What, exactly, will that show him?"

Then I hear something. "Someone coughed," I say. "Who's over there? Who's over there with you?" I have an insane thought. It's Bob, plotting with my mother to drive me crazy.

"Honey, it's only Mr. Bailey. I asked him in for coffee and 'Hill Street Blues.' Now listen to me. What we have to do is this."

I lay the phone in the grass beside me. One night last week Bob said, "Your mother is right about you. You don't even try to change. You're a dinosaur."

"That's not true," I told him. "I'm trying to be more like Jean."

"Jean?" He laughed. "But she's worse off than you."

Every time we have a conversation like that, I ask myself, How will I pretend he never said these things? How will we get back to normal?

Jean's bedroom light goes on, and she sits down at her desk. It must be ten o'clock. You can set your watch by her. Suddenly, the answer comes to me, the way it becomes apparent all at once that a tire with a slow leak has gone completely flat.

—CONSTANCE SCHRAFT

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From an editorial in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

John Gavin, resigning after five years as U.S. ambassador to Mexico, will leave office next month with unexpectedly high marks. His tenure in Mexico City has been characterized by a willingness to participate in controversial issues and to state America's case in clear, uncertain terms.

THE COLONEL SAYS I LOVE YOU

"OUR world is absurd," I say to my wife, "and a man's enemies are the people of his own house."

My wife takes offense, though I say this as a joke. She comes back with "I'll tell you who your enemies are: cheap port and bleached blondes!"

"Which means," I say, "that I am a true Christian, for Christ taught us to love our enemies."

Such conversations have been going on between us for twenty years, give or take a few weeks.

I emigrated from Leningrad to America dreaming of divorce. The sole ground for divorce was my wife's extreme imperturbability. Her serenity possessed no limits. I still wonder that two opposite qualities, serenity and contrariness, can coexist in one person.

We met in 1963. This is how it happened.

I had a room in a communal apartment, but a room with its own entrance. The window faced a garbage dump. My friends got together practically every evening at my place.

Once, I woke up in the middle of the night. Saw the dirty dishes on the table, and an overturned chair. Remembered the evening that had just been, with a stab. Some of us had gone out for more vodka three times. Someone had actually said, "Let's go get something to eat at Yeliseyev's! It's three hundred metres there, and about the same distance back."

I started thinking about what breakfast would be like in a messy room.

Suddenly I sensed that I was not alone. Someone was sleeping on the couch between the refrigerator and the record-player. There were rustlings and sighs. I asked, "Who's there?"

"Suppose it's Lena," a calm female voice answered unexpectedly.

I got to thinking. You don't hear the name Lena so very often. In my circle of friends, Tamaras and Larissas predominated. I asked, "What's your status, Lena? To put it more simply, who is your *socius qua non*?"

There was a pause. Then the calm female voice said, "Gurevich forgot me."

Gurevich was someone I knew through buying books on the black market. He was to be arrested two years later.

"What do you mean, forgot?"

"Gurevich got drunk and called himself a taxi."

I began to remember something. "You were wearing a brown dress?"

"Basically, yes. Green. Gurevich tore it. But I slept in somebody's work shirt."

"That's my old Army shirt. A relic, so to speak. When you leave, please take it off."

"There's some kind of medal here in front . . ."

"That," I said, "is a sports emblem."

"So sharp—it kept me up all night."

"Who could blame it?" I said. Finally, I remembered who she was. Slim, pale, with Mongolian eyes.

By this time it was getting light.

"Look the other way," Lena said.

I covered my face with a newspaper. Instantly, the acoustics changed. The young lady proceeded to walk to the door—to judge by the sound, in my velveteen slippers. I crawled out from under the blanket. The day had begun in a very strange way.

Then some awkward maneuvering in the hall. A towel around my not so bony rib cage. The Army shirt that didn't quite reach her knees. We got past each other with some difficulty. I headed for the shower. After a shower, a degree of relative lucidity always enters my life. I came out after three minutes to find the table set with coffee, cookies, jam. Also fish in aspic, for some reason.

By this time, Lena had put on her dress. The classic rip by the collar—the mark of Fima Gurevich's unbridled sensuality—became her well. "Truly," I said, "it is green."

We had breakfast, making varied small talk. It was all amiable, easy, and even pleasant, like a kind of corrective to the general craziness of the situation.

Lena got her things together, put on her shoes, and said, "I'm off."

"Thank you for a most pleasant morning."

Then I heard her say, "I'll be back around six."

"Good," I said.

I thought of the time I was leaving a bathhouse with a friend when a policeman stopped us. We both got very tense and asked, "What's going on?" And he said, "You wouldn't happen to remember when Akhmatova's 'Rosary' was published?" My friend said, "1914, Hyperborean Press, St. Petersburg." The policeman said, "Thank you. You can go." "Where?" we asked. "Wherever you wish," he answered. "You are free." At that time, I had been struck by the mixture of the everyday with the absurd. And now I had a similar impression from Lena's "I'll be back around six."

And I had an appointment at five-thirty. To make matters worse, it was not with a woman but with an editor. After that, there was supposed to be a banquet celebrating someone's successful thesis defense.

I called to cancel the appointment. The banquet I ignored. I rushed home from work in a taxi. I found myself thinking, "I should have ordered another set of keys."

I waited. She arrived close to six. She opened a string shopping bag and unpacked cans of food, eggs, and hake. "You do whatever you have to do," she said, "and I'll get all this ready."

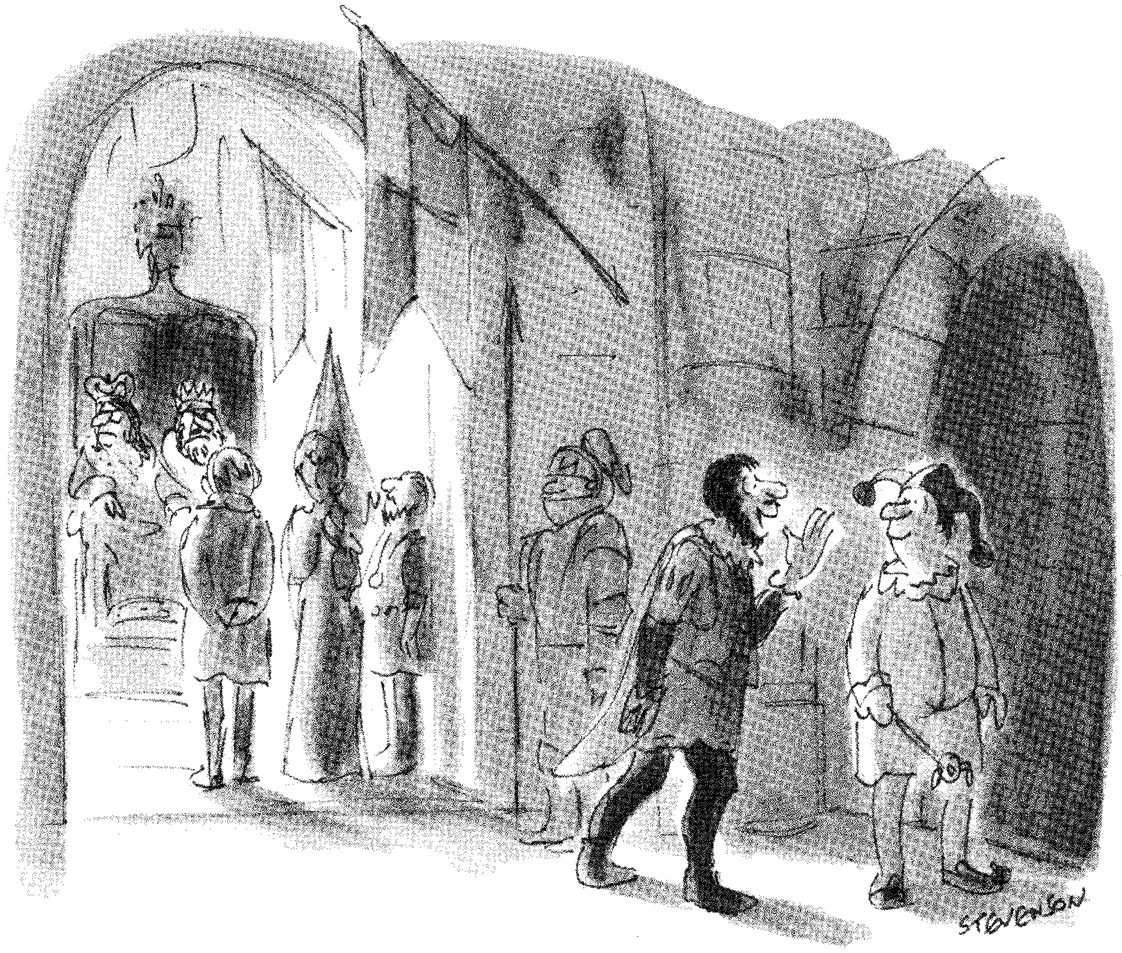
I had a wild thought: Maybe she's got me mixed up with somebody else? With some dear and close person? Maybe the world has really gone this mad?

WE ate supper. I sat down to work on something I was writing. Lena washed the dishes and turned on the television. My television had not worked in two years, and now it suddenly started working just like new.

I noticed a few small changes. Some foreign jars had appeared above the sink. Something suède hung in my closet. A pair of short beige boots stood by the refrigerator. Even the scent of the air in the apartment was different.

It grew late. Lena asked, "Would you like tea or coffee?"

"Tea." We drank tea with some



"I know the king and queen were not amused, but the rest of us thought it was funny as hell."

• •

kind of gingerbread cookies. I hadn't eaten gingerbread for about thirty years.

Suddenly I saw that it was one in the morning. Time to go to sleep, it would seem. Lena said, "Go sit in the kitchen for a moment."

I sat there, smoked. Read last Tuesday's paper. When I went back into the other room, she was asleep. On the very same couch. Only instead of the Army shirt I saw something pink.

I lay down on my bed and listened: not a sound. Not even the smallest flirtatious rustle in her sleep. I waited for about ten minutes and fell asleep myself.

In the morning, everything went just as before. The slight awkwardness, a shower, coffee with milk. . . .

"This time," she said, "I'll be held up. I'll get here after eleven. So don't worry."

I went off to a newspaper office, and from there to the Union of Journalists bar. I met a Swedish woman who invited me to her hotel; she kept saying, "Cossack, pour me some of that Russian vodka!" My friends were planning to go to an underground concert, to hear a certain avant-garde musician, and a highly unusual one at that: he played the cello lying down. In a word, temptations by the carload. But I hurried home. I was late getting back to my madhouse.

When she arrived that evening, I said, "Lena, let's have a talk. It seems to me we have to get some things out in the open. Something strange is going on. I have to ask a few ticklish questions. Do you mind if I ask them straight out?"

"Go on," she said. And her face was as untroubled as a dam.

I asked, "You have no place to live, right?"

Lena got slightly offended, or, rather, she showed some surprise. "Why do you say that? I have an apartment on Dachny Prospect. Why do you ask?"

"Well, no reason, really—it seemed to me . . . I thought . . . Then just one more question. Completely between friends—a thousand times pardon—are you perhaps attracted to me?"

There was a pause. I felt myself blushing. Finally, she said, "I make no claims on you." That was how she put it: claims, she says, I don't make.

Then there was a pause that was even more tense than before—for me. She was full of serenity, the look in her eye as cold and firm as the corner of a suitcase.

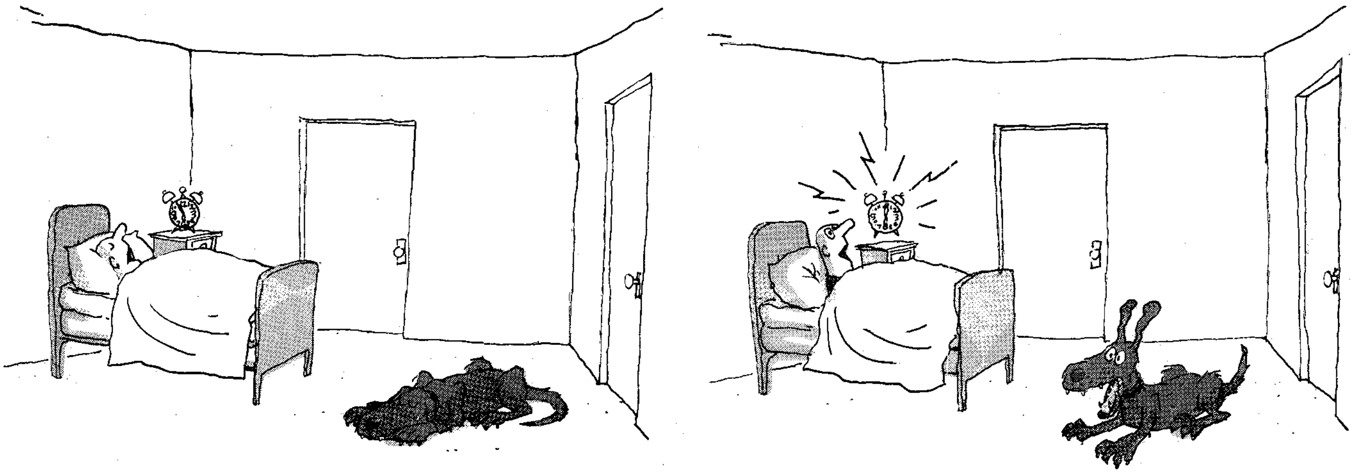
Here I got to thinking. Perhaps her serenity put her above making sexual distinctions? Above feeling any biological pull toward a man? Even above the idea of a permanent place of residence?

"And now—one last question. Only don't get mad. And if I'm wrong, just forget I ever said this. To make it short, there's just one more possibility. . . . You wouldn't by any chance be employed by the K.G.B.?"

Anything is possible, I thought. I was, after all, somewhat known, in thought and behavior unrestrained. I drank rather a lot. Shot my mouth off. My name had been mentioned on the Russian broadcasts from West Germany. Maybe the K.G.B. thought I was a budding dissident, and had assigned this unbelievable woman to me? Now, I thought, she's really got to start yelling. If I'm not right, she'll raise the roof, and if I am she'll raise it even more.

I heard her say, "No, I work in a beauty parlor." And then, "If you don't have any more questions, let's have some tea."

THAT was how everything began. During the day, I would run around looking for hackwork to earn money. I'd return home upset, humiliated, and bad-tempered. Lena



would ask, "Do you want tea or coffee?"

We hardly talked. There were only brief, businesslike exchanges of information. She said things like "Someone named Beskin called" or "Where's the laundry soap around here?" My literary affairs did not interest her, and I didn't ask her questions, either. Our madness took everyday, commonplace forms.

My routine changed somewhat. Lady friends called less and less often. Well, why call, if a calm female voice answers the phone?

We remained absolutely unknown to each other.

Lena was unbelievably silent and serene. Hers was not the tense silence of a spoiled loudmouth, and not the menacing silence of an anti-tank mine, but the silent serenity of a tree root listening absently to the rustle of foliage.

A week went by. Saturday morning I couldn't stand it anymore. I said—no, I shouted, "Lena! Listen to me! Let me be completely frank. We are living like a married couple . . . but without the main element of married life. We keep house. You do the laundry. Please, tell me, what does all this mean? I am losing my mind."

Lena looked at me with calm, friendly eyes. "Am I in your way? Do you want me to leave?"

"I don't know what I want! I want to understand. Love I understand. Lust I understand. I understand everything but this normalized lunacy. If you were a K.G.B. agent, then everything would be normal. I would even be pleased. There would at least be some kind of logic. But this way . . ."

Lena was silent, then said, "If you want me to go, just say so." And then, lowering her narrow, Mongolian eyes a little, "If you need *that*—it's all right."

"What do you mean, *that*?"

Her eyelashes lowered even more. Her voice sounded even calmer. "In the sense of physical intimacy."

"No, no," I said. "What for?"

Could I really dare, I thought, destroy this serenity in so gross a way?

About two more weeks passed. And what saved me was vodka: I got drunk at the office party of a progressive publishing house. Made it home close to one in the morning. Then—well, how shall I put it best—I forgot myself. Encroached. Took the aberrant road of the future jailbird Gurevich.

It was not love, and it was certainly not "a momentary weakness." It was an attempt to ward off chaos.

The stone I threw sank without a ripple to the bottom of the ocean. We didn't even start addressing each other in the familiar form.

A year later, a daughter was born to us, and we named her Katya. That was how we got acquainted.

IN the capacity of husband, I was a dubious catch. For years, I had no steady work. I had the tarnished appearance of a disqualified matador. My stories were not being published. I grew more and more bad-tempered, and less and less careful. In the summer of 1970, the first of my manuscripts found their way to the West.

I began to have foreign acquaintances. They sat in our room till late at night, and gladly drank vodka while they snacked on liver sausage. My communal neighbor Tikhomirov used to mutter in a threatening way, "The people you know! Real Sinyavsky-Daniel types! Troublemakers!" In the fall of that year, my name was again mentioned on some broadcasts from the West.

My stories did not interest Lena. In general, she took no interest in accomplishments as such. Her limited outlook seemed a part of her limitless tranquillity.

In this way, my life came under the rule of two opposing elements. An ocean of rising nonconformism raged to the left; to the right stretched the untroubled calm of bourgeois well-being. And I stumbled along in between.

Meanwhile, Lena had left her job in the beauty parlor and been hired as a proofreader by the Soviet Writer publishing house. This surprised me. I didn't know she was so literate. Just as I didn't know much else, and don't to this day.

A year later, she entered into conflict with the authorities. It happened like this.

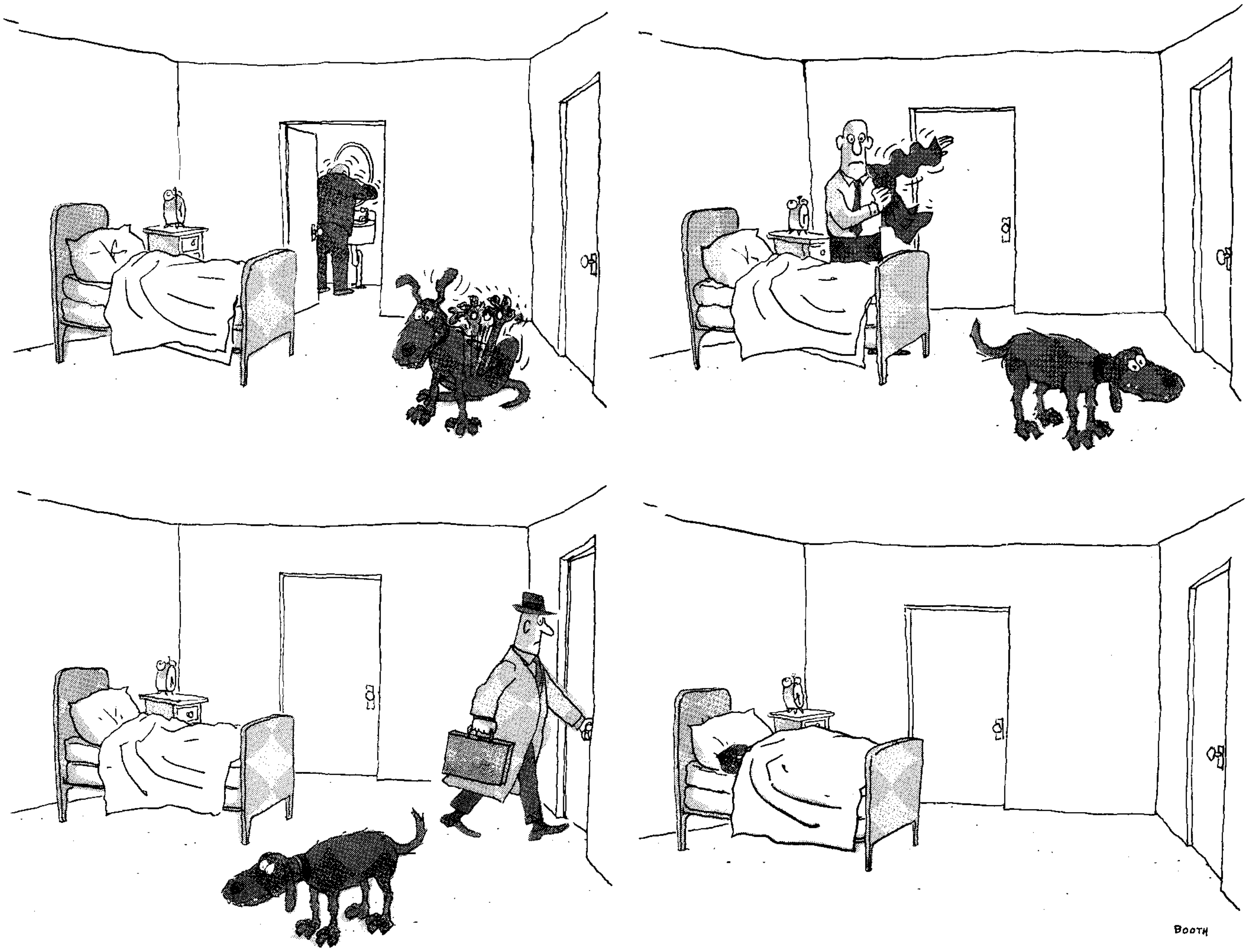
Her publishing house issued a limited edition of Anna Akhmatova's poetry. A very small number of copies were set aside for the staff, but some people were entirely passed over, and included among them was my wife. She went to see the director of the publishing house, Balashov, and stated her claims. In answer, Balashov said, "You do not quite grasp the complexity of the political context. The largest part of the edition has to be sent abroad. We are obliged to throttle the voice of bourgeois propaganda."

"Throttle mine," Lena told him.

From then on, a partial, fellow-dissident understanding formed between us.

THE years went by. Our daughter was growing up. She used to point at my shortwave radio and say, "I put your bee-bee-see on the window."

We had little money; we quarrelled



• •

often. I would blow up, my wife would be silent. Silence is an enormous power. It ought to be banned by law, like biological warfare.

I was always complaining about the absence of a future for me as a writer. Lena would say, "Write two thousand stories. They have to publish *one* of them."

I would think, What's she talking about? What's the use of getting one story published? And I even got offended, though for no reason. We saw scale differently: I put the emphasis on the unit, Lena on the mass. And she was right. You can only conquer with quantity. All of world history bears this out.

I knew so little about my wife that I was constantly being surprised. Anything that could ruffle her serenity took me by surprise. Once, she burst into tears when someone from the house management committee said something insulting. To be honest, I was even pleased. It meant that her passions could be aroused. But this happened rarely. Most of the time she was imperturbable.

In the nineteen-seventies, emigration to the West began. Close friends were leaving. There were endless discussions about whether to leave or not. I kept insisting, "What would there be for me to do there? It makes no sense to run from one's native home! If literature is a reprehensible activity, then our place is in prison."

Lena gave no opinion. She seemed to have become even quieter. The days dragged on in endless, depressing talk at the dinner table, frequent trips to the airport to see people off, and conversations at night.

I remember well that February day when Lena came home from work and said, "That's it. We're leaving. I've had it."

I tried to argue. I talked about the motherland, about God, about the benefits of withstanding intense social pressure, about the linguistic and cultural range available to us. I even spoke of birch trees—something for which I will never forgive myself. But Lena was already leaving the room to make a telephone call.

I blew up and went off for a month to a job on the Pushkin estate near Pskov. When I returned, Lena handed me a stack of papers to sign for Katya and her. I said, "What, already?"

"Yes," she said. "Everything is settled. We have the documents in hand. I'm sure they will let us leave. It could happen within the next two weeks."

I was stunned. I hadn't thought it would happen so soon. More to the point, I had hoped Lena would talk me into leaving with them. After all, it was I who loathed the Soviet regime. After all, those were my stories that weren't being published; it was I who was just a hairbreadth away from being a dissident.

From then till the day they left, I walked around in a kind of daze. Mechanically did whatever had to be done. Greeted guests and saw them off.

The day of departure came at last. A

crowd gathered at the airport—mostly my friends and drinking cronies.

We said goodbye. Lena looked completely unperturbed. One of my relatives had given her a going-away present of a silver-fox fur piece. For a long time afterward, I had dreams of grinning fox faces. My daughter was wearing big, clumsy sneakers. She looked dazed. That was the year she wasn't pretty at all.

Then they got into the airplane bus. We waited for the plane to take off, but planes were leaving every few minutes, and it was hard to tell which one was theirs.

I began to miss them on the way back from the airport, and started drinking straight from the bottle in the taxi home. The driver said to me, "At least bend down."

I said, "It doesn't come out well that way."

FROM that day on, my entire life changed. I was overcome with agitation. The only thing I thought about was emigrating. I drank and thought.

Lena wrote postcards that were like coded messages. "Rome is a large beautiful city. By day it's hot. By night they play music. Katya is well. Prices are comparatively low." Her postcards were loaded with calm. My mother read them over and over again, trying to find some shred of emotion, but I knew that was useless.

I will now set down in outline the events that followed:

The accusation of social parasitism and of promoting dens of vice. The signed oath not to leave town while under investigation. Inspector Michalev. Some unexplained beatings at a police station. Another series of broadcasts from West Germany. Arrest, and trial on Tolmachev Street. Nine days in the Kalyaev Prison. Unexpected release. Summons to the Office of Emigration.

The K.G.B. colonel at the Office of Emigration told me, politely and amiably, "You ought to emigrate. Your wife has left, and you should have left long ago."

Just to be contrary, I said, "I thought when my wife left our marriage was over."

"A divorce would be a mistake. We would like to see your family reunited."

"But we were never officially married," I said.

"A mere formality," the colonel said, smiling broadly, "and we're not formalists. After all, you love them?"

"Who is 'them'?"

"Your wife and daughter. Well, of course you love them."

It was in this way that my love for my wife and daughter became a fact. And the person to bear witness to it turned out to be a K.G.B. colonel.

I tried to find my bearings. I could make out two real poles to the world: the known, native, suffocating *here*, and the obscure, half-fantastic *there*. Here, I had a limitless vista of a tormented life among friends and enemies. There, only wife and child, the tiny island of my wife's imperturbable calm.

All my hopes were *there*. I don't know why I gave the K.G.B. colonel a hard time.

SIX weeks later, my mother and I were in Austria. Vienna reminded me of a section of Leningrad—the part between the Fontanka and Sadovaya Street. The single significant feature of the city's landscape was the river—the river that turned out, on our third or fourth day, to be the Danube. Prostitutes stood out against the grayish backdrop of the streets. They looked like the heroines of foreign film comedies.

Judith Shahn

We settled in a little hotel called the Admiral. My mother read Solzhenitsyn day and night. I wrote some things for émigré journals and newspapers, mostly elaborating on my nonexistent dissident exploits.

By that time, Lena had already settled in America. Her letters were more laconic than ever. "I work as a typist for a Russian newspaper. Katya goes to school. Our neighborhood is comparatively safe. Our landlord is a nice, middle-aged American named Andrew Kovalenko."

My mother and I lived in Austria till the summer. Vienna was our stepping stone between Leningrad and America. It's such a long way to come that it probably has to be done in two hops.

Finally, we received our American papers. The seven hours above the ocean seemed like an eternity to me. There is too little in the air of any interest. But the airplane was already American territory. The airline stewardesses behaved like independent people.

Friends were waiting for us at Kennedy Airport—a painter named Kulakov and his wife and son. As

LOOKING OUT

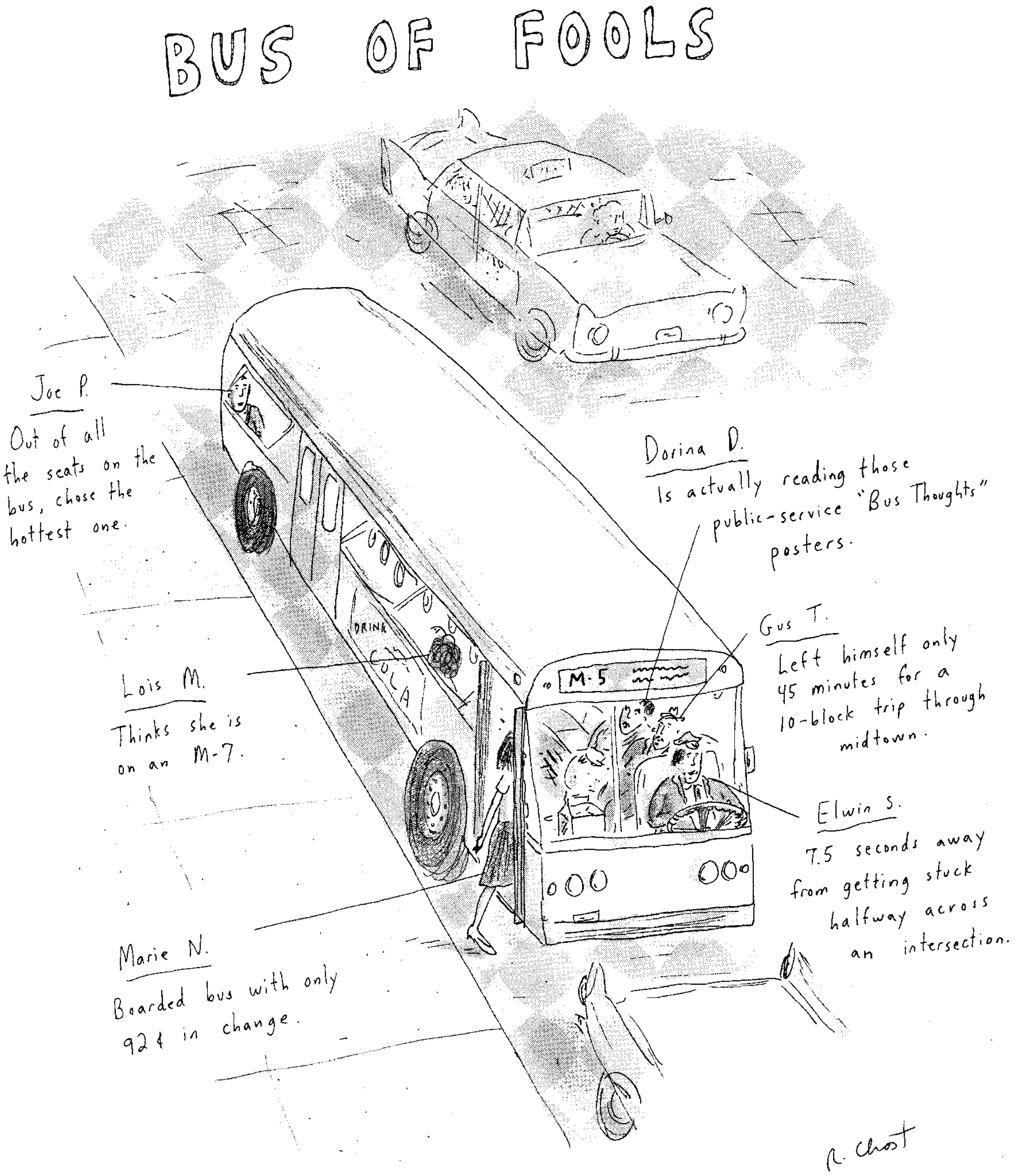
Think of everyone leaving the city at night
for the darker countryside and the wide,
winking universe with a comet in it
somewhere, so distant it might go unnoticed
if a man with binoculars didn't shout
across the frozen field and aim
his finger low on the horizon.

Take away the cars with their heaters running
for the drowsy kids and it could be
any century you choose, with God
up to his old celestial grandstanding
and an acre of sky-watchers keen
on doomsday or salvation.

For the field mice and rabbits
giving way to this shivering crowd,
it's an old tableau, sensation etched
on chromosomes: how it feels
beneath the vaulted dark when something comes,
flies off, then comes again.

—NEAL BOWERS

• •


BUS OF FOOLS
Joe P.
Out of all the seats on the bus, chose the hottest one.
Dorina D.
Is actually reading those public-service "Bus Thoughts" posters.
Gus T.
Left himself only 45 minutes for a 10-block trip through midtown.
Lois M.
Thinks she is on an M-7.
Elwin S.
7.5 seconds away from getting stuck halfway across an intersection.
Marie N.
Boarded bus with only 92¢ in change.
M-5
DRINK COLA
R. Chast

soon as the greetings were over, they immediately began railing against life in America.

"Buy a Toyota, old man," Kulakov said, "or, better still, a Volkswagen. American cars are crap!"

I asked, "But where are Lena and Katya?"

Kulakov handed me a note: "Make yourself at home. We are at the health club. We will be home around eight. There is food in the refrigerator. Lena."

We drove to her apartment in Flushing. The surrounding, low landscape reminded me of the seamy part of Leningrad beyond the Moscow Railway Station. Skyscrapers were very much absent. My mother looked out the window and said, "The streets are completely empty."

"This isn't a street," Kulakov objected. "This is a highway."

"What does that mean, 'highway'?" my mother asked.

"Main road," I answered.

Lena lived on the first floor of a small brick building. Kulakov helped carry in our suitcases. Then he said, "Rest up. It's already night in Europe. I'll call you tomorrow." And he left.

I had not, of course, expected to be met by a delegation of American writers. But Lena, I thought, could have come to the airport.

My mother and I found ourselves in an empty apartment. There were mattresses on the floor in both of the two rooms. Clothes were strewn all over the place.

Mama took a look into the refrigerator and said, "Cheese here is almost the same as ours."

Suddenly I felt incredible fatigue. I lay down on top of a blanket and lit a cigarette. The contours of reality began to recede. Who am I, I thought, and from where? What is happening to me? And how will it all turn out? This new life already struck me as too commonplace to hold any significant changes. I also thought, How does human intimacy arise? What do people need to have in order to feel kinship?

I woke up early in the morning. Outside the window, a branch was moving back and forth. There was someone beside me. I asked, "Who's there?"

"Lena," answered a calm, female voice, which then said, "You've gotten so heavy! You'll have to start running each morning."

I said, "For all practical purposes, there's no place to run. I'd prefer to stay here. I hope that is possible?"

"Of course. If you love us."

"The colonel says I love you."

"If you love us, then stay. We have no objection."

"What has love got to do with it?" I said. "Love is for teen-agers. In our case, it's no longer a matter of love but of fate. By the way, where's Katya?"

"On a mat next to her grandmother." Then Lena said, "Look the other way."

I covered my face with an American newspaper. Lena got up, put on a bathrobe, and asked, "Would you like tea or coffee?" At that moment, Katya appeared. But that's already another story.
—SERGEI DOVLATOV

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Anne Frydman.*)

REFLECTIONS

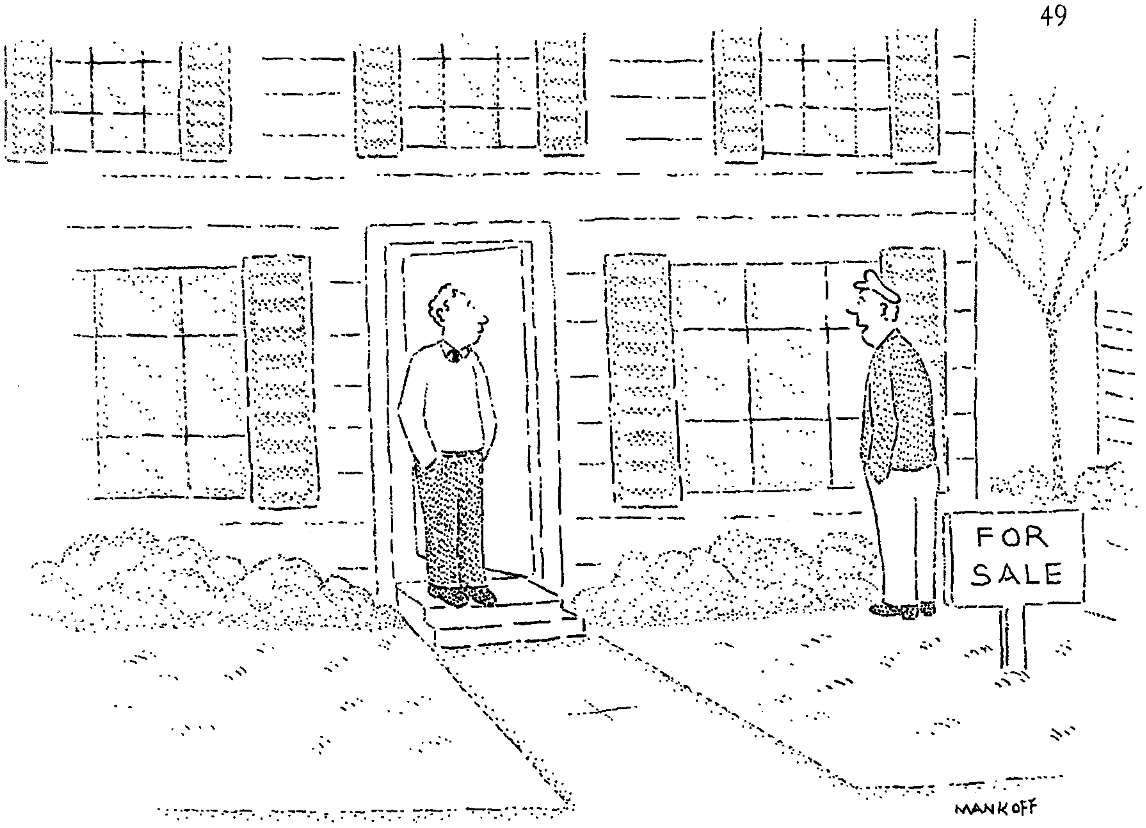
THE CHEERS FOR KEITH

A FEW weeks ago, I made a leisurely swing south and then west to watch the major-league ballplayers going through their familiar rituals in preparation for the long 1986 season, which is now under full steam and will occupy much of our sports attention through the summer months and on into the extravaganzas of the league playoffs and the World Series. Spring training is almost my favorite part of the baseball year, and the sunlit days I passed in Florida and Arizona this time around were exceptionally warming and hopeful, because of the presence on every side of a remarkable group of rising young pitchers and batters—just about the best rookie crop I can recall—whose various fortunes I will happily follow now in the box scores and daily doings of their teams. But even as I began to put these fresh names to memory—Jose Canseco, Bob Tewksbury, Pete Incaviglia, Wally Joyner, Will Clark, Bobby Witt, Dan Plesac, and the rest—and scribbled notes to myself about their unfamiliar mannerisms on the mound and in the batter's box, it occurred to me that there was a special reason for my optimism over the arrival of another freshman class of shining youngsters and for my pleasure in the evergreen renewals of still another baseball season: I hoped they would let me at last put aside my anger and confusion about the drug scandals that so altered the game last year. Sometime during this past winter, I suddenly realized that I didn't want to think about cocaine in baseball anymore. Most of my friends felt the same way, and so did a lot of the players I talked to about the matter during spring training. "Let's get it *over* with," one of them said. "Let's get on with the game." And the fans, I think, were more upset about drugs than anyone else. Like them, I was sick to death of the whole matter, and badly wished that those afflicted and now notorious stars and journeyman players had stayed away from the stuff in the first place, thus sparing me many anxieties and second thoughts about the nature of our sports infatuation in this country—about the realities of celebrity and big money and repeated, on-demand extraordinary athletic performance—and about the inflexibility of our old wish to keep the world of sports (no matter how artificial and commercial and exploitative it has plainly become) as a place of moral certitude and preserved values. I was also bored and wearied by the statements of position coming from the baseball commissioner and the players' union, and from lawyers and agents and sports columnists and editorial writers and drug therapists, and by speculations about the proper forms of drug detection and punishment and medical support that the game should now accept and endorse.

As a baseball writer, however, I dutifully did my work and tried to pay attention. I began to keep a file of drug stories, with annotations and reminders, and I interviewed a good many players and front-office people about drugs. But at the same time another part of me—the fan side—still felt aggrieved and bitter about the whole thing. None of this had anything much to do with *baseball*—the delectable and marvellously difficult old game that has brought me almost undiminished pleasure since I first began to take notice of it, more than fifty years ago. Like many other fans, of course, I could recall a previous inner clash of ideas and feelings—between baseball as I wanted it to be and baseball as it now inescapably and unhappily seemed to be in reality—during the seven-week baseball strike that brought the game to a halt during the summer of 1981. The same malaise had also afflicted me, in a creeping, fungoid fashion, during the gross inflation of salaries that followed the arrival of free agency for players in 1976, and raised the average major-league stipend from about forty-five thousand dollars in 1975 to the present four hundred and thirty thousand dollars—a swing

"I don't know who my audience is."

that has taken these young athletes from the economic and social level of barkeepers and small farmers and veterinarians, say, to that of rock performers and Wall Street lawyers and corporate C.E.O.s. Now the presence of *drugs* in still another baseball crisis seemed almost too much. For the first time, I felt that I might be on the edge of turning away from baseball altogether, and consigning it in my mind to the inner forgettery, where I have tucked away so many other lost amenities and sweet, once-certain surroundings and institutions that most middle-class, middle-aged Americans have learned to do without. It was this horrid possibility—no more baseball for me, or else baseball seen with a distant, half-cynical, chilled attention—that shook me out of my self-pity, and forced me at last to try to sort out and set down some of the difficulties and angry conflicts that surround the matter, and even to venture some speculations about what has happened and why we feel so bad about it. Thinking about drugs and sports just now is probably not such a bad idea, in any case, because sooner or later the baseball owners and the Players Association (the major-leaguers' union) will compromise their differences and agree on a new drug program for the major leagues—and at that moment, of course, we fans will start to forget about the whole business as quickly as possible.



"Just browsing."

• •

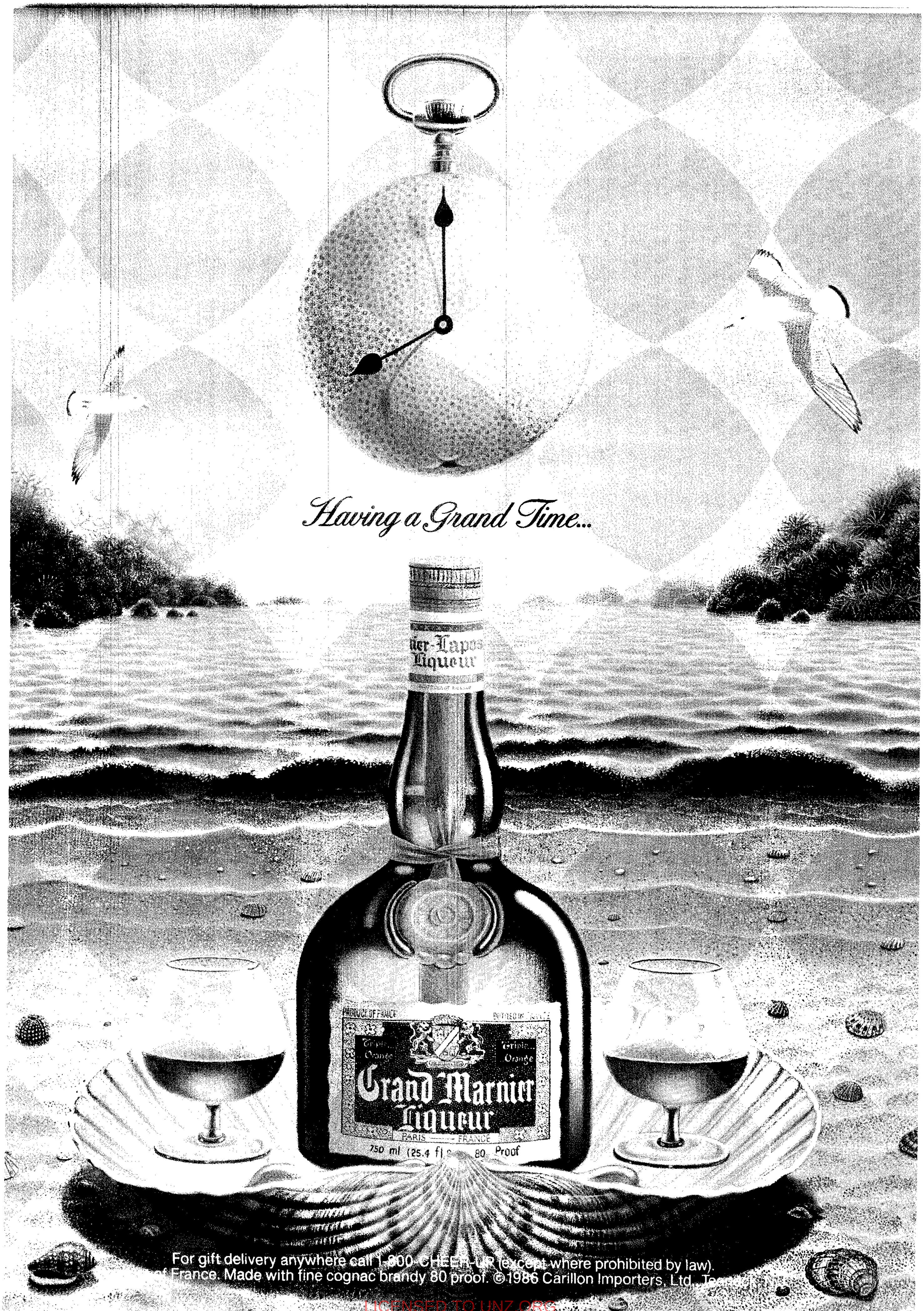
News about drug abuse turned up elsewhere in the media over this past winter: first when it was learned that some of the players for the New England Patriots, of the National Football League, who surprisingly played their way into the Super Bowl in January (and were there unmercifully demolished by the Chicago Bears), had been known by their coach to be struggling with drug problems during the regular season (the story was far less sensational in its details and implications than was first suggested in the Boston press); and then when Micheal Ray Richardson, a star guard with the New Jersey Nets, was incapacitated for a third time by his severe drug addiction and, under the rules of the National Basketball Association, was banned for life from play—a private tragedy that saddened and silenced everyone in the sport. Drugs are an inescapable presence in *all* sports, it seems, and I suspect that the whole mysterious, titillating, and scary subject is more on our minds than we care to admit. The widespread recent use of cocaine—research findings tell us that up to thirty per cent of the eighteen-to-twenty-five-year-olds in our society have been at least one-time users of the drug—is a disturbing matter: no one can be quite certain who among his friends or colleagues or relatives may now be trying the stuff, or is about to. Many of us already know a few young men or women whose lives and careers have been permanently damaged by cocaine; certainly anyone who has been involved with the sports world can easily bring to mind a particular athlete whose shining, wonderfully promising career was cut down by drug addiction. (For me, this will always be Mike Norris, the angular and elegant right-handed pitcher—he had a killing, over-the-top screwball—with the A's, who went twenty-two and nine with the young and dashing Oaklands in 1980, and deserved but did not win the American League's Cy Young Award for his work that summer. I can still see the unique little flourish of his trailing leg as he finished his delivery, and his comical, hot-dog mannerisms on the mound, and recall the charm and intelligence of his interviews. Injuries set him back after that season, but cocaine and alcohol finished the job, as he himself has admitted.) Cocaine addiction is a miserable illness, and there are peripheral risks to the innocent as well, who can conceivably fall victim to accidents at the hands of drug-affected vehicle drivers or pilots or surgeons. Work performance may be diminished in less critical places and professions, and the flow of enormous sums of money into the criminal substratum (where illicit dealers receive not only our cash but our tacit approval, since they are essential to the processes of the habit) inflicts cynicism and other psychic bruises on our society. Nothing much about cocaine use is known *for certain*, however, and the highly publicized trials of two accused drug dealers in Pittsburgh last September—when seven players, all but one of them still active in the majors, testified that they and many other players (seventeen were

"Are you sure you've never been to Paris before?"

• •

named) had been in-season cocaine users in the late nineteen-seventies and early eighties—provided a sudden focus for much free-floating concern. Previously, more than a dozen individual players—including established regulars like Tim Raines, Claudell Washington, Alan Wiggins, Steve Howe, and the aforementioned Mike Norris—had admitted to difficulties with the drug in recent years and had undergone therapy (and sometimes suspension by their clubs) while they attempted to deal with their problems. Four members of the Kansas City Royals—Willie Wilson, Vida Blue, Willie Aikens, and Jerry Martin—had even served jail terms for cocaine offenses. But the news from Pittsburgh was different, for it seemed to confirm some long-standing rumors about the prevalence of cocaine in the sport, and the September parade of testifying players, pale and unsmiling in their suits and ties (with some very familiar faces among them: Dale Berra, Dave Parker, Keith Hernandez), sent a seismic wave of dismay through the baseball world.

A bare four days after the Pittsburgh debacle, Commissioner Peter Ueberroth, whose understanding of the public-relations process is regarded with awe in the business world, came forward with a proposal, presented in dramatic fashion at simultaneous pregame clubhouse meetings around the leagues, that all major-leaguers should forthwith sign individual pledges to agree to a system of compulsory urine-testing for drugs, so that the good name of baseball could be restored "for us, our children, and for the generations to come." Mr. Ueberroth, who took office as commissioner in October of 1984, had come to baseball with a reputation as a swift, self-assured problem-solver. His achievements as president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee had been dazzling, ultimately winning him *Time's* accolade as 1984's Man of the Year. In that post, he had supervised a system of compulsory drug testing of Olympic competitors, although the screenings were not primarily for cocaine or marijuana but for performance-boosting amphetamines, steroids, and the like, and the athletes involved, of course, were amateurs. On taking over as baseball commissioner, he stated that the drug problem stood at the top of his agenda, and in the spring of 1985 he imposed a system of compulsory urine-testing for all minor-league players and for front-office workers throughout the sport (neither group has a union); he has since claimed that minor-league testing has been an unqualified success, although precise data about it have been hard to come by. Since Mr. Ueberroth did not present his sudden September testing plan to the Players Association, which had been a party to all such past discussions, he could not have been much surprised when the players balked, insisting that these matters should be resolved through their union. A charge of unfair labor practice in connection with this substantial issue has been filed by the Players Association, and a verdict is


Having a Grand Time...
Liqueur
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Triple Orange
Triple Orange
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PARIS — FRANCE
750 ml (25.4 fl
80 Proof

For gift delivery anywhere call 1-800-CHEER-UP (except where prohibited by law).
of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 80 proof. ©1986 Carillon Importers, Ltd. Te

True German e
is a beautiful th

A lot of engineering calls itself German. To appreciate the real thing, take a good look at the 1986½ Volkswagen Quantum Sedan and Quantum Syncro Wagon.

Their fuel-injected engines, designed for Autobahn driving, have 5 cylinders. Result: They run smooth and quiet and deliver all the power you'll need.

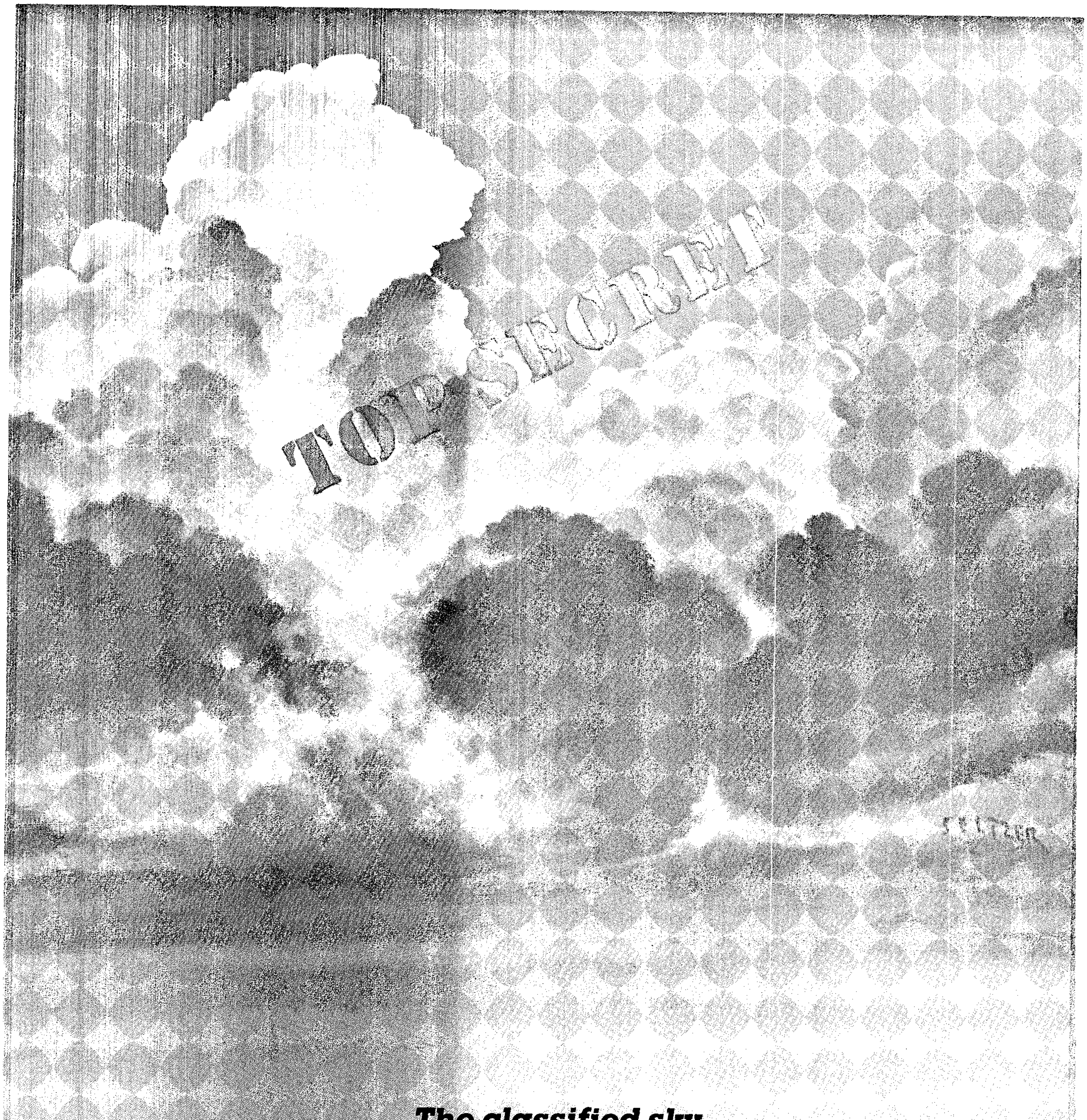
The Quantum Syncro Wagon has permanently engage 4-wheel drive. Result: If one wheel hits a slippery spot, you have three others to help pull you through.

ngineering
ng to behold.

The Quantum Sedan has a patented track-correcting
ar axle. Result: Improved road handling on curves.
Our engineers also gave the Quantum stretch-out
ominess and luxurious appointments. Then they
ished it with an attention to detail that was positively...
ell, German. And after all that, they did one thing more:
They made it
ok as good as
ey made it drive.

Introducing the 1986½ Quantums:
The Sedan and Syncro Wagon

© 1986 Volkswagen Seatbelts save lives.



The classified sky.

The only aircraft built solely to baffle enemy radar so missions will succeed.

Fly into airspace monitored by hostile radar systems and you become a vulnerable blip on a screen.

But not if in the sky with you is a plane carrying an electronic countermeasures system designed, integrated, programmed, and given wings by Grumman.

The Grumman system bewilders hostile radars, keeps your precise *position a mystery until it's too late.*

It's aboard the Navy and Marine Corps EA-6B electronic countermeasures aircraft and the Air Force EF-111, both built by Grumman. The only aircraft totally dedicated to jamming enemy radars.

The protective edge such aircraft provide is one reason why the performance of onboard electronics is as important as the performance of the aircraft. It's why Grumman aircraft typically carry twice the electronics of comparable planes. It's why half of Grumman's engineers are not aeronautical engineers, but *specialists in electronics.*

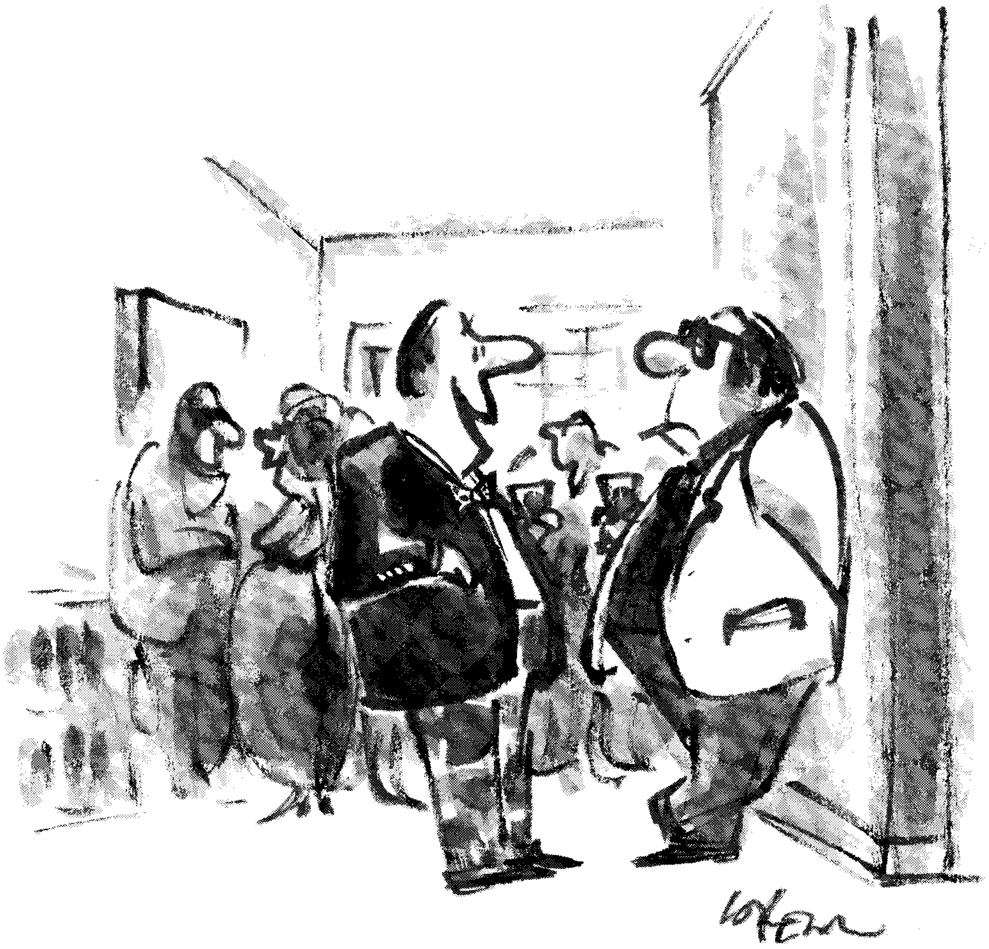
It's why Grumman can build aircraft that are cost-effective. Less subject to obsolescence. More dependable. And able to perform missions no other plane can handle.

Only GRUMMAN

GRUMMAN®

*A registered trademark of Grumman Corporation.

xpected very soon. There were exressions of cynicism, and even bitteress, from many players about the Commissioner's motives in going pubic with his testing proposal directly fter the Pittsburgh trials, since the whole tangled issue of drug abuse and drug testing had been a matter of inense study by the owners and the nion for several years. Discussions etween the two sides had resulted in Joint Drug Agreement, signed in May, 1984, which provided an essenially voluntary system of diagnosis, reatment, and rehabilitation for drug busers, with many provisos—up to ut not including compulsory testng—designed to involve even recalitrant players in extended therapy without immediate penalty and with ccompanying guarantees of privacy. The program, to be sure, had not been much used and was generally seen to e a tentative beginning to sorting out n obdurately difficult combination of ocial and medical and corporate isues, but the owners, in any case, anounced during the World Series last all that they were unanimously withrawing from the Joint Drug Agreement, and they have since made it lain that their strategy would be to ecure compulsory urine-testing from ach player as part of his next conract. The Commissioner, I should dd, has said that he regrets the ownrs' impetuosity in throwing away the oint Drug Agreement, but it is hard or me to believe that he was not conulted about the matter, or that his dvice, if presented, would not have ad more effect. Drug testing, we must conclude, had been suddenly pereived by the owners as a dramatic and olitically useful simplification of an ntractably complex private vice. (Mr. Ueberroth has also raised the spectre f cocaine-afflicted players' being lackmailed by their underworld supliers and presumably forced to throw games at the behest of crooked gamlers, but this scare seems to have exired from unlikelihood; fixing the 919 World Series required the mob to ribe seven or eight doltish, vastly unerpaid members of the Chicago White Sox, and even then the trick lmost misfired.)



"A writer? Fantastic! I wish I had time to write."

• •

The arguments against compulsory esting, some of which will be resented below, are of considerable weight, and they were much discussed mong the players at the end of last eason and over the winter. (I should xplain that my own sampling of player opinion was always a narrow one, never encompassing more than three or four players on any one club, but the players I did consult always tried to offer a fair estimate of what others in their clubhouse believed. Most of the opinions summarized here, whether from players or from front-office people and executives, and even owners, must be unattributed, since individuals on both sides requested anonymity because of the pending grievance hearing—the Big Case, as it is sometimes called.) Players on different clubs, including several player representatives, who correspond roughly to shop stewards in the Players Association, told me that about half of their teammates had no objection to compulsory urine-testing—in fact, many of them were eager to see the plan in operation, so that the whole distracting issue could be forgotten and they could get on with their work—and others agreed with the notion that testing was a valid way for baseball to begin to set its house in order. A few of the players who had tried cocaine and run into difficulties with it (Rod Scurry, now of the Yankees, for one) said that compulsory testing was the only weapon that might deter habitual offenders. Players on the other side of the question, however, were vehement in their opposition to testing; most of *them* saw testing as a violation of their privacy, and a good many also saw it as an unsubtle scheme by the owners to drive a wedge between the players and their union. These fears were not unfounded, one would conclude, for by the time spring training came around about five hundred of the major-league players (of the one thousand and forty on the winter rosters) had agreed to testing clauses in their new contracts. In many cases (it's hard to say how many, since contract negotiations are kept private), an offer of more money in return for testing, and a threat of less money without testing, swung the balance. Compulsory testing seems to have carried the day, at least for the moment, and it is my belief that this conclusion to the issue has become very popular with the fans, not just because it appears to enhance, or even guarantee, the purity of the sport but also because it slightly but clearly demeans the players (who must produce a urine sample on demand, in the presence of a drug cop), and thus punishes them all for letting us down so badly, for damaging our dreams about the game.

Penalties for the cocaine users who had testified or had been named at the Pittsburgh trials were announced by the Commissioner at the beginning of the spring-training season. After private interviews with all the players involved, he divided them into three categories, with accompanying degrees of severity in their punishment. For seven prime offenders—including Joaquin Andujar, Dave Parker, and Keith Hernandez—he decreed a year's suspension from the game, with the accompanying provision that the suspension would be lifted in return for a fine of ten per cent of their salaries, plus two hundred hours' service in community programs to combat drug abuse, and compulsory drug testing for the remainder of their careers. Lesser penalties—sixty days' suspension or five-per-cent fines, fifty hours of community service, and compulsory testing—were imposed on four other players, and testing alone on the remaining ten. There may be some cogency to the Commissioner's expressed belief that this disposition of the very difficult matter of punishment might be of use in combatting drug abuse in and outside the game; and his determination of the cases—to judge by fans and friends I have heard from—has been popularly viewed as being fair and proper, although there remain a number of hard-line scribes and baseball executives who believe that the drug users, immunity or no immunity, should have been thrown out of the game for life, like the Chicago Black Sox. Mr. Ueberroth's tone toward the offenders has been regretful and conciliatory, but I have heard not a few coarse expressions of satisfaction from old-line coaches and front-office men, who surely speak for some of their employers in their belief that the wealthy, insufferably privileged young players of today have at last been cut down to size by the scandal, at least for the moment. There is a sense on the management side that the Players Association has lost some of its constituency over the issue of testing, and that, fairly or unfairly, the union is viewed by the public as having no plan or program of its own, and as standing stubbornly on the wrong side of the whole business.

WHY not test? Here are some reasons presented to me by players, by officers of the Players Association, by a handful of front-office people, and by doctors and lawyers and friends and fans I talked to over the winter. The arguments are set forth in no special order.

- Compulsory testing is a violation of personal privacy. The embarrassment of a compulsory urine test is not quite a constitutional issue, since the Fourth Amendment restrictions against unreasonable search and seizure apply only to measures imposed by the government, but testing clearly does harm to an individual's sense of self. Racehorses have their urine tested, to be sure, but, as one All-Star American League infielder put it to me last fall, "I am not a horse." Several of the more thoughtful front-office people I know explained to me this spring that compulsory testing is only a necessary small inconvenience, of exactly the same sort that we all accept when submitting ourselves to a metal detector at an airport—almost a convincing argument, I thought, until I began to envision lines of passengers at LaGuardia or O'Hare leading up to and into bathrooms occupied by waiting inspectors.
- It attaches a presumption of guilt to all the players. The easy little turnabout in our minds ("If they've done nothing wrong, they've got nothing to hide") when we seize upon the quick fix of compulsory testing damages *us* in the end, for it demolishes an essential premise of a free society.
- Urine-testing, up until now, has been an unreliable process, with a persistent error factor of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent, divided equally between false negative and false positive results. Follow-up tests, in the case of positives, may correct a mistake, but they, too, require great care, and afford further possibilities of error and misdiagnosis. A more accurate means of urine-testing is available, bu it is so expensive—up to five hundre dollars a test—as to make its everyda use unlikely.

d.ehrenberg

- Urine-testing makes no distinction between the occasional recreational use of a drug and habitual o addictive use.
- Compulsory testing is a two-clas system: lightly or forgivingly applie to star players, rigorously applied t everyone else. (Many black players believe that the system will be employe against them in discriminatory fashion.) Examples of this disparity ar easy to find. When Dwight Goode was presented with his new 1.32-million-dollar contract by the Mets thi winter, it contained a compulsory drug-testing clause; he demurred, an the matter was dropped without further ado. Mike Armstrong, a borderline member of the Yankee pitchin staff, similarly refused, on principle, drug-testing clause in his two-hundred-and-ninety-five-thousand-dolla contract, and eventually was forced t settle for thirty thousand dollars less i order to get it dropped. Joel Youngblood, a veteran San Francisco outfielder who did not seem to fit into th Giants' plans for the coming season was refused a three-year extension o his contract this winter unless h agreed to unspecified forms of dru testing; when he and his agent protested the vagueness of the terms in th testing clauses, he was told to take hi wares elsewhere. No one had suggested or implied that Youngbloo might be a drug user, but he wa forced to carry the issue to a labor grievance procedure before the ba was dropped. Then he made the team
- Compulsory drug testing in baseball has become a matter of publi relations. Doctors and drug specialist I have consulted believe that, in practice, urine-testing is of limited use and may even have a negative effect o therapy; the suggestion that it can hel do away with the basic problem i illusory, and actually veils the stubborn nature of cocaine addiction an the difficulty of its cure.
- Compulsory testing in baseball the national pastime, will become symbolic, integral part of a nationa pattern of drug testing in industry an private business, in state and municipal governments, on newspapers, i schools, and so forth—part of a majo alteration of our freedoms and priorities. This is a matter that has alread produced very strong opinions on bot sides. The recently presented finding

of the President's Commission on Organized Crime recommended widespread testing in industry and compulsory testing of all federal employees, but this part of the report was immediately challenged by several members of the commission itself. The question of testing is being debated almost everywhere now, it seems (the National Football League is embroiled in much the same sort of wrangle as baseball), and may ultimately be resolved only in the courts. It should not come as an absolute surprise that proponents of a safer, more rigidly controlled society should turn up among the conservative businessmen and entrepreneurs who buy their way into sports franchises, and this larger issue—at its heart, an intergenerational conflict—has been visible just below the surface in the bitter labor and salary negotiations waged between the owners and the players over the past two decades. Regardless of our individual inclinations in this emotional subject, we should probably remind ourselves that if the practice of compulsory drug testing is accepted by all professional sports organizations, it will only be a matter of time—a very short time, in my view—before it is required of all college athletes, and very soon thereafter, surely, we will be asking high-school boys and girls to subject themselves to the same process if they wish to try out for a team.

IF there is any hope or certainty to be found in this sorry business, it must be searched out somewhere beyond or to one side of our wishes for a restored "image" of the game, and also beyond or to one side of the assumptions by the Commissioner and the owners that the fans' feelings about the drug issue are clear enough to constitute some kind of mandate. Confusions and contradictions crop up everywhere, and probably within most of us as well. Last September 10th, in a crucial game against the Cardinals at Shea Stadium, when Keith Hernandez came up to bat for the first time after his Pittsburgh court appearance, he received a sustained standing ovation from fifty thousand home-town fans (he had to step out of the batter's box to compose himself), and no one who was there—as I was—and no one I have talked to since has quite been able to decipher the full meaning of that outburst of feeling. Maybe the fans were expressing forgiveness for Keith's transgressions. Maybe they were hailing his extraordinary season's

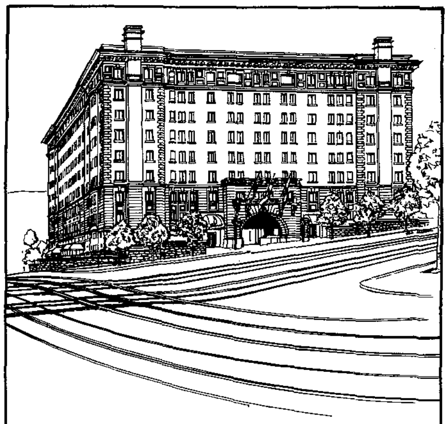
Gorham announces RENAISSANCE '86

You're invited to take this unique opportunity
to add to your Antique Sterling service.

Since 1831, the name Gorham has stood for the quality, the craftsmanship and fine design represented in these exquisitely ornate Sterling designs. Antique designs that, even today, remain supreme examples of the silversmith's art. Now Gorham invites you to add to your Antique Sterling service with selected pieces from more than one hundred Gorham Antique Sterling Designs, made from the original dies, on a special order basis. The representative patterns shown here are St. Cloud (1886), Victorian (1887) and Lily (1902). To learn which other patterns and pieces are available, consult any of the stores listed below, or other fine stores where Gorham is sold. This unique offer must end May 17, 1986.

GORHAM TEXTRON
Gorham Division of Textron Inc.

Jean's Silversmiths Inc., New York, NY • David Baruch, Inc., New York, NY • M.C. Fina, New York, NY • Fortunoff Inc., Westbury, NY • Marel Silver Co., Great Neck, NY • S. Marsh & Son, Millburn, NJ • Windsor Gift Shop, Madison, NJ • Nat Schwartz & Co., Bayonne, NJ • The Albert Smyth Co., Timonium, MD • Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. • Thalhimers, Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburg, VA • Ross-Simons, Warwick, RI • Tilden-Thurber, Warwick, RI • James Kaplan Jewelers, Cranston, RI • The Yankee Merchant Group, Ltd., Boston, MA



Preferred Hotels Worldwide.
Each elegant. Each unique.

Just to name a few:

San Francisco
The Stanford Court

Houston
The Warwick

Ft. Lauderdale
Pier 66 Hotel and Marina

Portland
The Heathman Hotel

New York City/Long Island
The Garden City Hotel

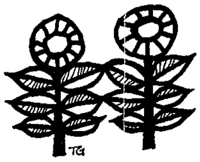
Grand Rapids
Amway Grand Plaza Hotel

Boston
The Colonnade

Preferred Hotels® Worldwide

United States, Canada, Caribbean, Europe and Far East
A worldwide association of 69 independently operated luxury hotels and resorts with this telephone number in common:
1-800-323-7500
In Chicago call (312) 953-0505

performance, afield and at the plate, and saying that this outweighed all. Maybe they were saying "It's O.K., Keith—we understand," or maybe they were only saying "Let's play ball!" or "Let's go, *Mets!*" Perhaps they were expressing their belief that some corner had been turned, and that drugs in baseball was over and done with at last. I just don't know. I've heard in dugouts and pressrooms and clubhouses that the use of cocaine in the majors is much reduced from what it was four or five years ago, but no one knows how many recreational or habitual users there were or are in baseball—an amazing vacuum at the very center of the controversy. Physicians employed under the Joint Drug Agreement were preparing a confidential medical survey on this question, but the survey expired when the owners abandoned the agreement in October.



The need for symbolic victory seems to outweigh every other consideration or sensible procedure. Many people would agree that Commissioner Ueberroth had to invoke *some* form of penalty against the cocaine users whose names had surfaced at Pittsburgh, but, as it happened, his system of suspension and forgiveness came down hardest on some players—Hernandez, for one, and Lonnie Smith, of the Royals, for another—who had recognized their own addiction and had voluntarily taken the necessary steps to cure it; they had broken the law, to be sure, and had been guilty of great and self-destructive foolishness (Hernandez had also lied about his cocaine habit before he was called to testify under oath and under immunity), but their turnabout, surely, was exactly the sort of difficult self-rehabilitation that the clubs and the leagues would hold up as an example to other afflicted players. Complexities and ironies abound, and in the end we can only respond to some of them with a dismissive shrug—the gesture of our times. Amphetamines, which probably affect game performance more than cocaine, are still in use in many clubs (there aren't as many clubhouse jokes about greenies—which are now sometimes called "beans"—as there once were), but amphetamines, when prescribed, are legal. So is alcohol, and drinking, of course, is an ancient and celebrated companion to big-time sports—a seatmate at the games, so to speak—with infinitely more widespread and destructive consequences than drugs. It sounds naïve to point out that the Commissioner and the clubs, to the best of my knowledge, have never imposed suspensions or other penalties on players or managers who have had their licenses revoked for drunk driving.

Mr. Ueberroth, it must be added, has put forward no over-all program of his own for the treatment and rehabilitation of drug-afflicted players, which further reinforces the suspicion that the *appearance* of a drug-free sport is his prime objective. I don't mean to suggest that he is indifferent to the problem of addiction or unconcerned about the welfare of the players—only that his peculiar office is, of its nature, symbolic, paternal, and much given to enforced optimism. On Opening Day last month, he announced a more detailed plan for the compulsory testing of all major-leaguers, with accompanying assurances of full confidentiality in the process, and with no penalty for an initial positive finding for any player, but at almost the same moment it became clear that testing has been little more than a gesture or a symbol all along. Barry Rona, the executive director of the Player Relations Committee (an owners' group), said at a hearing before baseball's impartial arbitrator that about four hundred and fifty of the new player contracts that included compulsory-testing clauses were of the non-guaranteed form—that is, the contract would no longer apply if the player was dropped before Opening Day—and he conceded that for technical legal reasons drug tests could not be enforced upon their signers. If this sounds baffling, it's no wonder. According to the Players Association, the testing clauses in the contracts were only a suggestion of general intent and not a binding commitment; according to expert inside-the-game runes-readers, the turnabout was a strategic retreat by management's side—a strong suggestion that the owners would not, in the end, go to war over the issue of testing. Forty-three players have signed guaranteed contracts, with enforceable (according to Mr. Rona) testing clauses, but among these are some of the twenty-one players under drug penalty, including testing, by the Commissioner. Compulsory testing, if it ever comes, will thus involve perhaps five per cent of all major-leaguers, it now appears—a wholly unexpected turn of events, which seems to tell us that the great flap is about to die down at last.

The Players Association is quiet for the moment, as it awaits the impending grievance-procedure verdict on its fundamental argument that the drug-testing issue must be resolved, now as in the past, through collective bargaining. (The Association, it must be emphasized, has never flatly refused testing.) Whatever that verdict turns out to be, it seems clear that the owners and the Players Association will eventually have to agree upon an all-encompassing plan for drug education, therapy, and rehabilitation, which will be administered for the benefit of the players themselves, as individuals, rather than for any of the reasons that have inflamed and distracted us over the past year. This could happen almost any day, it appears, or it could be months away. The two sides were very close to an agreement about a week ago, but they have since receded from what looked like an ingenious solution to the bitterly divisive testing issue. When they do eventually come to terms, it will no doubt be over a plan very much like the Joint Drug Agreement, with some temporary acceptance of testing under limited conditions. (The Anti-Drug Program of the National Basketball Association, which has been in operation since September, 1983, empowers a single independent expert to determine whether there is reasonable cause to suspect that an individual player may be engaged in the use of illegal drugs, and this expert may then authorize the N.B.A. to test the player four times during a six-week period. Accommodations, in other words, are possible, and an accommodation, as I have said, will bring the two sides in baseball together once again.)

Several of the more progressive ball clubs—including the Baltimore Orioles, the Oakland A's, and the Milwaukee Brewers—have been working quietly on their own drug-rehabilitation programs while awaiting a resolution of the over-all testing issue. These anti-drug plans have been in place for several years now, and form part of the teams' larger Employee Assistance Programs. During the past winter, twenty-two members of the Orioles' major-league roster agreed to a drug plan devised by an agent, Ron Shapiro, which will be administered by the Johns Hopkins Hospital and School of Medicine, and which appears to guarantee player privacy, for the club would not know which players were in treatment unless the treatment should require their absence from

A Mother's Day Gem From Mark Cross.

Of the 578 handbags we have to offer, this is our most popular. Rich buttery calfskin. Gold plated hardware. Two open compartments and a roomy zippered compartment enable it to hold a great deal, yet it's easy to carry.

There are six colors in calf, two in fabric, as well as our pigskin-trimmed Signet Edition shown here.

Mother would treasure it.

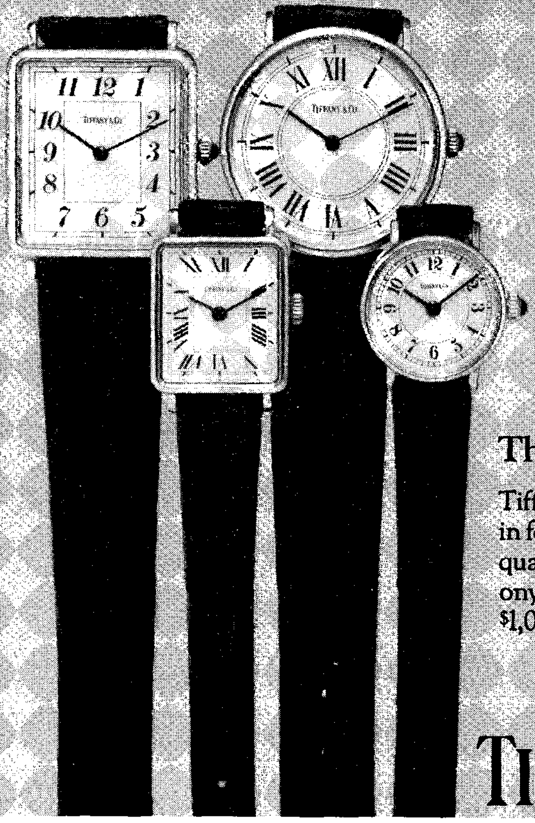
Daughter, too.

The Town Bag
$495

MARK CROSS ESTABLISHED 1845

© 1986 MARK CROSS INC

Atlanta Bal Harbour Boston Chicago Colorado Springs Dallas Houston New York
Palm Beach Pebble Beach San Francisco South Coast Plaza St. Louis Troy, Michigan Washington, D.C.



The Classics of '86

Tiffany's exclusive watches in fourteen karat gold with quartz movements and black onyx crowns. From left: $1,050. $725. $925. $625.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET
BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1986

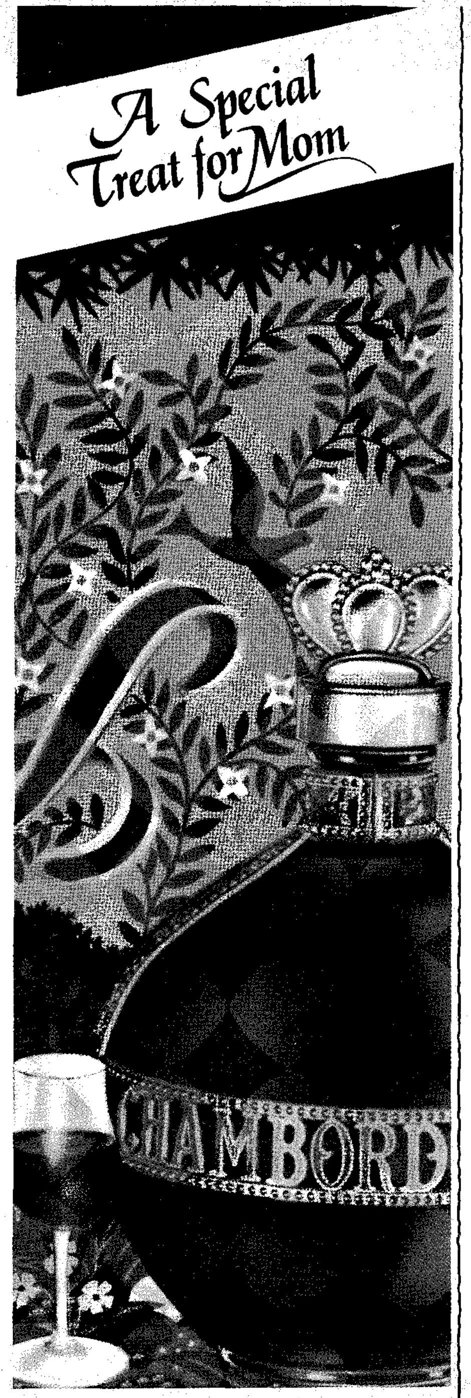
the field; it also calls for testing. This year, the A's were able to obtain drug-testing agreements from a majority of their players on an individual basis *after* their contracts had been signed; the documents had no relation to each other, that is. Sal Bando, who administers the Employee Assistance Program for the Brewers, told me that programs dealing with cocaine abuse in baseball should be aimed specifically at the player who is at the edge of making the shift from being a social user to being one with a more habitual problem; the true addict, he said, would always come into the program automatically, out of need. He also said that among the Milwaukee players who have recourse to the Employee Assistance Program drug abuse is a much less common concern than everyday matters like stress, depression, divorce, child abuse, and alcohol.

Trust is what it comes down to, of course. Several players have told me that there are a handful of clubs with which they would readily sign drug-testing agreements, simply because they trusted the management there. The list was a small one, however, never exceeding five or six teams, and each of the players quickly added that he deeply suspected the ability or desire of most clubs to deal with their players in a non-punitive, consistent manner when it came to drugs. (Some clubs have shown a degree of compassion toward a player who has admitted to cocaine trouble for the first time, only to turn pious and punitive if he runs into further difficulties. The new edition of the *Bill James Baseball Abstract* has a chilling description of the Padres' self-righteousness last year when they decided to close the books on their second baseman and lead-off batter Alan Wiggins under such circumstances; he is now playing second and leading off for the Orioles.) "They've taken a very hard line on drugs and testing, and you've got to ask what they were after, when we already had an industry-wide agreement that had a real chance to work," one American League player said. "They wanted the monkey on our backs. We have this emotional pressure from the fans, and then here comes the Commissioner telling people there's nothing that shows up in the sport that he can't handle. It's not right. The atmosphere is still very hostile."

One general manager, speaking privately to me a few weeks ago, said, "In our business, we've gone from hero worship down to finding any excuse to blame and bloody the players. We're cynical, and we tend to despise them, and we invite the public to join us in that. Something must be done to turn that around soon. It's the Steinbrenner style, and it can destroy us in the end." That same week, an official of the Players Association made almost the same point in conversation. "All our assumptions about fairness and innocence have been changed by the drug scare," he said. "This is an ugly place for the national pastime to find itself, especially if it's being done in the name of morality and of role models for our children. It always comes down to the same set of assumptions: the players should be better than the rest of us—they should set an example, toe the line, and all that, because they're lucky to be playing ball and because they're getting all that money. It's pathetic stuff, if you think about it, and it's got nothing to do with the realities of drug addiction. I see the Steinbrenner world view in this. It's angry, and it seems to infect us all in the end."

WHAT we fans and bystanders think about all this is what counts, of course, because baseball belongs to us in the end, rather than to its transient and impatient owners, and because drug abuse in society and the image of professional sports are matters of our own making—images of ourselves. Most of my friends who are also fans seemed extremely upset with the players whenever the matter of drugs came up in conversation in recent months. Now and then, I ventured to suggest that baseball is simply another slice of American society after all, and that since drugs are an everyday reality now it probably shouldn't surprise us much if they also turn up in baseball. Sometimes I went farther and pointed out that the large salaries now paid to major-league players, combined with their youth and their sudden celebrity, and with the unceasing pressures on them to perform at a very high level of success in a restricted, highly competitive line of work, would almost seem to guarantee some use of cocaine among their numbers. But most of my friends were unconvinced. "They've got it made," I kept hearing. "And what about their responsibility to the fans and to families? Kids are looking up to them, you know. They're meant to be models."

And here I would shut up, most of the time, for this cherished and wish-



CHAMBORD

Liqueur Royale de France

Created in the glorious time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. It *has the deepest, richest black raspberry* taste of any liqueur in the world.

After dinner, lace your favorite liqueur glass with Chambord, sit back and enjoy its rich aroma and taste. For other ways to enjoy this delicious liqueur, send for our free recipe book: Chambord Imported from France, Box 1600, New York, NY 10116.

Imported by La Maison Délan, Phila., Pa. 33 Proof.

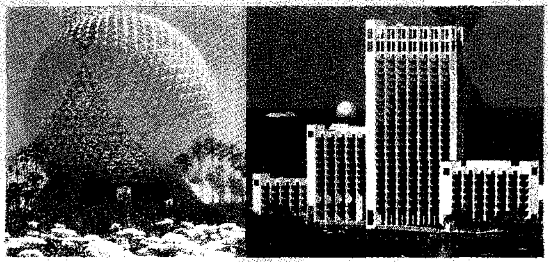
GMC TRUCK
GREAT ESCAPE
SWEEPSTAKES

At last, a sweepstakes for individuals who'd never dream of entering one.

Many contests try to give away things you probably wouldn't want at any price. But our GMC Truck Great Escape Sweepstakes offers something you can't put a price on: Escape. It's a chance to win the freedom to get away and experience the great American outdoors. And the opportunity to take off in a brand-new GMC truck. Even if you haven't entered the more mundane sorts of sweepstakes before, you should consider the unusually attractive opportunities presented by the GMC Truck Great Escape Sweepstakes:

GRAND PRIZE: A 1986 GMC SAFARI VAN, YOUR CHOICE OF A REGAL SEBRING 195XL BOWRIDER BOAT OR A 1986 STARCRAFT 20-FT TRAVEL TRAILER, PLUS A GREAT ESCAPE FOR FOUR.* You could win a stylish and accommodating 1986 GMC Safari with the towing capacity no front-wheel-drive mini-van can match, plus your choice of a Regal Sebring 195XL bowrider boat or a 1986 Starcraft 20-ft travel trailer, plus a ten-day, nine-night trip for four to the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone and Yosemite National Parks. Air fare, lodging, $1,000 spending money, and use of a vehicle at each site included.

FIRST PRIZE: 1986 GMC SAFARI VAN, PLUS YOUR CHOICE OF A REGAL SEBRING 195XL BOWRIDER BOAT OR A 1986 STARCRAFT 20-FT TRAVEL TRAILER.*



©1986 Walt Disney Productions.

TWO SECOND PRIZES: TRIP FOR FOUR TO THE WALT DISNEY WORLD® RESORT.*
Four days, three nights of sightseeing, adventuring, relaxing. Includes lodging at the Buena Vista Palace, inside the Walt Disney World Village, and three-day passports to the Magic Kingdom® and EPCOT® Center.

PLUS TEN THIRD PRIZES OF COLEMAN CAMPING OUTFITS AND THOUSANDS OF INSTANT WINNER PRIZES, TOO!

FOUR BONUS PRIZES FOR DEALERSHIP ENTRIES ONLY: A 1986 GMC LIGHT-DUTY TRUCK, PLUS YOUR CHOICE OF A STARCRAFT BOAT OR A 1986 STARCRAFT CAMPER.*
Only those who register at their GMC Truck dealer are eligible for this great bonus: a choice of a 1986 GMC Safari, S-15 Pickup, S-15 Jimmy or Full-Size Pickup, plus a choice of a 1986 Starcraft 24-ft Galaxy camping trailer or a Starcraft 16-ft Medalist boat and trailer.

*Prizes may vary from illustrations shown due to model changes, availability, and other circumstances. See your participating GMC Truck dealer for entry forms, official rules and details. No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. Enter at dealer by May 31, 1986. Void where prohibited.

GM

Let's get it together . . . buckle up.

No. 3

The Hay-Adams Chronicles

(*Authentic examples of the standard of service at the Hay-Adams Hotel.*)

A first-time guest charged out of the elevator, headed for the front door. His peripheral vision caught a glimmer of the yellow *moiré* walls of the Henry Adams Room, which has become breakfast meeting place of choice for official Washington. "How lovely!" he exclaimed, "I wish I had time for breakfast." Andrew, one of our people, overheard the remark, and by the time the guest had checked out he'd delivered a glass of fresh-squeezed orange juice. Was that difficult to do? Andrew would have found it difficult not to have done it.

The Hay-Adams. A hotel with the grace of a fine home. Across from the White House at One Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C., (202) 638-6600, (800) 424-5054.

The Hay-Adams Hotel

Carved door chests are from Folio 16, a collection of dining and occasional designs inspired by the finest furnishings of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties. For the brochure send $3.00 to Henredon, Dept. N66, Morganton, NC 28655.

For those who value excellence

Henredon

ful idea of athletes as heroes and exemplars seems to lie too deep in our emotions and memories to be dislodged or altered by argument. It is there, all right—I recognize it in myself, even after years of association with the young men (they are now much younger than I am) who play ball for a living—but I don't believe it means much. Most children I have known, including my own, have made the switch from hero worship of some ballplayer (or movie star or rock musician) to a more restrained and knowledgeable and accepting view of that individual almost overnight, with few visible signs of shock or loss. I can no longer remember the exact moment when I stopped thinking of Babe Ruth as a demigod, having somehow learned—I was ten or twelve years old—that he was much given to drinking and gluttony (I could see that he was fat) and prostitutes, but the news somehow made him more interesting to me, rather than less, and it did not impel me to emulate his disreputable habits or to turn on him because he had somehow let me down. Last year, I mentioned this matter of lost image to the peerless Kansas City relief pitcher Dan Quisenberry (I was preparing to write an article about him), and he recalled the moment when he first read Jim Bouton's "Ball Four," a funny, raucously debunking account of daily life with the New York Yankees (for whom Bouton pitched from 1962 to '68), which depicted the lordly champions as a band of hard-drinking, girl-chasing boobs and overage adolescents. The book was roundly denounced by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and the entire baseball establishment when it was published, in 1970. "I was about seventeen when I read 'Ball Four,' and all my friends and I *lived* for sports back then," Quisenberry said. "You could say I worshipped baseball, but when I read the book it only made the game and the players that much more exciting to me. I loved that book, but it didn't change me at all. I was a straight arrow back then, and I'm afraid I'm still a straight arrow today."

Last November, an acquaintance of mine came up to me at a party and produced a Polaroid photograph of his little daughter—I think she is about nine years old—dressed up in her Halloween costume. "She's Keith Hernandez," he said, and so she was, in perfect miniature: the blue-striped Metsie home uniform, with Hernandez' No. 17 on the tunic; the interlocked "NY" on the cap, and the cap bill pulled low; the left-handed batting stance and the proudly upheld bat (it was painted papier-mâché); and a smudgy, painted-on Hernandez mustache. It was a captivating picture. "I just don't know what's going to happen to her when she grows up and hears about Keith and the cocaine," the father said. "She's a *total* fan of his. She's crazy about him. I don't know what I'll say."

I didn't know what to say, either, so I was startled when the same man came back over to me about half an hour later and said, "You know, I was thinking about what I said about Keith and Ada, and it just came to me that I'm crazy. It won't mean a thing to her when she finds out about Keith—I know that. She'll just grow up. I don't know why I've been so worried. She'll be fine."

Yes. I think a great many of us have begun to see how deeply we want baseball players and other athletes to be better than we are. We may wish this now more than ever before, because other heroes—in politics, in our daily lives—seem to be in short supply. We cared most for ballplayers, of course, back when they really were heroes to us and when we wanted to *be* them, if we could. We know better than that now, surely, but because we still wish to keep baseball, our old game, in some special place in our affections and our imagination we want the players to remain the same, too—to be good at the game and good at life as well. Good at heart. This is an image, all right, and there is no damage in it as long as we remind ourselves from time to time that it is a dream or a wish and that we really *do* know better. Ballplayers are not much different from the rest of us, except for their unforgivable skills when it comes to playing ball, and there is a sudden releasing pleasure for us that accompanies the realization that we need no longer patronize them by making them into heroes, and that they are not all of a kind. Not by a long shot. If you talk to them and listen to them talk on almost any subject, you will get a range of response that is almost impossible to summarize, especially if they're talking about something like drugs in sports. "Of *course* we're divided on this issue," one team rep said to me this spring. "It's right that we should be, because there's nothing easy about it. We're just trying to make up our minds."

In Arizona this spring, I had a

STEAMBOATIN'!©

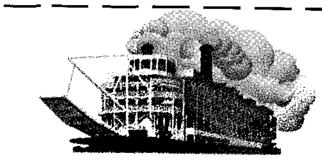
At 8 m.p.h., discover 150 years of America in 7 days.©

At 8 m.p.h. America is on parade every day aboard America's two authentic steamboats, the Delta Queen® and Mississippi Queen.® New Orleans! Vicksburg! Natchez! St. Louis to St. Paul. And along the way, Hannibal, Missouri, boyhood home of Mark Twain. Enjoy real Steamboatin' hospitality. Five glorious meals a day. Nightly Dixieland Jazz and red hot Mamas singing the blues!

See your travel agent or call **1-800-543-1949** for reservations information or fill out the coupon below for a free color brochure.

DELTA QUEEN
STEAMBOAT CO.
DELTA QUEEN
MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

For a free color brochure write:
Delta Queen Steamboat Company
Dept. NR-14 # 30 Robin Street Wharf
New Orleans, Louisiana 70130
or call **1-800-543-1949**



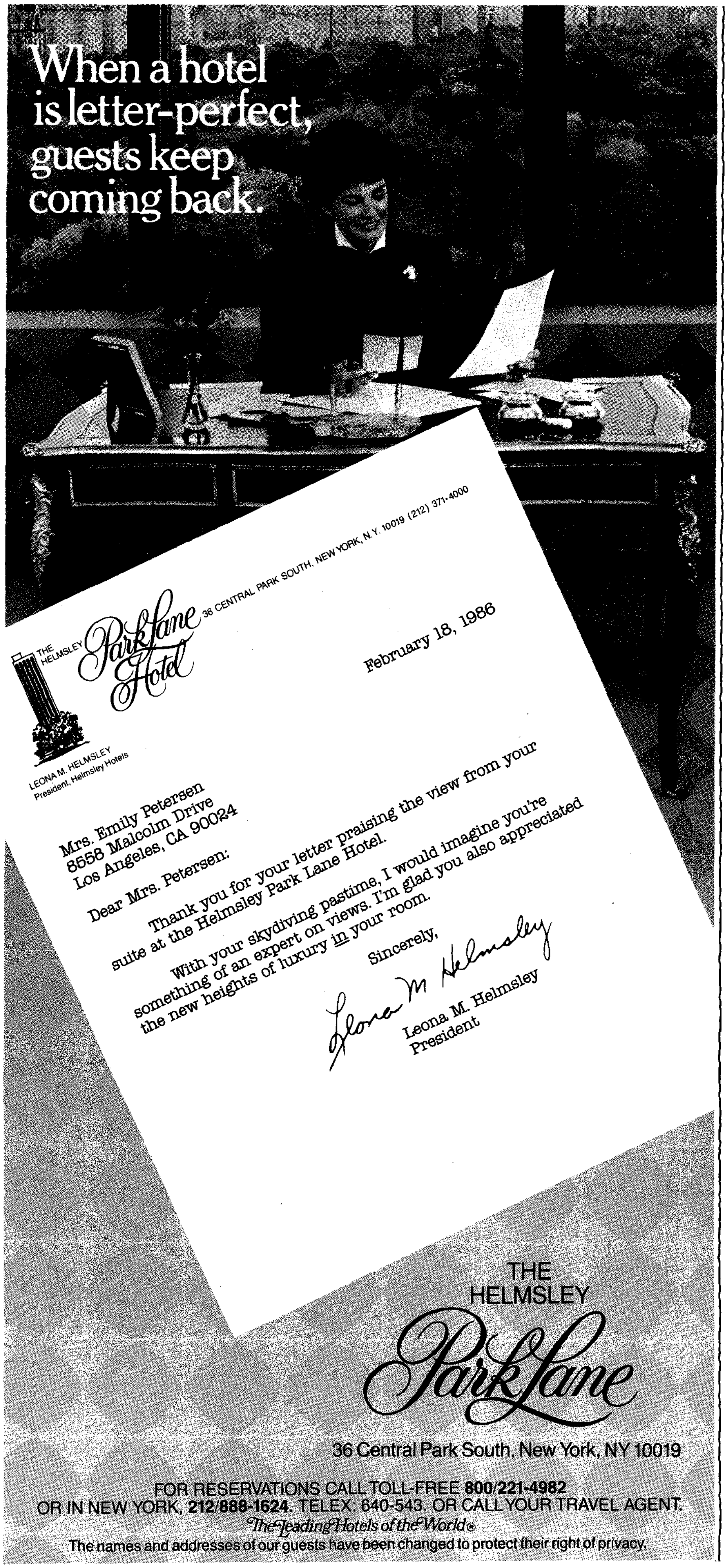
Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City_______________State_________Zip_________

Telephone ( )__________________________

When do you plan on taking your next vacation?
within 4 months ☐ 4-12 months ☐ 12 months or more ☐



When a hotel is letter-perfect, guests keep coming back.

THE HELMSLEY Park Lane Hotel 36 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019 (212) 371-4000

LEONA M. HELMSLEY
President, Helmsley Hotels

February 18, 1986

Mrs. Emily Petersen
8558 Malcolm Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Dear Mrs. Petersen:

Thank you for your letter praising the view from your suite at the Helmsley Park Lane Hotel.

With your skydiving pastime, I would imagine you're something of an expert on views. I'm glad you also appreciated the new heights of luxury in your room.

Sincerely,

Leona M Helmsley

Leona M. Helmsley
President

THE HELMSLEY Park Lane
36 Central Park South, New York, NY 10019

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL TOLL-FREE **800/221-4982**
OR IN NEW YORK, **212/888-1624**. TELEX: 640-543. OR CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.
The Leading Hotels of the World®
The names and addresses of our guests have been changed to protect their right of privacy.

chance to talk with an old friend, Steve Garvey, the San Diego first baseman, who is baseball's acknowledged prince of straight arrows. We got around to drugs at one point, and he said, "I've known guys in baseball to get caught in drugs, and I could see how it happened, because this is such a tough game. I felt sorry for them, but I still think it's up to us players to do better than that, because of what we represent and who's watching us. That comes with the job and the good pay and the good life we've been given." Garvey takes this view somewhat farther in his recently published autobiography ("Garvey"), in which he says, "Baseball plays on its specialness to cultivate its position in the hearts and minds of the American people. We call ourselves the National Pastime and put ads on television dramatizing our importance as a tradition, even suggesting that going to games is the glue that keeps generations together. If we are going to tap those emotional veins to foster our own popularity, we in the game have an obligation to be clean—cleaner than the rest of society."

No surprise there, perhaps, but the very next morning, in Phoenix, I heard something rather different from Bruce Bochte, the Oakland A's first baseman. Bochte is an original. Three years ago, he took a sabbatical year off from baseball to live full time with his wife and two daughters in an economically and ecologically self-sufficient community on Whidbey Island, in Puget Sound. He is articulate and iconoclastic—but this sort of aside or explanation, it occurs to me, would not be necessary, or even acceptable, if he were employed in almost any other line of work. Bochte said, "Drugs—well, you know, drugs are around. We're just in a life style and at a salary level where drugs are going to come onto the scene. Sometimes I think the problem has been exaggerated, but if you're in a business where you're going to play a hundred and sixty-two games, travel all across the country, stay up late, be away from home, and all that, then drugs will come with the territory. The situation should be addressed, but most of our reactions to it are exaggerated.

"So much of all this comes down to image, just the way it did during the strike, when so many people were upset about what was really just basic stuff—negotiating over bargaining rights and the rest. The money came into it later. Why couldn't people understand that? I couldn't figure this out for the longest time. I think it came down to image. The baseball player still represents the image of the American hero. But what's happened in our country? What is this country really like? The journey or destiny of the American people now is just to make money. We're brought up with that, and it's what everybody judges his performance on and sets his values by. We have an overpreoccupation with making money in this country. Well, we ballplayers just picked up on that. The twenty-six owners in baseball are mostly millionaires. We watch them, and we have to work for them, and we're around them and other high-powered people all the time, so we just began to emulate them. The public has begun to see something different about the American hero, about major-league ballplayers, that they don't like at all. Now if anybody asks me about our image I say, 'Yeah, that's what we're about. We're Americans, so we're making a lot of money. We're exploited, we see drugs coming into the scene, we have antagonistic relationships with the people we work for'—well, *I* don't, not here with the A's, but most players sure do—'because that's what the American scene is like.' I don't want us to go around making out that we're a bunch of good guys. We're just the American thing.

"We have to work at the causes of drug abuse, I know, but you have to look at the basics, too. You can't convince me that people who spend all their time and energy trying to maximize the profits of their business—making deals, working their butts off—are not doing damage to themselves and their families and other people they're involved with. It's an extremist mode of being. It's stressful, and if we ballplayers sometimes get into drugs—well, those people are into stress and alcohol and heart attacks. So who are they to say we're destroying America? There are different ways of destroying America, and they're doing it. I know this runs against the old pastoral view of baseball and what it's about, but it's what I believe."

I don't think I can entirely accept this harsh, almost despairing view of things, but I can't say that I wholly disagree with any part of it. It doesn't matter much, either way, because I am not offering Bruce Bochte as a role model or as an image of anything but himself. He's just another ballplayer.

—ROGER ANGELL

Cafe Society

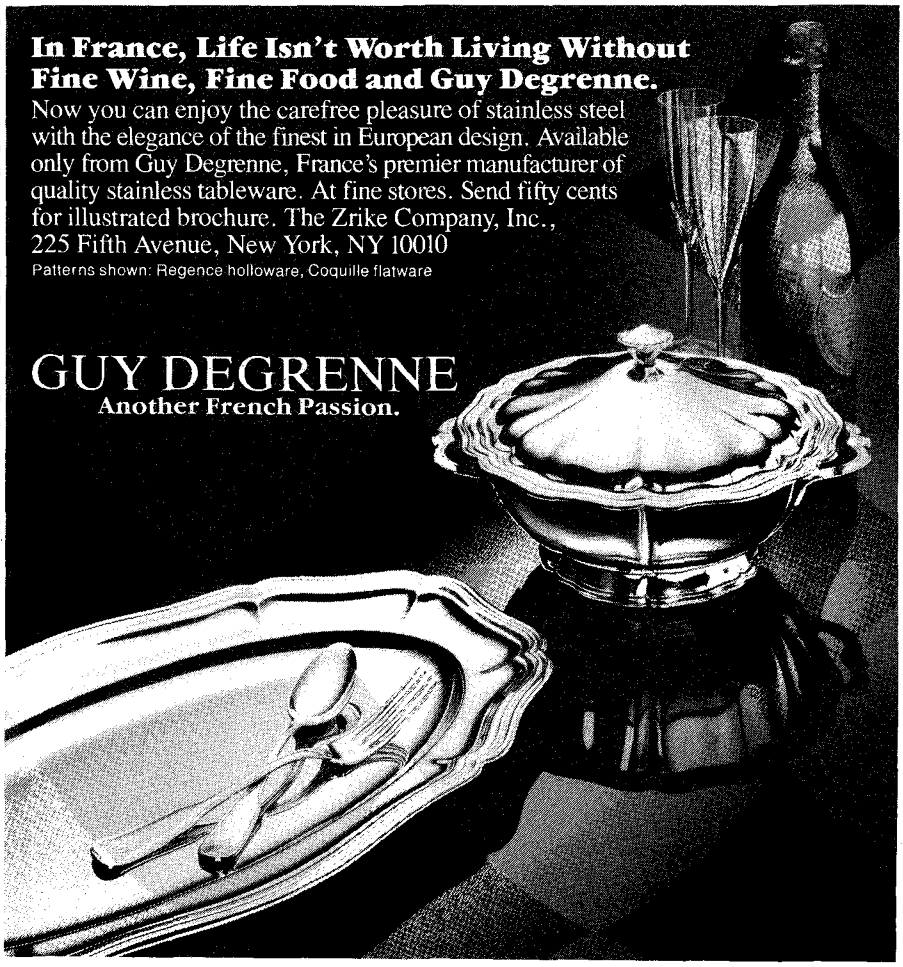
The New Yorker table settings at Forty One Madison.

The theme is metropolitan. The place is the lobby of Forty One Madison during The New York Tabletop and Accessories Show, Saturday, May 3rd through Thursday, May 8th, from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The style? Witty. Elegant. Unique. All the things you might expect when the New Yorker and Forty One Madison get together.

Forty One Madison
THE SETTING FOR EXCELLENCE

The New York Merchandise Mart
41 Madison Avenue at 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010
Carole Dixon, Director 212-686-1203
A Rudin Building



In France, Life Isn't Worth Living Without Fine Wine, Fine Food and Guy Degrenne.

Now you can enjoy the carefree pleasure of stainless steel with the elegance of the finest in European design. Available only from Guy Degrenne, France's premier manufacturer of quality stainless tableware. At fine stores. Send fifty cents for illustrated brochure. The Zrike Company, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010

Patterns shown: Regence holloware, Coquille flatware

GUY DEGRENNE
Another French Passion.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CAPTIVITY OF CAMBODIA

TWENTY years ago, during one of the first of many half-hour flights I made from Saigon to Phnom Penh, I reflected upon the odd sensation of leaving the acrid atmosphere and constant tension of the war in Vietnam to be set down amid the fragrant serenity of the Cambodian capital. Actually, the sensation was somewhat misleading even then. Though Phnom Penh itself showed few visible signs of it, Cambodia was already caught in the gathering vortex of war which would soon engulf the whole nation. The North Vietnamese and the Vietcong were regularly using the heavy jungle of the largely unpopulated area dividing Vietnam and Cambodia to forage for food and to hide from American and South Vietnamese ground and air attacks. Smuggling of arms, rice, and medicines from China through the southern Cambodian port of Sihanoukville, on the Gulf of Siam, to the Vietnamese Communist troops in those sanctuaries had become routine. Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the politically agile but unpredictable Cambodian chief of state, who took special pride in having built the port that bore his name, was fully aware of these activities but was unable to do much about them; he professed to follow a course of neutrality between, on the one hand, Communist China, North Vietnam, and the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam and, on the other, the Western nations and their anti-Communist Asian allies. Privately, however, what Sihanouk feared more than anything else was an ultimate Vietnamese takeover of his small country. He had announced his abdication as king in 1955, after wearing the crown for fourteen years; now he sought to lead his people in what amounted to a one-man crusade to preserve the remnants of the once-great Khmer nation. Between the ninth and thirteenth centuries, the Khmer had ruled much of Southeast Asia, including what eventually became the nations of Vietnam and Cambodia; at its height, the Khmer kingdom, whose capital was set amid the magnificent temple complex of Angkor Wat, had a population of ten million. The Thais and the Vietnamese—both of them are yellow-skinned mainland people, in contrast to the Khmer, who are darker-skinned and are racially related to the Polynesians—sought to destroy the Khmer, and would have succeeded had it not been for the French, who arrived in Cambodia in 1863 and thereby became temporary saviors and colonial rulers.

Today, more than two decades after Sihanouk began his climactic struggle against the Vietnamese Communists, who had already defeated the French in the first of this century's Indo-China wars and would soon defeat the Americans in the second, Vietnamese troops appear to have confirmed his worst fears. "Eaters of the Khmer soil," he used to call them, even as he sought to mollify and cajole them or play them off against the Chinese or the Americans, with both of whom he carried on love-hate relationships. Sihanouk treated other nations very much as widespread gossip had it that he treated women: he flirted with them, sometimes loved them, dropped them and scorned them, forgave them and befriended them anew, and, finally, put them in a private pantheon where he could contemplate them according to his momentary whim or what he regarded as their current or potential usefulness.

DESPITE Sihanouk's elaborate machinations, and largely because of mistakes and misjudgments on his part, the Vietnamese have occupied Cambodia for the past seven years, since December, 1978. Three and a half years earlier, in April, 1975, a fortnight before the American exodus from Vietnam, Cambodia had been taken over by another avowedly Marxist local movement, known as the Khmer Rouge, led by an enigmatic despot called Pol Pot. During the years of Pol Pot's Draconian rule, at least a million Cambodians died—a third of them, it is estimated, by deliberate execution and the rest as a result of disease or starvation. Some estimates place the total dead at two million or more. The bloodbath, which Pol Pot and his henchmen justified in terms of eliminating urban bourgeois elements and keeping the peasant revolution pure, was at last halted by invading Vietnamese, motivated by both a desire for hegemony in the area and the strong backing of Moscow, which sought to contain Chinese expansionism in the region. The present Vietnamese-supported government claims that the country has a population of more than seven million, but such esti-

Bernard Schoenbaum

"To motherhood, apple pie, and beer!"

3 BOOKS, 3 BUCKS.

*161 Hardcover: $24.95 QPB: $12.95

*418 Hardcover: $27.50 QPB: $13.95

*430 Hardcover: $16.95 QPB: $9.50

*533 Hardcover: $16.95 QPB: $7.95

654 Hardcover: $12.95 QPB: $4.95

*309 Hardcover: $17.95 QPB: $8.95

513 Hardcover: $16.95 QPB: $6.95

218 Hardcover: $29.95 QPB: $13.50

*611 Hardcover: $19.95 QPB: $9.95

*516 Hardcover: $17.95 QPB: $9.50

*617 Hardcover: $17.95 QPB: $9.95

455 QPB: $9.95

529 ardcover: $15.95 QPB: $7.95

306 Hardcover: $11.95 QPB: $6.50

*618 Hardcover: $19.95 QPB: $9.95

*495 Hardcover: $17.95 QPB: $8.95

*631 Hardcover: $18.95 QPB: $9.95

396 Hardcover: $25 QPB: $14.95

407 Hardcover: $19.95 QPB: $6.95

670 Hardcovers: $25.90 QPB: $11.95

NO COMMITMENT. NO KIDDING.

* A QPB Exclusive. The only softcover edition now available.

*434 Hardcover: $12.95 QPB: $6.95

729 Hardcover: $22.50 QPB: $10.95

*602 Hardcover: $17.95 QPB: $9.50

*499 Hardcover: $14.95 QPB: $7.95

636 QPB: $8.95

614 QPB: $7.95

*505 Hardcover: $16.95 QPB: $8.95

107 Hardcover: $24.95 QPB: $11.50

QPB® QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK CLUB

Big Savings: QPB books are softcover books in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts.

QPB Review: You'll receive the QPB *Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new Selection, plus scores of Alternates. If you want the Selection do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.

Return privilege: If the QPB *Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.

Bonus books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in any six-month period.

LET'S TRY EACH OTHER FOR 6 MONTHS.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® Camp Hill, PA 17012.

Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for six months. If I have not bought and paid for at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB116-5-1X

Indicate by number your 3 choices. ☐ ☐ ☐

Name ______________________ 6-16

(Please print clearly)

Address ______________________ Apt. ____

City ______________ State ____ Zip ____

Prices generally higher in Canada. ©1986 Quality Paperback Book Club

mates are unverifiable. Most educated guesses, including that of Sihanouk—who survives in exile, mostly in Peking, as one of the leaders of an anti-Vietnamese coalition of Cambodians—place the current total at between five and six million.

The original Vietnamese invasion force, at the end of 1978, consisting of ten or twelve divisions, soon became an occupation force of an estimated hundred and eighty thousand people. Though the Vietnamese say they have withdrawn some elements in the past three years, they still have about a hundred and fifty thousand troops in the country, or perhaps slightly fewer, since they are slowly training a new Khmer Army of their own—a process they say will not be completed until 1990. But even if the Vietnamese should remove the bulk of their forces then, they would probably seek to keep thirty or forty thousand troops in Cambodia indefinitely, for purposes of "regional security," as they have done in Laos since the end of the war.

Opposing the Vietnamese and between thirty and forty thousand of their Khmer recruits is a motley force of fifty or sixty thousand men; more than half of these are Khmer Rouge soldiers loyal to Pol Pot, while the rest support either Sihanouk or a guerrilla faction led by Son Sann, a former Prime Minister and economic and fiscal expert under Sihanouk. Over the past several years, this mixed force has fought sporadic battles against the Vietnamese and their Khmer surrogates in isolated areas inside Cambodia and along the Thai border. Collectively, the opposition group calls itself the Coalition Government of Democratic Kampuchea (which is Cambodia's ancient name); though it has no fixed base, it has the strong backing of Peking and remains the accredited representative of Cambodia in the United Nations.

By late 1984, more than two hundred thousand Cambodian refugees from Pol Pot's murder squads and the current Khmer regime were uncomfortably mingled in a score of camps on the Cambodian side of the Thai border or across the way in Thailand, under the protection—not always welcomed by the refugees—of the anti-Vietnamese forces. In a series of attacks by the Vietnamese, all the opposition camps along the Thai-Cambodian border were overrun and destroyed, and their inhabitants were forced to flee into Thailand, where they set up new relocation centers. Most of these refugees, unlike earlier ones, did not have the credentials for resettlement in the United States, which has taken about half the total of a million and a half refugees from the Indo-China wars. As for the opposition troops of Pol Pot, Son Sann, and Sihanouk, they re-formed as best they could into small guerrilla groups in the mountainous border regions of southwestern and northern Cambodia or in pockets further inside the country. Though they had suffered a severe setback, they had by no means lost their will to continue fighting until the Vietnamese left Cambodia, and they were still receiving steady supplies of weapons and other necessities from China and additional assistance from Thailand, together with the right of sanctuary. On a number of occasions during the 1985 fighting, Vietnamese troops crossed over into Thailand, where they engaged in brief firefights or artillery duels with Thai troops, and these skirmishes, along with some Thai air strikes, heightened the general border tension.

The fighting inside Cambodia has continued over the past year and a half, mostly in the central and northwestern parts of the country. The loss of border bases has made it more difficult for the opposition forces to receive supplies from their two main outside sources, China and Thailand, but they have managed to obtain enough to sustain them. Since mid-1985, there have been, for the first time, signs on both sides of willingness to seek a political settlement. Though it seems likely that, at the very least, several more rounds of fighting will take place, both Sihanouk, as nominal leader of the Coalition Government of Democratic Kampuchea, and the Vietnamese-backed regime, known as the People's Republic of Kampuchea, have begun to talk about setting up a "reconciliation government" as an alternative to continuing the war indefinitely.

In October of 1985, I had a chance to speak with Sihanouk in New York, where he had come to take part in the fortieth meeting of the United Nations General Assembly. During a long conversation in his hotel suite, he told me, "I have proposed the formation of a national-reconciliation government that would include the various Cambodian factions." He proceeded to enumerate these: the former royalists, represented by Sihanouk, who regards himself as also representing the non-aligned nations; the Son Sann contingent, which can be described as representing both capitalists and so-called democrats within Cambodia and also Western interests, including those of the United States; the Khmer Rouge, which speaks for itself and for China, and would probably be represented by Khieu Samphan, the Vice-President of the Sihanouk-led coalition; and, finally, the People's Republic of Kampuchea, headed by Heng Samrin, which has the support of Moscow as well as of Hanoi. "The main problem, of course," Sihanouk went on, "is getting the various sponsors and backers of these groups, including the major powers, to agree to attend a big conference that would follow a smaller one among the Cambodian parties. For example, the Vietnamese and the Russians don't accept the Khmer Rouge as such, let alone Pol Pot as an individual. And the Chinese and the Thais don't accept Heng Samrin. On the other hand, the different Cambodian groups are ready to talk to one another. I am ready to talk without preconditions. We must give ourselves a chance. We can talk anywhere—in Paris, in Geneva, at the U.N., in Stockholm, in Vienna, or some other place. The locale is unimportant. The meeting is what counts. Afterward would come the international conference, attended by all interested countries, including Southeast Asians and India as well as the major Western powers. I would like to see the United States help get these talks started. Unfortunately, the Chinese and the Thais are still more interested in having the war continue, because they are relying on us, the coalition forces, to bleed the Vietnamese."

NEVERTHELESS, the Vietnamese position on the Cambodian question, as I discerned it during that session of the United Nations, had continued to soften since I last visited Vietnam, in August and September of 1984. At that time, in speaking with Le Duc Tho, the No. 2 man in Vietnam's Politburo, and Nguyen Co Thach, its Foreign Minister, I detected a new interest in reaching a compromise on the Cambodian question. Now, in discussions with members of Hanoi's United Nations delegation, I found them willing, if not precisely eager, to reach a political solution by 1990. One member (who did not want to be identified) told me, "Vietnam

calandre
paco rabanne

Underground classic

The year was 1969.

Not everyone was into protest and La Huelga, bra-burning and radical chic.

The fashion underground was talking about a new perfume which had quietly surfaced in Paris.

It was fresh but not virginal. Bold but never aggressive. It had what the French call "presence."

Today, 16 years later, it is still very much with us.

It flourishes in spite of minimal fanfare and an advertising budget that wouldn't keep Colette in stickpins. Not even rhinestone stickpins.

It's a classic, durable as the films of Von Stroheim, the cut of a Poiret gown, the chic of a Sargent countess.

And classics don't need million-dollar hype. Just women of impeccable taste.

PARIS

© 1985, Paco Rabanne Parfums

Available at Bloomingdale's

A GREAT SET O

Somewhere between the country and the club, Grand Wagoneer and Wagoneer Limited carved their own little niche in the automotive marketplace. Look beyond the woods, get behind the wheel and you'll quickly see why these vehicles enjoy unique status in the world of four-by-fours. Because for all their luxury and comfort, they're still hill-climbing, dust-raising, trail-blazing Jeeps at heart. And that's what makes them different from everything else…on and off the road.

Grand Wagoneer

Grand Wagoneer has four doors and plenty of room for six adults. And with its optional 360 cubic inch V-8, there's plenty of power to take them just about any place they care to go.

Inside Grand Wagoneer are a few amenities you might not expect to find in a four-wheel drive vehicle. Genuine leather upholstery, power everything and a premium sound system are all standard. And so is the incomparable sense of security you get just knowing you're driving a Jeep®.

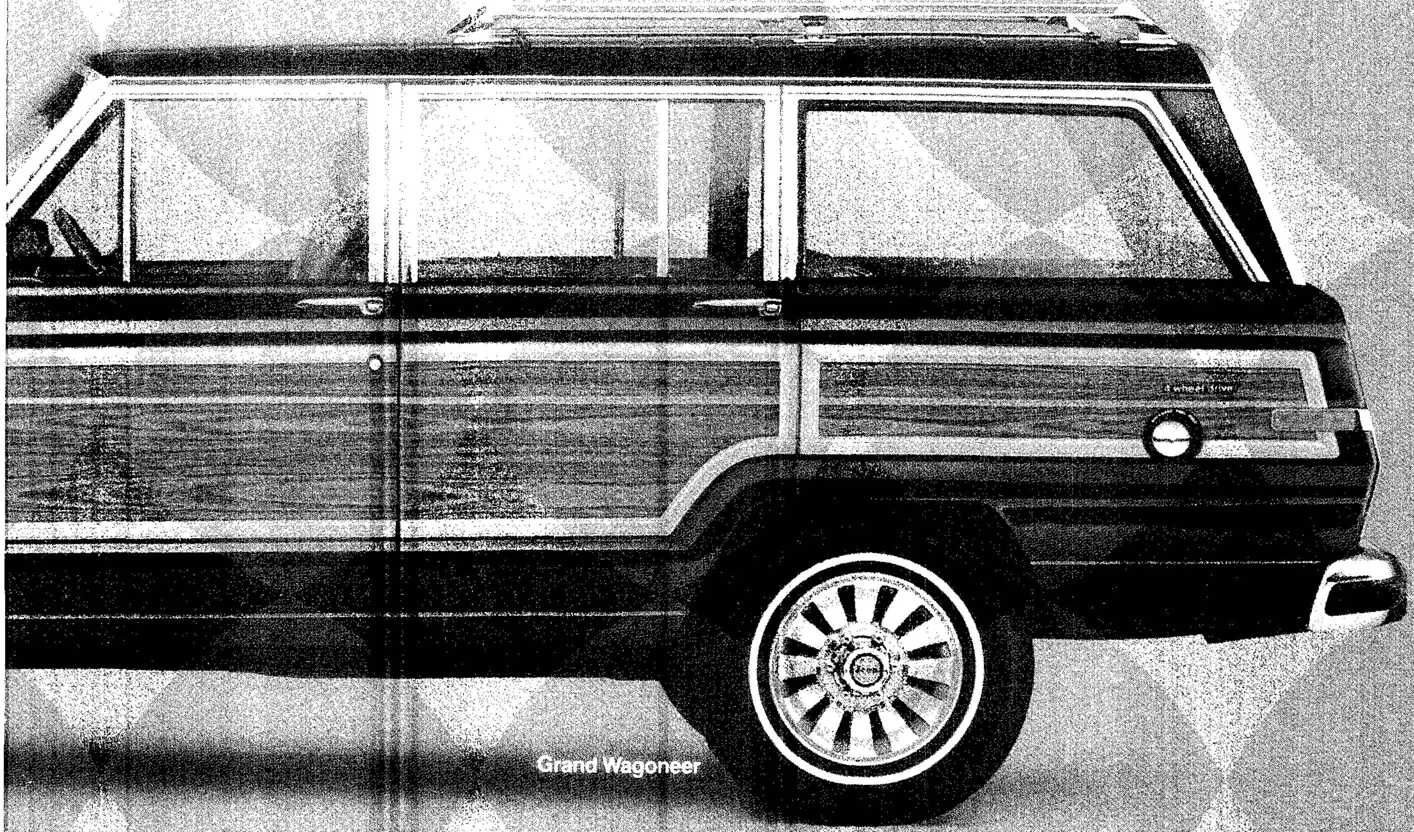
What's more, Grand Wagoneer's suspension has been redesigned for a smoother ride and better handling. And with the flick of a switch, you're in four-wheel drive…a particularly good way of handling a particularly bad stretch of road.

Wagoneer Limited. Like its sibling, it speaks fluent Jeep. With the accent, of course, on luxury. And even though this vehicle's a little bit smaller, you can bet it'll go a long way on its good looks and penchant for the good life.

Wagoneer Limited can easily accommodate five adults without cramping their style. In fact, behind its four doors, this Jeep has more room than you'll find in any four-wheel drive vehicle in its class.

4x4
Wagoneer

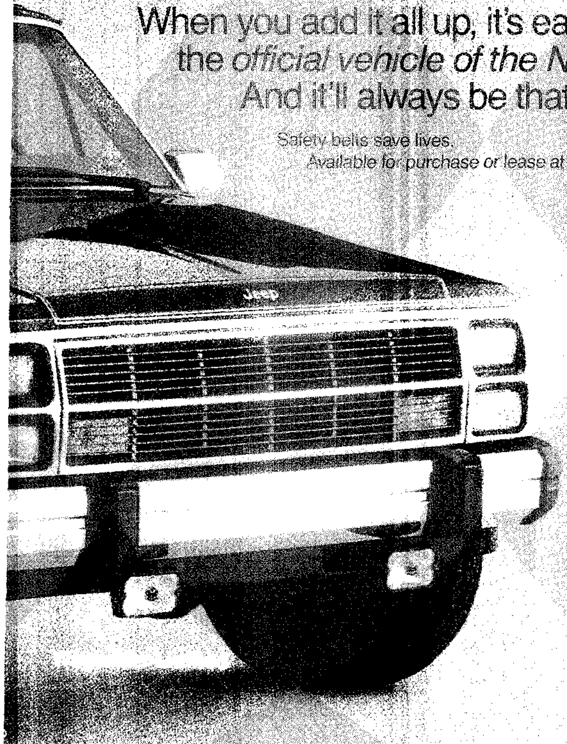
WOODS.


Grand Wagoneer

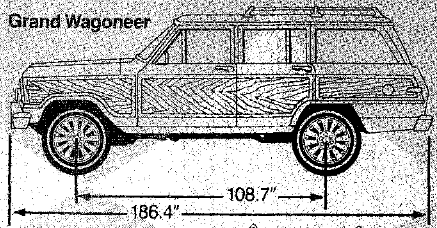
Wagoneer Limited offers more powertrain combinations than its competitors, too. Choose a 2.5 litre electronic fuel-injected four. An optional 2.8 litre V-6. Or go for the optional 2.1 litre inter-cooled turbo-diesel…the only one available in an American-made four-by-four.

When you add it all up, it's easy to see why Jeep Wagoneer has been named the *official vehicle of the National Ski Patrol*. It's all luxury. It's all Jeep. And it'll always be that way.

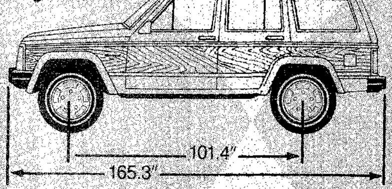
Safety belts save lives.
Available for purchase or lease at participating Jeep dealers.



Grand Wagoneer



Wagoneer Ltd.



Only in a Jeep Wagoneer

A smooth flight isn't totally dependent on the pilot.

Meticulous. A reputation earned on 6 continents, in 73 countries, and 131 cities around the world.

Lufthansa
German Airlines

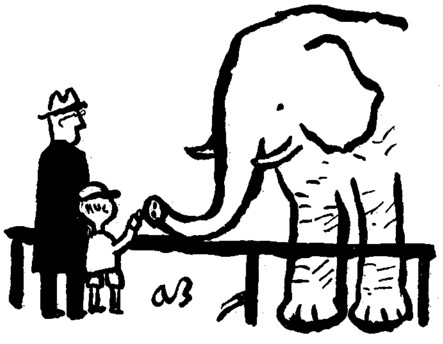
See your Travel Agent.

prefers to obtain a political solution, because we can then withdraw from Cambodia even more quickly and solve the situation sooner, not only there but also in the rest of Southeast Asia. We can then concentrate on our own economic development. A peace in Cambodia recognized by other nations would be preferable to a military solution. The conditions for a political solution are ripening. There is now agreement on the broad principles." The somewhat softer Vietnamese position that has evolved over the past year or so is based on Vietnam's pledge to withdraw its troops by 1990; like Sihanouk, the Vietnamese also propose "national reconciliation" among the various Khmer parties, but they would not, under any circumstances, permit the return of "the genocidal Pol Pot regime." What the Vietnamese call "the Pol Pot clique" would be adamantly excluded "as a military or political entity." Both the Vietnamese and Sihanouk seek international guarantees of whatever agreements are reached. In any case, Pol Pot may or may not have taken himself out of the picture early last September by announcing that he was giving up his role as commander of the Khmer Rouge troops and would henceforth simply serve in an advisory capacity and as head of a national defense institute.

An agreement of any kind on Cambodia would require a great deal of forbearance and patience on all sides, and a sincere desire to establish a truly neutral new nation. Unfortunately, as Sihanouk is the first to acknowledge, such an agreement is still a long way off, and may prove unattainable. "I fear the future," he said to me, somewhat forlornly. "I am not a defeatist, but I am realistic. There must be free elections, the right to choose our own political system through self-determination, and our own economic system. So far, I see no signs of this happening. And I am worried about many other things, including demographic changes. Soon we will have a whole new generation of young people in Cambodia, and this will pose a danger to us. Time remains in favor of the Vietnamese." Sihanouk pointed out to me a passage of a speech he had delivered a few days before to the General Assembly, in which he had said, "The fact remains that, being unable to impose its fait accompli in Kampuchea by force of arms, Vietnam tries to achieve it through diplomatic maneuvers, the cynicism and effrontery of which consist in arrogating to itself the right to speak and act as a master, in the name of so-called 'Indochina.' " Sihanouk put his copy of the speech down, paused a moment, and then said, "Neither the Soviet Union nor China will want to give up its strategic positions in Southeast Asia. And the Vietnamese will not surrender their position in Cambodia simply for the shadow of a compromise. How can they expel the delicious cake of Cambodia from their throat and stomach for something less substantial and consistent? The Khmer Rouge, for their part, can fight until most of the country is in ashes, but it's wishful thinking to believe that they can ruin or exhaust the Vietnamese. In the long run, the Vietnamese are uncompromising. They will surely not give up what they have for something fanciful."

A YEAR before my 1985 conversations with Sihanouk and the Vietnamese in New York, I had returned to Cambodia for the first time in eleven years. I found a nation so ravaged and destroyed by the traumatic events of the past decade that it had had to summon all that remained of its energies simply to survive. Phnom Penh had been virtually emptied when the Khmer Rouge captured it, in 1975, and ordered all but a handful of the city's population—normally half a million, but now swollen by three times that number of refugees—out into the countryside. When the city was reoccupied, after 1979, it slowly reached its former population, but most of the residents were new ones—country folk who were strangers and seemed lost and out of place on the city's drab and dusty streets. Compared with Saigon and other Vietnamese towns and cities, Phnom Penh had always moved at a quiet pace, and that had been part of its charm; now it seemed lacklustre, even torpid, and terribly dirty. Though there were hardly any vehicles on the streets except bicycles and a few motorbikes, clouds of dust and debris swirled in the sunlight, creating a steady yellowish-brown haze that seemed to cover the city, fittingly, with a shroud. The old stucco houses and offices, with their pastel tones, looked duller, and the plaster was cracked and pocked by shrapnel and bullet holes. Over all, the city seemed to have lost its color, zest, and character, as if it had been struck by some sort of blight and had been unable to recover. Hordes of flies, fleas, and other insects added to this illusion. Yet some sections of Phnom Penh were as lively as before—particularly the markets. Markets are amazing survivors, and these were full of goods smuggled in from Thailand and Singapore, including radios, recorders, cassettes, expensive watches and cameras, jeans and other up-to-date clothes, cartons of British and American cigarettes, and various brands of foreign beer and whiskey. There were also plenty of fresh local vegetables, fruits, meats, and fish. Rice was selling at six Cambodian riel per kilogram, which was almost a dollar at the official rate. (The unofficial, or free-market, rate was fifty riel to the dollar.) This price, three times what was normal, was mostly the result of severe floods in the eastern and central parts of the country, followed by severe droughts in the northwest. The floods were the worst in seventy years, I learned from Kong Somol, the Minister of Agriculture. (He had studied at the University of Georgia and spoke the best English of any Cambodian I met.) In a number of provinces, he said, half or more of the rice crop had been destroyed.

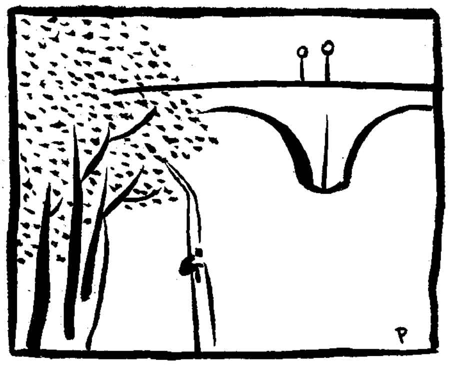
Somol and other officials told me that the combination of natural disasters had created a shortfall of half a million tons of grain. Some spoke of the possibility of another famine, such as the one that occurred shortly after the Vietnamese "liberation," in 1979, but the fact remained that there was probably enough grain available to feed most people minimal rations if only it could be properly distributed. Much of the eastern part of the country was under water, however, and roads and rails almost everywhere were still in disrepair. To make things worse, Somol said, Cambodia ordinarily needed at least two million draft animals and was now short about eight hundred thousand. Uncounted thousands of animals, mostly water buffalo and oxen, were missing, many of them presumed drowned in the floods; during a drive outside the city, I saw several wandering aimlessly in the fields or swimming in the swollen



canals. Draft animals perform at least three-quarters of the agricultural work in Cambodia, and most of the rest is done by hand. Recently, some small Japanese gasoline-powered plows had been donated by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, and they helped out, but already there was a shortage of spare parts, which could be obtained only on the black market. Cambodia used to export a variety of agricultural commodities, Somol said, but it would take at least five years, without any further disasters, to produce enough rice and corn for regular export again. "We had less than fifty thousand hectares of rubber left after liberation, and only sixteen thousand have been rehabilitated so far," he said. "Vietnamese workers used to run the rubber plantations with the help of some Cambodians, but not many of our people want to come back here now. Pol Pot killed off the rubber specialists, and now the young men and women want education and training in other things. As for light industry, about all we have at the moment is a jute factory and handicrafts. Our sugar refineries are still broken down. We're terribly short of electricity, and when floods like these come along the situation gets worse. We have gold, silver, and iron up north, but, so far, no means to develop any of it. Our hope is that we can build up the rubber plantations in five years or so, but who knows how long it will take to get all these other things started?" Almost despairingly, Somol went on to say that the heavy floods emphasized the need for an efficient water-control system, but that sixty per cent of the country's small irrigation systems were not working, because the Cambodians lacked elementary training in taking care of the pumps.

The nation had remained fragmented demographically and psychologically as well as geographically and politically. Few families were intact. My Cambodian guide, named Heng, told me that of sixteen families in his native village, in the province of Stung Treng, his was one of only two that had survived. His father, a fisherman, had died in an internment camp, and the rest of the family had been almost completely dispersed, with only the two youngest of eight children remaining with the mother. The other six children had ended up in different work camps, but were alive. Heng, who in 1975 was twenty-four years old, had been sent to the province of Kompong Thom, where he had to hide the fact that he spoke English, or he would have been executed. "I worked in the fields as a farmer," he said. "There was never enough to eat, and I had a bad case of malaria. I was a bag of bones." During a long morning's drive among several villages near the city, we stopped to talk to two eighteen-year-old girls who were walking along the road. The father and brother of one had been killed, as had the guardian aunt and uncle of the other. Both girls originally came from a village twenty miles away, and they now worked together helping other families raise crops collectively on thirty hectares (seventy-four acres), growing just enough extra rice to feed themselves. At a house nearby, which was shared by the remnants of several families, we learned that the father of one man, both parents of another, and the older brother of a third had been murdered by Pol Pot's men. The three men spoke of the damage done to the crops by the floods and of the need for more small pumps, which the authorities shuttled around from village to village. At another stop on the road, we met the chief of a village of a hundred and fifty-five families, who was busy overseeing two of the pumps as they distributed water through the fields. He told us he had lived here before the war, had gone to the province of Battambang, in the northwest, during the Pol Pot regime, and had returned to his own village afterward, when he heard that the Vietnamese had come. "There is not enough food this year," he said. "We need more pumps, more fertilizer, and more pesticides. We have to work doubly hard now to make up for what we have lost in the floods."

At an orphanage ten miles from Phnom Penh, we spoke with the director, Som Moeung, who had worked in the Ministry of Justice before Pol Pot took over. After 1979, he was appointed the social-action chief of the provincial committee of Kandal, to start up the orphanage, where he now had fifty boys and twenty-one girls living in a building that had been an orphanage before the time of Pol Pot. The government was providing a hundred and twenty-one riel—about seventeen dollars, officially—a month for each of the children, most of whom attended a nearby school during the day and worked in the rice fields in their spare time. When they reached the age of twenty-one, Som Moeung said, the majority were sent to work at a nearby glass factory, but a few were being sent abroad for technical study—usually in Vietnam or the Soviet Union. I talked to a twelve-year-old boy, who said his parents and three brothers and sister had all been killed under Pol Pot and he had then lived in the forest for two years, moving about constantly and eating leaves and berries. Two seventeen-year-old girls, the sole survivors of their families, said they hoped to become nurses.

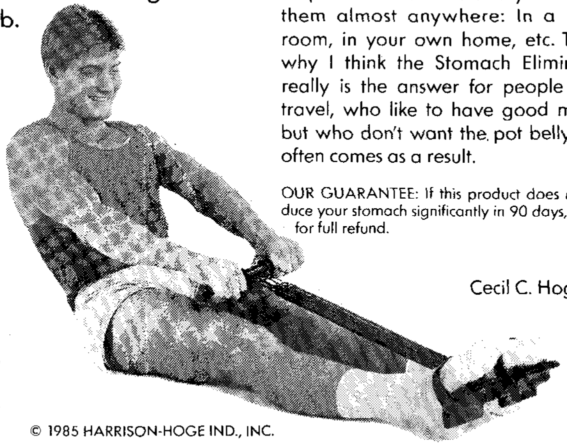


CONSIDERING the shortages of food, equipment, medicines, and just about everything else one could think of, I thought it astonishing that the country was able to function at all systematically. Yet by now most of the farmers had been organized into so-called solidarity groups, each of which consisted of between twenty and thirty agricultural workers on about twenty hectares (forty-nine acres) of land, with an average of five pairs of oxen. All the work, performed as much by women as by men, was carried on collectively, and the crops were shared. Half of each crop was reserved for children and old people. Those entering the Army received a special share, and nurses and teachers were then allotted their portions. Ten per cent of the crop was set aside for seed, and the rest was divided among the various families in the group according to need. There was nothing compulsory about the system, Somol told me, and it all operated rather informally. Those families who wanted to work privately could do so as long as they shared a basic amount of their main crop with their fellow-villagers. "The solidarity groups are, in a sense, traditionally Cambodian," Somol said, "but they were started up in 1979 mainly because of the shortage of men—there are quite a few more women than men in the country. We're still experimenting with various kinds of groups to find out which are the most effective. In all, there are now more than a hundred thousand solidarity groups in Cambodia."

One of a handful of American relief-agency workers then in the country, Eva Mysliwiec, of Oxfam, gave the Cambodians full credit for coping with disaster but said emphatically, "What they need here is security, stability, equipment, and a regular source of manpower. So far, they have none of these things." The Western economic embargo against Vietnam and Cambodia after the Communist victories there made sheer survival still more difficult, to say nothing of reconstruction and repair of the nation's shattered infrastructure. Miss Mysliwiec, like others I spoke with among about fifty aid workers from fifteen international agencies, said she felt shackled by a distinction between humanitarian and developmental aid which was being made by our State Department and by other Western bureaucracies. "Spare parts for farming equipment were usually considered developmental, so we couldn't get them once the famine emergency of the late seventies was over," Miss Mysliwiec said. "The world would, apparently, rather wait until another famine starts instead of investing at once in tools to avert one."

J. Fred Kauffman, a tall, bearded man working for the Mennonite Central Committee, who had just returned from a three-day trip to the province of Kampot to investigate the possibilities of producing soap from coconut oil, said, "What we're mainly looking at now is small, low-key projects that the Khmer can adapt to easily. Some of them still want larger, more modern things, but they're not geared for them and they can't maintain them. The few motor vehicles they have seem to run on paste and spit, and they don't even have enough trucks to pick up the garbage in the streets of Phnom Penh—though that problem is due as much as anything else to the fact that most of the new population consists of simple villagers with no notion of how to run a city or keep it clean. The Khmer are pretty good learners, but the main thing I feel about them now is their sense of insecurity. They're vulnerable, and they feel it. Virtually the whole new bureaucracy is inexperienced; the old one is gone—mostly dead. The strong Vietnamese presence is apparent, though it may be less obvious than it was at first. No matter what they claim, the Vietnamese are here for their own security; before they will even think about leaving, they want to make sure that the Khmer are dependable allies, and that hasn't hap-

of Luxury Resorts
TOPNOTCH


THE STOMACH ELIMINATOR™
For Travelers, Business Men and Women and Anyone Concerned with their Health and Good Looks

I don't know about you, but I travel a lot and often it's simply not practical to go jogging or do exercise on the road. Worse, it often happens that you eat and drink too much while traveling. The result is stomach flab.

A Portable Device
Recently, I found the answer to this problem. In Europe they have developed a 2½ lb. exercise device you can carry in your overnight bag. They call it "NO STOMACH." Designed specifically to eliminate all excess fat from your stomach, it is a stretching and exercise device made with three steel coil springs so you can adjust the level of workout you want.

10 Minutes a Day and Your Pot Belly Will Be Gone!
That's our guarantee. If you're not satisfied with how it works for you, return it for full refund. There are seven simple exercises to do and you can do them almost anywhere: In a hotel room, in your own home, etc. That's why I think the Stomach Eliminator really is the answer for people who travel, who like to have good meals, but who don't want the pot belly that often comes as a result.

OUR GUARANTEE: If this product does not reduce your stomach significantly in 90 days, return for full refund.

Cecil C. Hoge, Jr.

© 1985 HARRISON-HOGE IND., INC.

Please send me ____ Stomach Eliminator(s) at $24 postpaid each.
Enclosed is a check/M.O. for $__________
Charge my credit card:
☐ Amex ☐ Diners ☐ Visa ☐ MC
Card No.______________ Exp. Date____
Signature______________________
N.Y. Residents please add sales tax.

Name______________________
Address______________________
City__________ State______ Zip_____

HARRISON-HOGE INDUSTRIES, INC.
Dept. NY67X, P.O. Box 944, Smithtown, NY 11787
Phone: (516) 724-8900 8:30am-4:30pm M-F EST

pened yet. The public's insecurity has increased lately, because people are still worried about Pol Pot's returning to power—especially if the opposition to the Vietnamese regime continues to grow."

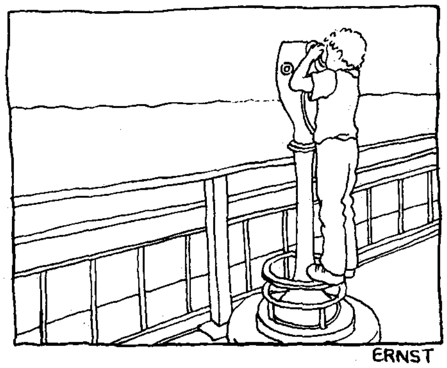
DURING my stay in Phnom Penh, I sensed this feeling myself time and again. Everyone I spoke with brought up Pol Pot's name almost ritualistically, as if he were an evil spirit whose influence hung over the land and couldn't be dissipated. "In Pol Pot times," people kept saying in sombre tones—it was never "the Khmer Rouge," just "Pol Pot," whether the speaker was someone recounting his personal experience or one of the guides who provided a litany of horror stories as they conducted me through such unforgettable places as sites of mass graves. At one such site, a few miles out of town, the remains—mostly skulls and bare whitish-gray bones—of nearly nine thousand victims are neatly piled in rows on wooden shelves in what was once the burial ground of a rich family. Most of the bones were found in a hundred and thirty nearby pits—apparently this was a major killing site—and other remains were brought to the burial ground from the Tuol Sleng prison, in Phnom Penh, which is Exhibit A for those few foreigners who visit Cambodia. With Orwellian precision, it has been officially named the Museum of Genocidal Crime.

In Pol Pot times, Tuol Sleng, a long, three-story building that had previously been a high school, was the largest prison in the country. There sixteen thousand prisoners were tortured or killed, or both, and among the macabre exhibits are racks, iron shackles, and hangmen's bars. The first two floors of the building, which was surrounded by a double wall of cement and corrugated barbed wire, were used as single cells, and the top floor was a mass detention center. The files on all prisoners are now kept on that floor, and it is a valuable source of historical information. Biographical entries include detailed confessions of some of the principal leaders of the Kampuchean Communist Party, about which very little was known until it came to power, in 1975. The walls of three ground-floor rooms are lined with photographs of prisoners who passed through Tuol Sleng, including old regime officers and officials, teachers and students, doctors and other professional people, Buddhist monks, and anyone who was suspected of ties to the pre-Pol Pot government. Among those executed were seven foreigners—five Indians, an Australian, and an American, James William Clark, who, the caption said, was a C.I.A. agent, captured in a gunboat offshore while he was taking photographs of installations with a telescopic lens.

Even in less ghoulish places, one feels the impact of Pol Pot, mainly because he is mentioned so often. His name came up at least a dozen times during the first afternoon of my visit, when my guide took me to watch people building dikes against the rising floodwaters of the Mekong River, which flows through Phnom Penh and causes severe flooding each fall when one of its tributaries uniquely reverses its flow. That day, the water, abnormally high, had submerged many of the houses on islands in the river to their rooftops. The dike-building was going on apace—though, typically, the Cambodians had turned this into a festive occasion. There were as many venders of fruits, candies, and dried meats, and of spinning plastic toys and balloons on sticks, as there were dike workers. Hundreds of youngsters scampered back and forth along the riverbanks. The guide made a point of telling me that the games they were playing included several in which the villain was Pol Pot.

ALTHOUGH much of Pol Pot's history is obscure, it is known that his real name is Saloth Sar—he was born in the province of Kompong Thom on May 19, 1928—but he gained universal notoriety as Pol Pot, the revolutionary name he adopted at an early age. Whatever his murderous reputation, he surely is one of the more extraordinary revolutionary figures of modern times. Sihanouk, among others, has admitted that he has charismatic leadership qualities and that his revolutionary credentials, elementary and ideologically fuzzy as they may be, are legitimate. It is no accident that, although the Khmer Rouge killed five of Sihanouk's children and at least a dozen members of his extended family, the Prince and his fellow non-Communist leader, Son Sann, who heads the Khmer People's National Liberation Front, remain in loose alliance today with Pol Pot against the Vietnamese and their puppet Cambodian regime, under Heng Samrin. Not much is known about Samrin's background, either—only that he is a renegade Khmer Rouge officer who turned against Pol Pot in 1977 or 1978 in the eastern military zone of Cambodia, near the Vietnamese border. A series of regional revolts against Pol Pot had broken out over the previous year or so, and Samrin's was rather late, possibly because it had been preceded by the revolt of another Khmer Rouge officer in the same zone—a man named So Phim, who was secretly working with the Vietnamese and was mysteriously killed after a series of purges and internecine plots. Heng Samrin, in effect, took his place. The People's Republic of Kampuchea (P.R.K.), of which Samrin became President, was installed by the Vietnamese when they took Phnom Penh in January, 1979, a fortnight after their invasion was launched, on Christmas Day of 1978. Although the new government was incapable of surviving without the guidance and material help of the Vietnamese, by the time of my visit it was beginning to function fairly well on its own—in some areas. It had built up a small corps of civilian workers, and though they had Vietnamese advisers, these were remaining in the background as much as possible, while the recently recruited P.R.K. Army was starting to take a greater initiative in battle, particularly along the Thai border.

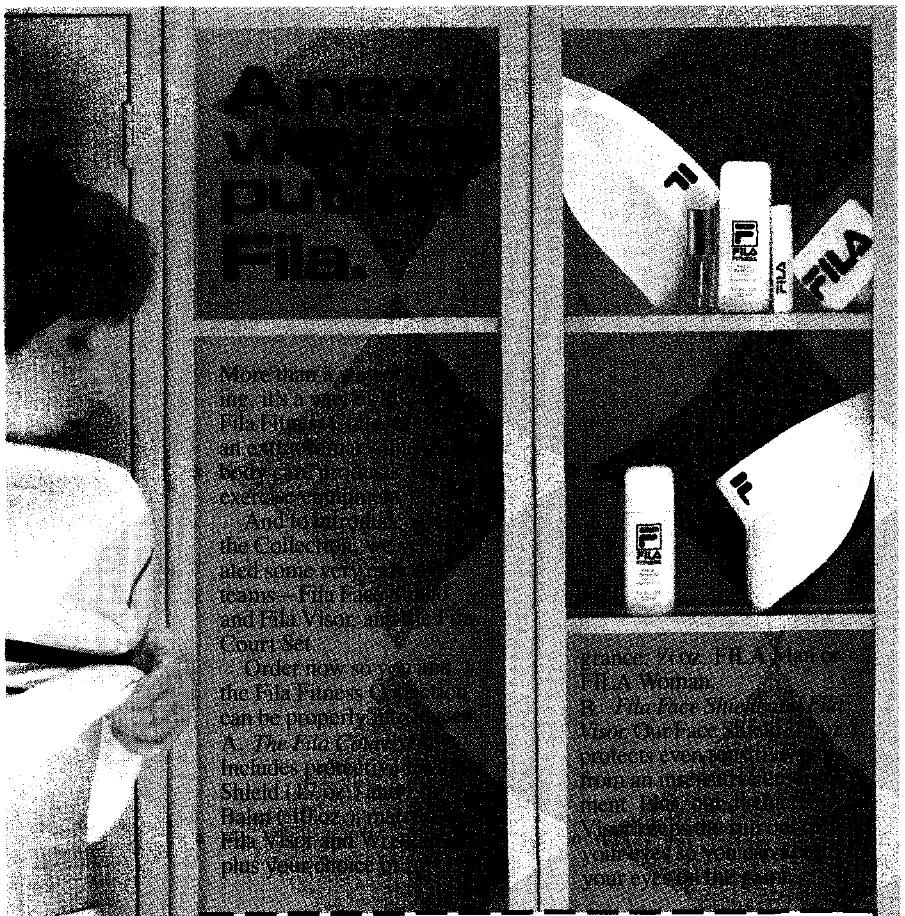
In the late summer of 1985, there were disturbing reports that undisclosed numbers of Khmer recruits were being used as "human mine detectors," having been trained for this suicide duty at a school the Vietnamese had set up in Phnom Penh. Visiting Western correspondents were told that some of the graduates had participated in the Vietnamese offensive along the border during the dry season of 1984-1985, and had duly found mines and been blown up with them. Cambodian civilians, it was said, were being used to build ditches and other defensive barriers, and many were suffering from severe forms of malaria. Earlier, members of an American group called



the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights had interviewed dozens of Cambodian refugees at border camps and had submitted a report that quoted them as claiming that the Samrin government, at the instigation of the Vietnamese, was conducting a new systematic campaign of torture of political prisoners in Cambodia. The report, written by two of the delegation members—Floyd Abrams, who is a well-known New York lawyer and civil libertarian, and Diane Orentlicher—said that thousands of prisoners had been tortured with electrodes and were regularly beaten severely. While these most recent violations of human rights "pale in comparison to the mass murders" of the Pol Pot regime, Abrams and Orentlicher noted, they "rival those of other nations whose abuses have provoked outcries from the world community." They decried "the absence of a functioning legal process" in Cambodia, and concluded with the observation that neglect of the human rights of Cambodians "in part results from the view that nothing better can be expected for people who have suffered as much as have Kampucheans."

UP until September, 1985, at least, Pol Pot was still Commander-in-Chief of the National Army of Democratic Kampuchea. Whether or not the announcement of his retirement around that time was purely a public gesture, the fact is that his Khmer Rouge majority faction continues to operate independently of the lesser forces of Son Sann and Sihanouk, who control about fifteen thousand troops and seven thousand troops, respectively. (To illustrate how confusing Cambodian politics and names can be, Pol Pot's place was ostensibly taken by the Khmer Rouge Minister of Defense, Son Sen, who is not to be confused with Son Sann.) Other officers, including some of the more competent survivors of Sihanouk's army of pre-1975 days, provide what little semblance of unity exists among the three disparate opposition elements. There has been constant bickering and from time to time some actual fighting among them, and as a result Sihanouk has threatened to resign as the coalition leader.

To make matters worse, since mid-1985 a serious rift in the ranks of Son Sann's Khmer People's National Liberation Front has taken place, further threatening the coalition's tenuous cohesion. Son Sann has been accused by


Fila.
More than a [illegible]
ing, it's a [illegible]
Fila Fitness [illegible]
an extension [illegible]
body care [illegible]
exercise [illegible]
And to introduce
the Collection [illegible]
ated some very [illegible]
teams—Fila Face [illegible]
and Fila Visor, and the Fila
Court Set.
Order now so you and
the Fila Fitness Collection
can be properly [illegible]
A. The Fila Court [illegible]
Includes protective [illegible]
Shield [illegible]
Balm [illegible]
Fila Visor and W[illegible]
plus your choice [illegible]
grance: ¼ oz. FILA Man or
FILA Woman.
B. Fila Face Shield and Fila
Visor. Our Face Shield [illegible]
protects even [illegible]
from an [illegible]
ment. [illegible]
Visor keeps the sun [illegible]
your eyes so you [illegible]
your eyes on the [illegible]
FILA
A
B

Send me: ☐ Fila Face Shield and Visor (5005) $15.00*
☐ Fila Court Set (9002) $35.00*
If ordering Court Set, please indicate fragrance: ☐FILA Woman (10) ☐FILA Man (20).
*Please add $2.25 for shipping and handling. NY, NJ, PA, WA & CA add state and local tax.
☐ Check or money order for a total of $______enclosed
☐ Charge to my: ☐ VISA ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard

Signature____

Credit Card #____________________________Exp. Date________

Name____

Address____

City______________________State__________Zip________

FILA FITNESS

Mail to: FILA FITNESS, P.O. Box 5208, Clifton, NJ 07015, or call 1 800 526-7843, Ext. 153 (in NJ: 1 800 522-4503, Ext. 153) toll free, anytime to charge to a major credit card. Use code number below when ordering.
©1986 FILA FITNESS LTD. Please allow 4–6 weeks for delivery.
Trademark FILA used under license from FILA, S.p.A.-Biella, Italy
N3F56

THIS EXHIBITION HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE
BY A GENEROUS GRANT FROM LOUIS VUITTON

BON VOYAGE!
DESIGNS FOR TRAVEL
APRIL 29, 1986–JULY 13, 1986

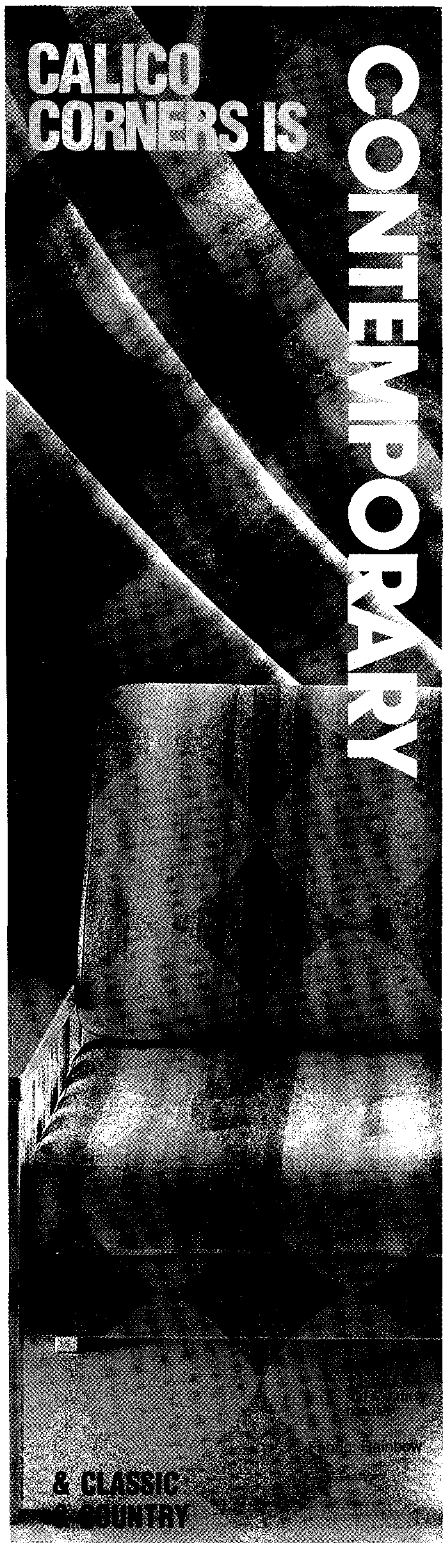
COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM
THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION'S NATIONAL MUSEUM OF DESIGN
2 EAST 91st STREET NEW YORK, NY 10128

his top military commanders and some of his fellow political leaders of refusing, more stubbornly than before, to coöperate with Sihanouk, and of meddling in military matters. Early in 1986, a breakaway group of top K.P.N.L.F. commanders and the K.P.N.L.F. executive committee sought Son Sann's expulsion, or at least a pledge from him to confine his activities to ceremonial and representational duties. Son Sann, in turn, denounced the group's "open rebellion" and declared it "banned." The internecine struggle was largely responsible for the reduced activity of the K.P.N.L.F. forces within Cambodia; all but a few hundred of its troops did, in fact, withdraw to Thailand, leaving the Cambodian fighting to the far stronger Khmer Rouge and perhaps a thousand or so of Sihanouk's forces. While most observers felt that some sort of compromise would be worked out, the split within the Front was regarded as symptomatic of the problems that had all along plagued the opposition coalition. Moreover, it came at a time when Washington, with some reluctance, had decided to give several million dollars' worth of overt aid to the non-Communist Sihanouk and Son Sann elements, supplementing larger amounts of covert aid that was being funnelled to them through some of the Southeast Asian nations. Washington's hope was that this might eventually lead to the establishment of a new government in Phnom Penh that would not be altogether dominated by the Vietnamese or, alternatively, to another regime headed by the Khmer Rouge.

If Pol Pot is really taking a back seat, both politically and militarily—most observers doubt it—the important figures in the Khmer Rouge will probably be Son Sen and Khieu Samphan, respectively. The latter is Vice-President for Foreign Affairs of the Coalition Government of Democratic Kampuchea as well as President of Democratic Kampuchea, as the civilian branch of the Khmer Rouge faction is also known. Despite claims by the Khmer Rouge that it has renounced Communism and adopted a program of moderate socialism, there appears little doubt that its troops are still committed revolutionaries, capable of waging campaigns of terror within Cambodia whenever such tactics suit their anti-Vietnamese political goals.

Jon Swain, of the London *Sunday Times*, who remained in Cambodia for a fortnight after its fall in 1975 (and who was portrayed in the film "The Killing Fields"), returned to the country a few months after my visit and reported that the Khmer Rouge soldiers were as ruthless and savage as ever. He cited an incident that had occurred a few weeks before his arrival, when Pol Pot's guerrillas, apparently for no cogent reason other than to intimidate the population, butchered between a hundred and fifty and two hundred civilian passengers on a train approaching Takeo, forty-seven miles southwest of Phnom Penh. Some seven months earlier, Khmer Rouge soldiers had bayoneted a hundred and fifty people after ambushing a train near Oudong, only twenty miles north of the capital. The report of the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights accused the Pol Pot faction of setting up a brutal system of social coercion in areas under its control, and added that, despite Khmer Rouge efforts to project a more moderate image, "Draconian measures were used to enforce even the image of reform: persons . . . could be imprisoned for making such comments as 'Things are being done the way Pol Pot used to do them.' " The State Department, without commenting on the contradiction inherent in its continuing support in the United Nations of the government formed by Pol Pot, underlined what the report said by noting that its findings "support our belief that the Khmer Rouge remains a totalitarian organization determined to dominate completely the lives of persons under its control."

THE coalition forces control relatively little Cambodian territory beyond some border-area strips and scattered pockets of resistance in the interior of the country—notably in the five provinces around the Tonle Sap, or Great Lake—and in a number of districts near Phnom Penh. Sabotage actions have taken place in Phnom Penh itself. The coalition troops also claim to have cut Vietnamese supply lines by attacking roads, railways, and waterways, and they have struck at the administrative apparatus of villages, communes, and districts. As a whole, the strength of the guerrilla fighters is growing, and the war has more and more come to resemble the earlier American effort against the Vietnamese, with the Vietnamese now cast in the role of the Americans. Legally, the coalition, though it has no fixed seat of power, retains the active support and recognition of the six members of the Association of Southeast Asian Na-



To suit your individual style, you'll find an inspiring selection of quality fabrics designed to beautify any home.
All in stock, at a savings of 30%–60%.
Custom work is available.

At Calico Corners, all you add is your own good taste.

☎ For more information on our fabrics or 70 store locations, please call 800-821-7700, ext. 810.

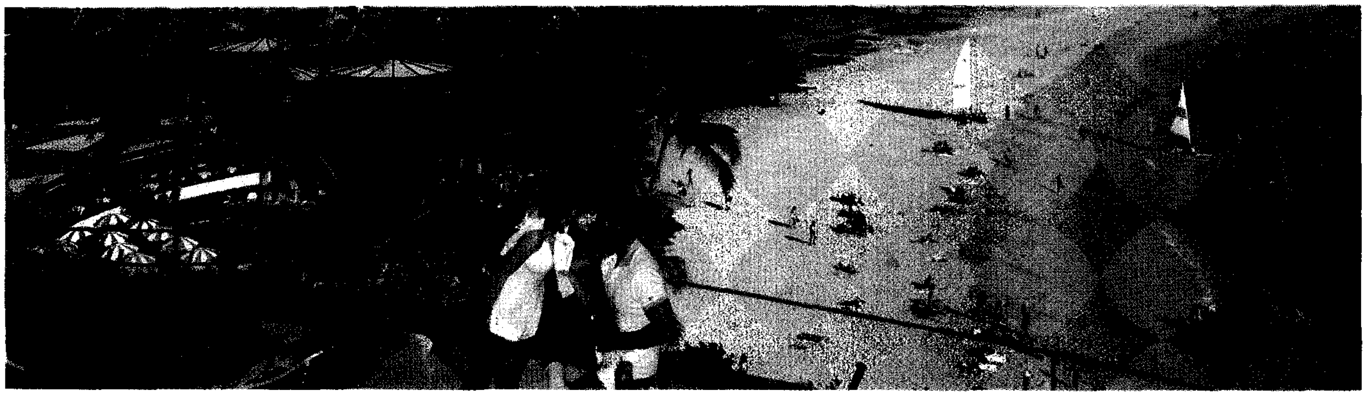
CALICO CORNERS®
The most unique fabric stores in the country.

tions (ASEAN)—Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand, the Philippines, and Brunei—as well as the overwhelming support of the United Nations. The U.N., ASEAN, and the United States have consistently condemned Vietnam for invading Cambodia, and collectively they continue to demand the complete withdrawal of Vietnamese troops. Only then, says Washington, will any discussion on normalizing relations with and possibly restoring aid to Vietnam be begun.

ASEAN diplomats, notably the Indonesians, have sought to promote compromise approaches that would at least get a dialogue started, and some progress has been made in recent months toward designating the likely participants. It would certainly include the leaders of the puppet Heng Samrin government, in particular Hun Sen, who is both chairman of the Council of Ministers, or Prime Minister, and Foreign Minister. A tough, brash former Khmer Rouge officer in his mid-thirties, Hun Sen is apparently one of the few Khmer Communists who were close to the Vietnamese in the late seventies, though he goes out of his way to assert his independence. When I spoke to him in Phnom Penh, for example, he said, "We need the Vietnamese forces here only to help us defend ourselves against our opponents. If we don't need them, we'll tell them to go, and they'll withdraw. All foreign forces should withdraw from Southeast Asia, including the Americans from the Philippines."

Hun Sen took an extremely hard line at the outset of our talk, maintaining that Sihanouk and Son Sann were "dangerous allies of Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge," and that there could therefore be no negotiations with them, let alone with Pol Pot himself. He later mellowed sufficiently to say, "As we get stronger ourselves, we will offer clemency to those who have been misled, but they will have to accept our new constitution. Sihanouk is temperamentally like a cloud after a rain. What's important is whether he has abandoned Pol Pot. If he admits his mistakes, he may come back and live with the people, but we will not invite him. As for his future, the people will have to decide—including me." Hun Sen also seemed to leave the door open for reconciliation with ranking members of the Khmer Rouge other than Pol Pot. Presumably, these would include Khieu Samphan, the coalition Vice-President, concerning whom Hun Sen snapped, "We don't speak about him, but again we say, 'Anyone who admits his mistakes . . .' " Samphan goes back a long way: at one point, before he turned against Sihanouk and took to the jungle, he was a member of one of the Prince's governments. The two men were later reconciled in Peking, and Samphan joined Sihanouk's government in exile.

The basic problem remains the Khmer Rouge as such, irrespective of its leaders. So far, neither ASEAN nor the United States, having supported the Pol Pot regime in the United Nations, is prepared simply to turn around and recognize the Vietnam-sponsored Samrin–Hun Sen government; but the continued implied backing of Pol Pot, even as a silent partner in a broader coalition, has puzzled a great many people, including ordinary Americans, who find it incomprehensible that we can possibly stand behind a man accused of murdering so many Cambodians. Sihanouk himself has partly answered the question. "It is not very clean to be with the Khmer Rouge," he has said. "But we have to behave like that, because of the danger of Vietnamese expansionism and So-



COME TO MAUI COME TO SHERATON

Come to the Sheraton Maui Hotel. A morning jog. A private swim. Then tennis or golf or sun. And at night, the Discovery Room. Romantic dinners. Dancing under the stars. Dazzling shows. Come to the hotel that began the legend of Kaanapali Beach. Rates from $105 to $145.

COME TO THE SHERATON ISLANDS—HAWAII.

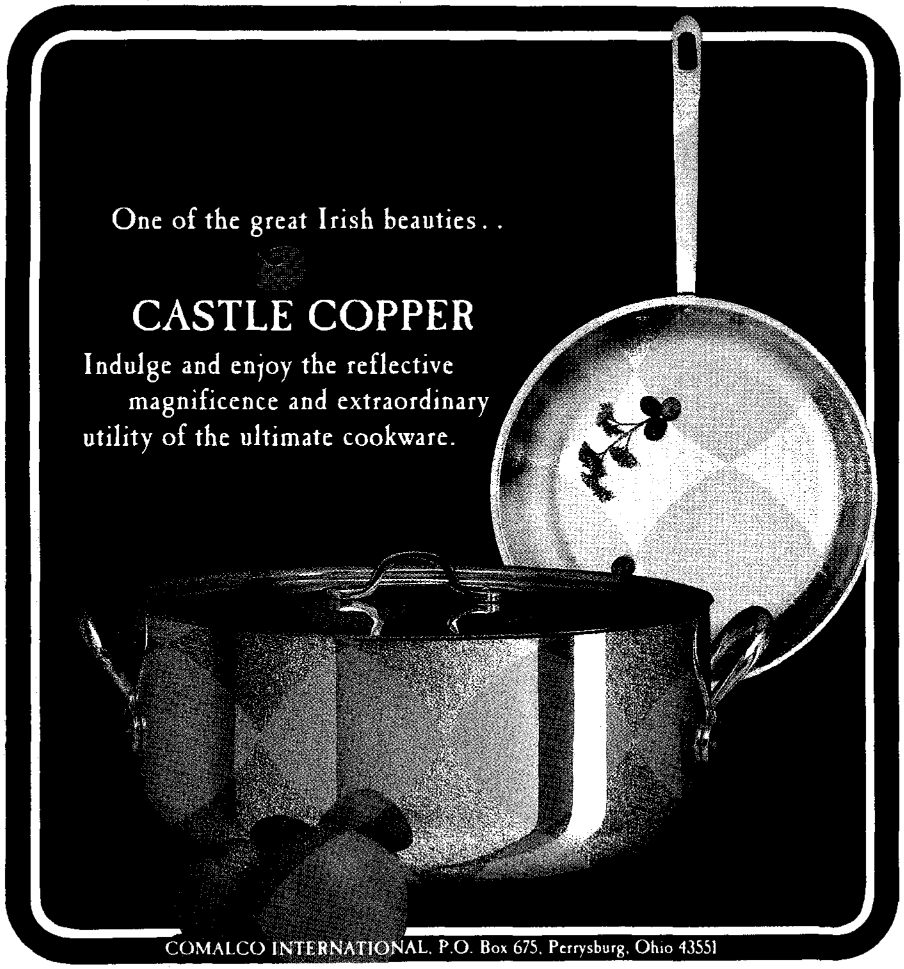
13 RESORTS AND HOTELS OF ENGAGINGLY DIFFERENT STYLES AND CHARACTER WITH ALL THE BEST BEACHES AND ALL THE BEST LOCATIONS.

KAUAI
OAHU
MOLOKAI
MAUI
SHERATON MAUI
HAWAII

Come to Sheraton for AAdvantage Miles
Applicable on SET and rack rates only.

Sheraton Maui Hotel
The hospitality people of ITT
See your Travel Planner or call Sheraton toll-free
800-325-3535

CONVENIENCE.
The San Francisco Hilton & Tower
creates a lasting impression.
(415)771-1400



One of the great Irish beauties..

CASTLE COPPER

Indulge and enjoy the reflective magnificence and extraordinary utility of the ultimate cookware.

COMALCO INTERNATIONAL, P.O. Box 675, Perrysburg, Ohio 43551

viet hegemonism." Unfortunately, the Khmer Rouge, with or without Pol Pot, continues to provide the muscle of the anti-Vietnamese coalition, and it is difficult to conceive of any talks that excluded it as a faction. If the Chinese ceased supporting the Khmer Rouge, and the Thais withdrew the right of sanctuary, Hun Sen told me, "there could be a solution to the problem tomorrow."

Because of the shifting world power situation, in which the Chinese and the Russians, over the past year, have been discussing a limited rapprochement and reopening channels of trade, the Chinese might in time be persuaded to stop backing the Khmer Rouge. Mikhail Gorbachev's rise to power in the Soviet Union is a vital factor in this projection. Gorbachev is already seeking a new, ameliorative role for the Russians in Southeast Asia, possibly so that he can concentrate on Soviet domestic problems, and he has urged the Chinese and the Vietnamese to come to terms with each other—something that Hanoi would dearly love to see happen but that Peking has so far not shown much enthusiasm for. When I was in Hanoi in 1984, all the Vietnamese officials I spoke with made a point of stressing that the two things they wanted most were peace with China and recognition and help from the United States. If the Chinese can be persuaded to drop or lessen their support for the Khmer Rouge in the interest of peace in Southeast Asia, the United States will in all likelihood have to exert its influence to convince them that it is no longer in the interest of anyone, including the Chinese themselves, to keep Vietnam isolated and bogged down in Cambodia—as it is, essentially, despite its military success there. Preoccupied with other foreign matters, the United States has so far shown relatively little interest in playing a leading role in the evolving situation in Southeast Asia. Its main emphasis has been on negotiating with Vietnam over the American military men missing in combat and on encouraging ASEAN to take the lead in any discussions with the Vietnamese about the problem of Cambodia. As for the Chinese and the Russians, despite their ongoing dialogue they seem content, for their own reasons, to continue accepting the status quo—a so-called "stable war"—in Cambodia.

IN 1975, when Pol Pot took over Cambodia, following the defeat of what was left of the Cambodian Republican forces and the withdrawal of the South Vietnamese and the Americans, he was regarded as a crude but credible peasant revolutionary leader. It had been said that he was pro-Vietnamese, but the fact is that from the outset he was more in the Chinese than in the Vietnamese camp. Above all, he had a strong bias against the urban élite who had dominated Khmer public life under the French and afterward. Not well educated himself, and surrounded at the time by a small group of Cambodian Communists whose educational qualifications, personal backgrounds, and revolutionary ideas varied considerably, Pol Pot immediately ordered the mass migration from the cities to the countryside. The decision had apparently been taken by the Party's central committee a year earlier in the name of ridding the cities, and especially Phnom Penh, of the worst attributes of the urban way of life, including the profligacy, waste, and corruption of the ruling class and the bourgeoisie—which encompassed all those who were educated and held professional jobs, from officials and teachers to private persons. What Pol Pot and his henchmen sought to do was to create a change, or upheaval, overnight in the nation's agrarian system, dedicating it to the planting of rice and other crops that would make Cambodia first agriculturally self-sufficient and then able to export its surplus to obtain foreign exchange for gradual and limited industrialization. There is little doubt that the depopulation of Phnom Penh and other cities and towns was carried out brutally, and that Khmer Rouge soldiers, many of whom were illiterate boys in their teens, were motivated by blind hatred of urban residents—by anger and thirst for revenge. They had been indoctrinated with this hatred since they were youngsters in the jungle, practicing war games with wooden guns before they began to get arms from the North Vietnamese or the Chinese, or on the black market. It is doubtful whether any of them had anything more than rudimentary knowledge of what Communism was all about.

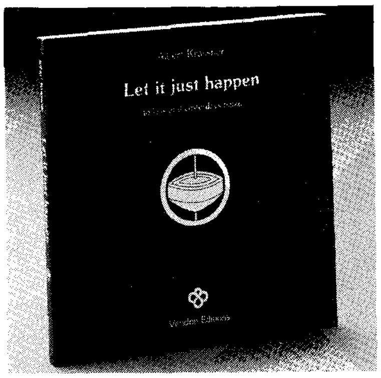
That the revolution got out of hand and by 1977 had reached an unprecedented and virtually uncontrollable level of violence is by now well documented. There were waves of killing which varied from region to region and resulted partly from continued internal migrations—some forced and others voluntary. Lack of food and other bare necessities—above all, medicines for stomach ailments and malaria—accounted for many more deaths than the executions did, though forced starvation also was a major cause of death. Under duress, the agrarian scheme of planting more and more crops and building irrigation canals (many of them dug by hand under conditions of forced labor) was kept up, and part of this network of canals proved lasting and useful. But what was obviously lacking was a basic blueprint, a revolutionary plan of action suitable for the special conditions that existed in a sadly underdeveloped country. Comparisons have been made between what happened in Cambodia and the Great Leap Forward in China in the late fifties, and there are certain similarities, including the basic conditions that obtained in both countries and the excesses that took place, partly because of a pervasive mistrust of urban intellectuals. There are some indications that Pol Pot and his cohorts used the Great Leap as their specific theoretical model. Whatever the impetus or inspiration, the forced migration certainly didn't work in Cambodia, where the experiment was more like a wild leap in the dark.

As the killings increased and disease and starvation became endemic, the situation quickly degenerated into total chaos. What occurrred in Cambodia may have been exaggerated by some observers as a phenomenon of unmitigated death and destruction. The fact is that the pattern was uneven, but no matter how one interprets the stories of the early refugees, and of the later survivors who escaped into Thailand, it is apparent that a national disaster on a grand scale took place. Whether one million or two million people eventually died, and whether the number deliberately executed was more or less than a third of these, Pol Pot's peasant revolution was an abysmal failure. As a lesser consequence, the myth of Cambodia as a gentle land inhabited by a gentle people was once and for all laid to rest. Such, in brief, was the background of the Vietnamese invasion of Christmas Day, 1978. So much has been written about Cambodia in the past decade that the average student of today's military and political events has every reason to be puzzled. To trace the threads of this complicated situation, in which Prince Sihanouk has always played a key role,

Words to live by

Let It Just Happen
Albert Krassner

Restricting himself to the structure of seventeen syllable haiku, a Western man expresses his thoughts and feelings about living in contemporary American society. Joined together with delicate Japanese designs, the two forms enhance the communication beyond what each one does alone.
77 pp, 6×6, $4.95



The journey inward

Journey to be
Albert Krassner

The ideal book for the seeker. 136 page hardbound edition of inspirational verse mixed with photography. A must for those who strive for greater contentment and inner strength. $12.95

Available at your favorite bookstore, or:
VERIDON EDITIONS
Box 65, Wykagyl Station, New Rochelle, NY 10804
TO ORDER: fill in this return order form. Enclose check or money order for price of the book or books plus shipping cost and mail to Veridon Editions. Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.

___copies of **Let it just happen** at $4.95 each______ Total______
___copies of **Journey to be** at $12.95 each______ Total______
Shipping $1.50
Total______

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State____ Zip____

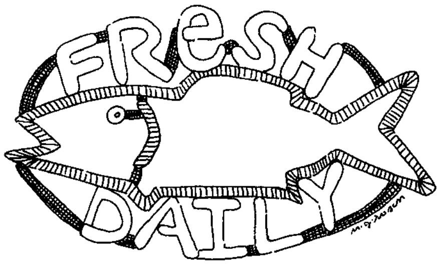
one needs to go back to the early sixties, when Cambodia was struggling to get on its feet as an independent nation, which it had become as a result of the Geneva Conference of 1954.

CAMBODIA is the only country that I, as a journalist, have ever been officially thrown out of. The incident was typical, in revealing strange quirks in the Prince's behavior which have led him to act rashly in situations that then got beyond his ability to control. Yet invariably his sheer amiability, his sense of historical humor, and his ability to laugh at himself have enabled him to escape difficult situations, either by conveniently forgetting what he has said or done or simply by taking a new tack. Whatever he does, he is never at a loss for words, and they are usually expressed in a high, squeaky voice that keeps rising the more excited he becomes as he presses his points. Moreover, the flamboyant Prince has never lost his sense of royal prerogative: he is still convinced that he was predestined to lead the Cambodians—his "children," or "the little people," as he always calls them—to freedom and salvation. In his memoirs, which he is preparing for publication, he writes, "In Cambodia, essentially only the 'little people' remained faithful to me." This is primarily a reference to the country's poor peasant class, and those members of it who are still alive undoubtedly are among his strongest supporters.

Partly for this reason, it may be that in 1986, forty-five years after he ascended the royal throne, at the age of eighteen, and thirty-one years after he renounced the title of king, and despite the fact that in Cambodia a whole new generation has grown up which has experienced only pain and sorrow and knows little or nothing about him, Sihanouk will still prove indispensable. If he is not the only man who can preserve some form of independence or neutrality for Cambodia, he may yet prove to be an important transitional leader, even if only as a figurehead under Vietnamese patronage or tutelage, which seems to me unavoidable. It is significant that the Vietnamese themselves, who would prefer to be rid of him, have now accepted the fact that Sihanouk is all but impossible to ignore. The more conversations I have had in recent months with Vietnamese officials at the United Nations, the more this has become apparent. In fact, during the six weeks I spent in Vietnam in 1984, at a time when the Vietnamese were coming to realize that they would eventually have to make some concessions on the Cambodian issue, their attitude toward Sihanouk visibly veered from official disdain to grudging acceptance of his continuing political presence. One high official observed, "Sihanouk is like a mosquito who gets under your net at night and won't let you sleep."

My banishment from Cambodia took place in 1964, not long after Sihanouk, in one of his fits of pique, peremptorily terminated all American military, cultural, and economic aid, totalling about thirty million dollars a year, and ordered his Embassy in Washington closed. He resented the fact that American aid, unlike the comparatively small amounts donated by the Chinese and the Russians, did not take the form of outright grants but was conditional and guided by restrictions. Though he conceded that United States assistance was "the oxygen that keeps Cambodia alive" and was designed to "provide us with the framework of a modern state," by helping to build roads, bridges, and so on, he complained that it wasn't of much help in satisfying the "pressing needs" of the poor. Moreover, he said, the United States kept trying to get him to express support for the West, preferably by backing ASEAN, which had been ardently championed by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Anyone who knew Sihanouk at all should have recognized that this was the worst sort of tactic to adopt with him as he pursued his acrobatic game of neutrality. Not only was he loath to make such pledges but the net effect, especially in the light of some recent border incidents that involved American advisers accompanying South Vietnamese troops, was to drive him farther away from the United States and closer to China.

Sihanouk's flirtation with the Chinese began in 1955, at the historic conference of Asian and African nations held in Bandung, Indonesia. The year before, in Geneva, the French had joined eight other nations, Western and Asian, in ending the first Indo-China war with the creation of two Vietnams and confirmation of the independence of Laos and Cambodia. In fact, in 1953, worn down by fighting the Vietnamese, the French had succumbed to what Sihanouk called his Royal Crusade for Independence. A few months before the Bandung Conference, Sihanouk, having gained France's capitulation, held a popular referendum, which supported his long fight by a resounding 99.8 per cent. It was at this point that he surprised his people by announcing his abdication as king, at the age of thirty-two. Appointing his father, Suramarit, to replace him, he publicly announced that he had been too isolated and too deeply revered—"I could only see the flowers and hear the lies"—and that, as chief of state rather than king, he wanted henceforth to help the Cambodian people remove "the injustices, corruption, and exploitation from which they have suffered so long."



At Bandung, he and Premier Zhou Enlai hit it off immediately, and Zhou remained Sihanouk's friend and benefactor until his death, in 1976. The Prince made repeated state and personal visits to Peking and always received top treatment. He moved back and forth between Peking and Pyongyang, North Korea, where, in the years after 1970, he was also welcomed by Kim Il Sung, but he obviously favored Peking. From the start of his friendship with China, Sihanouk always felt free to criticize the Chinese—as he did when he commented that "human life is of no importance there." When he began accepting economic aid from Peking and established formal diplomatic relations, in August, 1958, he remarked, cryptically, "I know the Communists are going to cut my throat, but I am ready to die for my country." He kept on accepting American aid, too, including modern rifles, machine guns, mortars, half-tracks, and light tanks, but the Cambodians wouldn't take any military advice from the Americans or allow them to go out in the field. The French, who had about two hundred and fifty advisers in the country, compared with sixty-odd Americans, were supposed to do the day-by-day basic training of Cambodian troops, but they didn't receive much coöperation, either, and, privately, French and American officers agreed that the Cambodian Army would scarcely be able to hold its own against the Thais, let alone against the South Vietnamese.

In 1960 and 1961, Sihanouk, after a

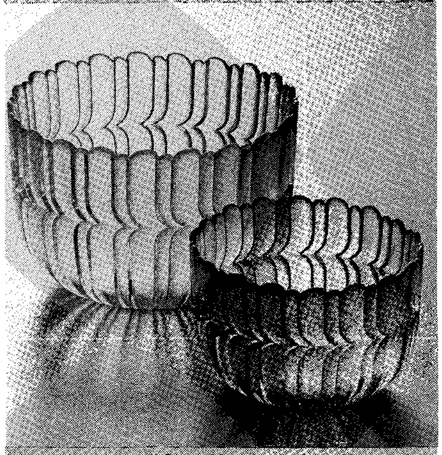
series of plots and conspiracies allegedly directed against him by factions in Thailand and South Vietnam, broke his formal ties with both those neighboring countries. He kept repeating that his worst enemies were Premier Sarit Thanarat of Thailand and President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam, and that, in effect, they were American puppets. Moreover, he accused the United States—and, specifically, the C.I.A.—of being the principal backer of a Cambodian nationalist named Son Ngoc Thanh, who in the past had occasionally collaborated with Sihanouk but for the most part had been his rival, as the head of the right-wing Khmer Serei (Free Khmer) movement. The origins of the Khmer Serei dated back to the end of the Second World War, but at that time its armed strength was no more than a few thousand men, who mostly operated in the border provinces of the Mekong Delta, which were populated by both Cambodians and Vietnamese. The Khmer Serei had been armed by the South Vietnamese, but it also had some contact with the C.I.A. and with American Special Forces, and, with the approval of President Ngo Dinh Diem, who hated Sihanouk as much as Sihanouk hated him, it received a small number of American weapons originally given to the Vietnamese.

By the late sixties, Special Forces Green Beret teams were constantly making forays into eastern Cambodia, directed against the use of sanctuaries there by Vietnamese Communists—a practice that Sihanouk had quietly condoned. Most of these forays were mounted by Vietnamese and by Thai and Chinese mercenaries attached to the Green Berets, but they also involved some Cambodians, who belonged to the Khmer Serei. Being suspicious of American motives, Sihanouk openly charged the Americans with backing the Khmer Serei, and he specifically accused the C.I.A. of furnishing Son Ngoc Thanh with radio equipment to beam propaganda to Cambodia against him. While Washington denied that it was in any way still associated with the Khmer Serei or Son Ngoc Thanh, the Americans had clearly lost their enthusiasm for the mercurial Prince. The situation went from bad to worse when Washington refused to send him armed jets and anti-aircraft equipment. Sihanouk obtained a few modern fighter planes from the Russians instead, but, more important, he drew closer to the Chinese, who gave him some planes later on. In one of his moments of near-hysteria, he declared in a magazine editorial that "without Chinese support I would already have died," and that "it is absolutely impossible for me to serve as a satellite of the Americans and to become an enemy of the Chinese." After the overthrow and assassination of President Diem, in November, 1963, which had taken place with the approval and support of the Americans, Sihanouk said on several occasions that he was next on the Americans' "hit list." But when President Kennedy was assassinated, three weeks later, Sihanouk's immediate response was to order three days of national mourning and to send his Premier to Washington for the funeral. Anti-American signs on the streets of Phnom Penh disappeared overnight, and the newspapers were ordered to stop their vitriolic attacks. But on December 9, 1963, the official Cambodian radio broadcast an expression of joy at the deaths of Premier Sarit of Thailand (he had died of natural causes the day before) and of "the great boss of these aggressors." The following day, Sihanouk himself declared in a broadcast, with characteristic intemperance, that "the three enemies of Cambodia are now in Hell to pursue their SEATO meetings."

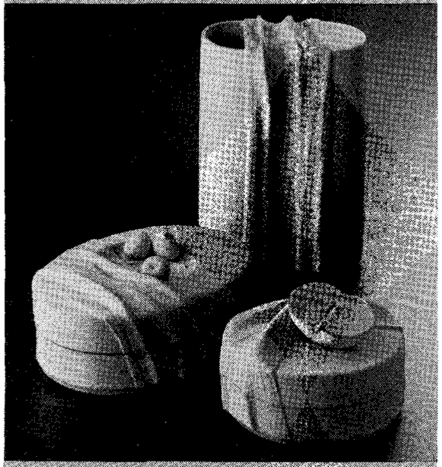
These events contributed to the diplomatic break between the United States and Cambodia, which took place formally in May, 1965. Meanwhile, early in March, 1964, I received a letter from Sihanouk inviting me to Phnom Penh, and soon after that I picked up my visa in Paris. When I arrived in Cambodia, a ludicrous Graustarkian debate was still going on over what, exactly, had been said about Kennedy. Sihanouk angrily denied that Kennedy's name had been mentioned in connection with any "rejoicing," but the United States had demanded an inquiry and denounced the Cambodians' behavior as "barbaric." Sihanouk, in return, had demanded an apology for that accusation, which Washington had refused to offer.

Overshadowing these histrionic exchanges was the more difficult issue of defining the vague borders between Cambodia and South Vietnam—a matter that was becoming increasingly contentious and, along with the alleged violations of the borders by the South Vietnamese, was the main reason for the break with the United

"Asymmetria." China, crystal and silver plate, designed by Bjorn Wiinblad, Denmark.



"Arabesque." Crystal bowls, designed by Nanny Still McKinney, Finland.



"Still Life." Giftware, designed by Antje Bruggemann, West Germany.

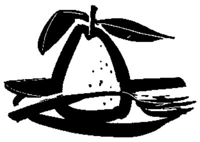
Rosenthal
The Original of Our Time

Rosenthal
studio-linie

For our free brochure, write Rosenthal, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010 or call (212) 696-1846.

States. Part of the argument hinged on whether the border issue should be resolved at another Geneva-type conference or be settled by a mixed commission on the scene. Sihanouk had already announced that, in any event, he was first going to Paris to visit President de Gaulle, who, along with Zhou Enlai, was one of his heroes, and who had supported a proposal of his for a new international conference to safeguard the neutrality of all Southeast Asia. Now the Prince also threatened to fly to Peking to "discuss our problems with our good Chinese friends" and to call upon them to settle Cambodia's border problem with "the ultimate masters of South Vietnam—that is, the government of North Vietnam." One afternoon shortly after my arrival, just as I had settled down in my room at the Hotel Le Royal for a siesta, I was suddenly roused and summoned to appear at the immigration office of the Ministry of Security. Sihanouk, I knew, had just spoken at a huge outdoor rally of his rubber-stamp National Assembly, where he had said that, because Cambodia was encircled by hostile powers, he might be forced to "renounce neutrality in its present form and negotiate an alliance with certain receptive powers, particularly with the People's Republic of China."

Now I was curtly informed that my visa had been revoked. Since I had filed no stories and was awaiting an audience with Sihanouk, I saw no reason for my expulsion. Nor was I given any by the sleepy immigration official, who seemed not at all interested when I reminded him that I was in the country at Sihanouk's personal invitation. He simply stamped the visa "Cancelled" and wrote in red ink alongside that I was to leave as soon as possible. I flew off to Saigon the next morning, as seven of my colleagues—a Lebanese representing the Associated Press, a Japanese, and a group of five French television journalists—made equally hurried departures. It was, I thought, at least a neutral dispersal.



I did not return to Cambodia until two years later, in July, 1966. By then, Sihanouk had begun to show signs of losing some of his enthusiasm for China. For example, a series of editorials in *La Dépêche*, a French-language daily friendly to Sihanouk, repeatedly made the point, under such bold headings as "THE GRAND ILLUSION" and "THE WRONG HORSE," that the real "paper tiger" in Asia might, after all, be not the United States but China, which had reacted to the American bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong over the past year with continued promises of support for the North Vietnamese but had failed to intervene in their behalf, as it had previously promised to do. When I finally managed, during this visit, to interview the Prince, at his palace, I asked him if the editorials represented his views. He evaded a direct answer by pointing out that the Sangkum, his national political movement, was composed of a center, a left wing, and a right wing, and adding, with a smile and a typical light giggle, that the leftist members "have been deceived in love"—obviously meaning by the Chinese. As for himself, he said, with revealing candor, "I am a nationalist, not a Communist, and I am still a monarchist. I have been useful to Peking. I appreciate the nationalism of others, and I seek respect for mine, and for myself as a human being, but I realize that you cannot change the nature either of men or of states."

IT was apparent, during my frank conversation with Sihanouk, that he had become emotionally committed to the border issue, and he emphasized that reconciliation with the United States could take place only when we recognized what he defined as Cambodia's "existing borders," according to his old maps dating back to French days, and ended what he called "military action against our country." But when I gave him a letter I was carrying from Averell Harriman, President Johnson's roving ambassador, and relayed Harriman's special greetings, as well as his desire, as he had expressed it to me in a phone call I had received in Paris en route to Phnom Penh, to visit Sihanouk, the Prince beamed and said that he liked Harriman "very much," as one of the "few Americans who understand us," and that he would indeed like to see him in Phnom Penh. The trip was arranged within a week or so, and a date was set. Alas, at the end of July, a couple of weeks before Harriman was due in Phnom Penh, two American planes dropped some bombs on the Cambodian village of Thlok Trach, only a thousand yards from the Vietnamese border, according to the ill-defined maps our Army intelligence people used, and two days later two similar incidents took place just as several foreign diplomats were inspecting the area. There was some suspicion that the bombing was instigated by Americans who opposed any rapprochement with Cambodia. In any event, American representatives expressed regret but foolishly said that *their* maps had shown the villages to be in South Vietnam. Not unexpectedly, Sihanouk furiously cancelled—or, at least, postponed—the Harriman visit. As it turned out, Harriman never did make the trip, although in January, 1968, Chester Bowles, who had been the American Ambassador in India, paid the Prince a visit. But it was not until July, 1969, four years after the formal diplomatic break with the Americans, that Sihanouk accepted a small American mission back in Phnom Penh.

IN March, 1969, the United States had begun the secret B-52 bombing of North Vietnamese border sanctuaries in Cambodia. A year later, following Sihanouk's sudden overthrow as chief of state, in April, 1970, by his Prime Minister, Lon Nol, came our invasion of the country. It seemed to me then, and seems to me now, that the temporary military benefits we derived from the bombing and the invasion, which so drastically widened the scope of the war, were insufficient reason for wreaking such terrible damage on Cambodia and further damaging our own moral prestige. The fact that Sihanouk did not protest the bombing and, apparently without seeing any contradiction, had condoned the use of the sanctuaries by the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong for four years, made little or no difference. In his desperate efforts to maintain his posture of neutrality even though he detested the Communists, Sihanouk was astute enough to realize that, whoever ultimately came out on top in Indo-China, the North Vietnamese and the Chinese would outlast the Americans, whose friendship and staying power he had decided he could not depend on. In a typical example of his shifts of viewpoint, Sihanouk has written in his memoirs, "In the sixties I never ceased . . . warning Khmer opinion that the acceptance of American aid would bring the extension to our territory of the Vietnamese war. The Americans, in fact, give nothing for nothing. They consider those who are under an obligation to them as their allies at the military level, i.e. they see in them in the long run a relatively inexpensive cannon fodder which will economize the precious life of their 'boys.' "

Sihanouk's last hope was that in China his friend Zhou Enlai would survive the Cultural Revolution and help him keep the Vietnamese Communists in check. Certainly the Prince himself could do nothing to stop the Vietnamese from stepping up their activity in the sanctuaries—establishing their main headquarters there for prosecuting the war, storing in jungle depots vast amounts of new supplies that had either come down the Ho Chi Minh Trail or been shipped north from Sihanoukville, and basing as many as four regular North Vietnamese divisions and at least a hundred thousand additional North Vietnamese and Vietcong troops at a time in a string of positions that stretched from northeastern to southeastern Cambodia. Sihanouk undoubtedly knew that Hanoi was encouraging guerrilla activity among the Cambodian Communists; in response, he had accused Khieu Samphan and two other leftist leaders of treason and other offenses, but there was little he could do beyond that. His acceptance of our secret bombing had, in fact, been foreshadowed by a comment he had made to Chester Bowles: "We don't want any Vietnamese in Cambodia. . . . We will be very glad if you solve our problem. We are not opposed to hot pursuit in uninhabited areas. . . . For me only Cambodia counts. I want you to force the Vietcong to leave Cambodia. In unpopulated areas, where there are no Cambodians—[in] such precise cases I would shut my eyes." Two months after the bombing began, he said at a press conference in Phnom Penh that he had not issued any protest because, among other reasons, "I was not in the know, because in certain areas of Cambodia there are no Cambodians."

It was questionable that Sihanouk didn't know what was going on, but it served his interests—just as it served the different interests of Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow—to say nothing about the bombing. But when word of it leaked out in the press the issue aroused hot protests, and the resulting furor, along with the subsequent invasion of Cambodia, did more than anything else to give the American anti-war movement fresh impetus, culminating in increased demonstrations in Washington and other cities and in the tragic killing of students at Kent State University. The debate about the wisdom of the bombing and the invasion also caused new, deep divisions in the troubled Washington bureaucracy—divisions that reached all the way to the White House and ultimately led to the resignation of three top aides of Henry Kissinger, President Nixon's national-security adviser. In "White House Years," the first of his two volumes of memoirs, Kissinger admits that he had some initial doubts himself about the wisdom of the bombing but at length decided that it was warranted, because it "saved American and South Vietnamese lives." Practically his only other comment is "We were wrong, I now believe, not to be more frank with congressional leaders."

If Kissinger's memoirs are sometimes self-serving, they are also revealing about the often deep-seated differences that existed among the top policymakers in Washington. They disclose the vacillation and irrationality that President Nixon constantly displayed in dealing with major issues and decisions, including many of his decisions on Cambodia. In reading the Cambodian sections of Kissinger's memoirs, one cannot help but be struck by the manner in which the United States misunderstood and mishandled Sihanouk. Whatever his personal conflicts, there was never any doubt about his deep concern for Cambodia and desire to save it from being swallowed up by one Communist power or another. It would have served us, and surely Sihanouk, better if we had forgone our often petty, niggling and haggling attitude and accepted his demands on, for example, border recognition. It would also have served both him and us better if we had expressed more forceful apologies for the inevitable border violations that took place. Moreover, we should have taken the initiative far sooner than we did in reestablishing relations with Cambodia and resuming aid, and not allowed the four-year hiatus to come about. (Sihanouk himself told me, in 1985, that he had made a mistake in allowing the rupture to go on much too long.) Many commentators, moreover, maintain, in retrospect, that we should have given Sihanouk more military and economic aid without strings. Finally, and most important, we should have done much more than we did to forestall the coup that overthrew Sihanouk in March of 1970 and led, at the end of April, to our ill-advised two months' invasion.

There is an increasing opinion among both military and political ex-

Your sport coat to bridge the seasons

Here's a grey herringbone sport coat you'll favor for its rich texture and light weight. The silk-wool blend was woven for us in Scotland. Our own craftsmen have tailored this comfortable 3-button model with patch pockets and welted edges. $320

Use your Brooks Brothers card, American Express or Diners Club

Price slightly higher from Denver west.

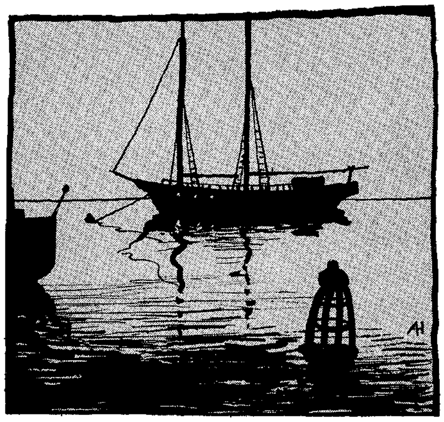
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys
346 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

perts that we should never have entered the Vietnam War if we were not determined to win. Almost everyone who spent any length of time in Vietnam has come to agree with this view; it is unrelated to arguments defending or opposing our involvement in the war in principle. Once we were committed, there is no doubt that we misused our troops just about as badly as we misplayed our political hand, and that is saying a lot. The sanctuaries in Cambodia were a major case in point. If we were going to go into them at all, most military experts now maintain, we should have done so far sooner—long before the North Vietnamese started to build them up and install concrete bunkers and underground hospitals and storage depots in a whole string of border bases, and before they started constructing the elaborate network of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, including the many extensions they used so artfully from about 1968-69 on. In 1971, I summed up my feelings in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, then headed by J. William Fulbright, the outspoken Arkansas Democrat, who was among those who had turned against the war at an early date. "Having fought the wrong kind of war," I said, "we didn't even fight the wrong kind of war right."

THE 1970 coup that ousted Sihanouk caused him to commit perhaps the biggest blunders of his dexterous and daredevil political career, and thus led the North Vietnamese to move deeper inside Cambodia and helped provoke the American invasion —all in the space of two months. This has always seemed to me as important, and as disastrous, a period as any in the long war. It marked the end of Cambodia's and Sihanouk's nearly thirty-year struggle to remain neutral and independent. The tragic events that ensued—above all, the victory of the Khmer Rouge and the reign of terror it imposed, but also the Vietnamese invasion of 1978 and what is happening today—can all be seen as having their origin in what took place over that brief, catastrophic span.

The stage was set early in January, 1970, when Sihanouk, with his Eurasian wife, Monique, and an entourage of eleven, left Phnom Penh for the French Riviera, where he went every year or two to "take the cure" for his obesity and various ailments, real or imagined. He left behind a pile of domestic economic and political problems that he felt he could handle from abroad. This was his first miscalculation. For a number of months, and perhaps as long as two or three years, Prime Minister Lon Nol and First Deputy Prime Minister Sirik Matak, who was Sihanouk's cousin, had been conspiring against him. They objected chiefly to his connivance in the military use of the sanctuaries by the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, which enabled those around him in the palace—and some of the top military men (including Lon Nol himself, according to Sihanouk)—to siphon off profits from the shipment of arms and rice to the Communist hideouts through Sihanoukville and two smaller ports. After Sihanouk's departure, a number of state enterprises that he had set up were dismantled, and both foreign and domestic trade restrictions were eased. A series of demonstrations, inspired by Lon Nol and Sirik Matak, against the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong culminated, on March 11th, in a huge demonstration in front of the North Vietnamese and Vietcong Embassies in Phnom Penh. (Sihanouk had granted separate recognition to each.) Both buildings were sacked, and over the next few days anti-Vietnamese demonstrations in the city reached riot proportions. An order was issued for all Communist troops to leave the country by March 15th—an order that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong naturally ignored.

On March 10th, having been released from the hospital in southern France in good health, Sihanouk had gone to Paris, where he had an audience with President Georges Pompidou. When he heard that the two Embassies had been attacked, he cabled his mother, Queen Kossamak (his father, the King, had died in 1960), "I am sure that this grave event was willed and organized by individuals who wish irremediably to destroy the friendship of Cambodia with the socialist bloc and to throw our country into the arms of an imperialist capitalist power." He accused these individuals of having taken advantage of his absence "to pursue their personal and family interests" as well as "to carry out their designs," and he added that he would return at once to Phnom Penh, to rally support for his cause or, if the people so willed, to resign as chief of state. On March 12th, however, he received a message from Sirik Matak informing him that Prince Kantol, another cousin of Sihanouk's and a sometime Prime Minister, was being sent to Paris as a special emissary. Sihanouk replied that he would refuse to meet with Kantol. As he told me the story in 1985, "they wanted me to stay in Paris while they—Matak and Lon Nol—handled the problem. They were ready to offer me sixty thousand francs a month. Nothing was said about my remaining head of state. I refused to see Kantol, because no one could buy me off."



Sihanouk told me, further, "I knew that if I went back I would be arrested and assassinated. I had learned this from the royal police, who had previously warned me that I would be deposed unless I obtained foreign aid—if not from the Americans, then from the Communist powers. There were two contingency plans—to arrest me at Phnom Penh if I arrived there or, if I went to Siem Reap, to take me off into the forest near Angkor Wat and kill me. So it was not a mistake, as people have said, for me not to return. My mistake was in misjudging the hearts and minds of my Army officers, because they always wanted the United States to be with them. They had this nostalgia for American aid. I had tried to get a resumption of aid from Washington in 1969, after relations were reëstablished. I also wanted to persuade the United States to use me as an intermediary with Hanoi in the cause of peace—to serve as a bridge. I wanted Cambodia to avoid war at any cost, and I wanted to play a role. It wasn't a matter of pride, it was a practical proposal—to buy enough time. But time was running out. So I felt I had to go to Moscow and Peking to try to get aid or obtain the help of the Communist powers in at least reducing the North Vietnamese presence in Cambodia. It wasn't very skillful or wise of me, perhaps, but I felt I had no choice."

By this time, Sihanouk was in a state of near-panic. There are those who feel that, despite the threats against his life, he should have taken the chance of returning to Phnom Penh, where he enjoyed sufficient prestige and popularity to regain control over the situation and prevent the coup that took place on March 18th—or that, at least, he should have stayed in Paris. But on March 13th the Prince flew off to Moscow, where he met with Leonid Brezhnev, Aleksei Kosygin, and Nikolai Podgorny, the three top Soviet officials. “I told them that I needed a lot of aid at once to let my army know I was trying,” Sihanouk said to me. “The Russians agreed to give me some jeeps, weapons, and tanks but said it would take five months for anything to reach Cambodia. That was too slow. I also told Prime Minister Kosygin that the Vietnamese Communists should be called out of the sanctuaries, because I could no longer close my eyes to what was going on. Kosygin refused to intervene, saying that to do so would be to stab the Vietnamese in the back. I thought this was nonsense. President Podgorny advised me to return at once to Phnom Penh instead of going on to Peking. He said a special Soviet plane was ready to fly me home. The President appeared to be put out and a little disappointed when I refused. I wondered if his disappointment was due to the fact that I had escaped the trap laid by my enemies.” On March 18th, after five days in Moscow and with no positive results, he left for Peking. As he was driving to the airport, Prime Minister Kosygin informed him that, according to a diplomatic cable just received, he had been deposed as chief of state by the unanimous vote of the ninety-two members of the Cambodian National Assembly. For once, the Prince was silent.

In Peking, Zhou Enlai gave Sihanouk the usual warm, welcoming hug in front of virtually the entire diplomatic corps, which had turned out at the airport to greet him. Zhou assured the Prince at once that as far as China was concerned he was still Cambodia’s chief of state—and not Cheng Heng, the Assembly chairman, who had been chosen by the rebellious Assembly to replace him. Then Zhou settled Sihanouk and his entourage in a complex that the Prince later described: “My private residence was a vast and luxurious dwelling, with numerous servants, a brigade of talented cooks, a well-equipped secretariat, and all the services of a royal palace—car park, maintenance personnel for the buildings and gardens, sporting installa-

MONT
BLANC
THE ART OF WRITING
MONTBLANC

MONTBLANC
THE ART OF WRITING

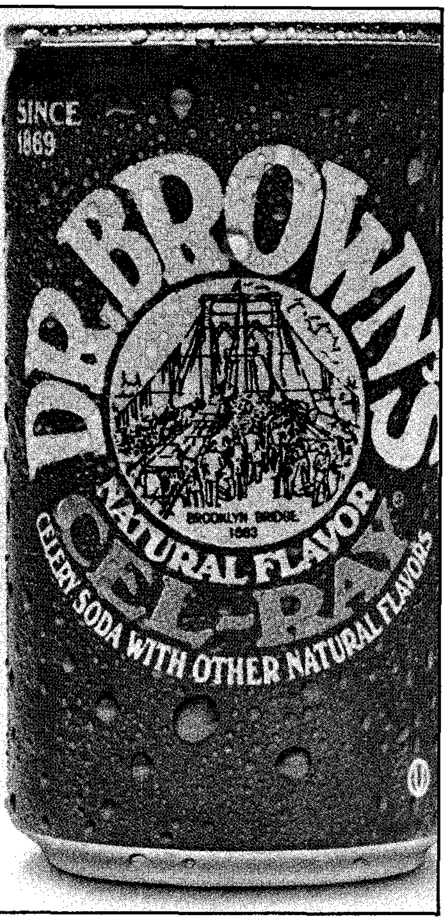
MASTERPIECE
(Known the world over as “Meisterstück”)

– the pride of the MONTBLANC Collection – is probably the most famous writing instrument of our times. Representing the best in design, it combines technical excellence and perfect styling – from the piston-filling system to the 14 carat gold nib and the gold-plated fittings.
MONTBLANC MEISTERSTÜCK – a classic of the future.

Exclusive U.S. and Canadian Representative
KOH-I-NOOR RAPIDOGRAPH, INC.
100 North St., Bloomsbury, NJ 08804

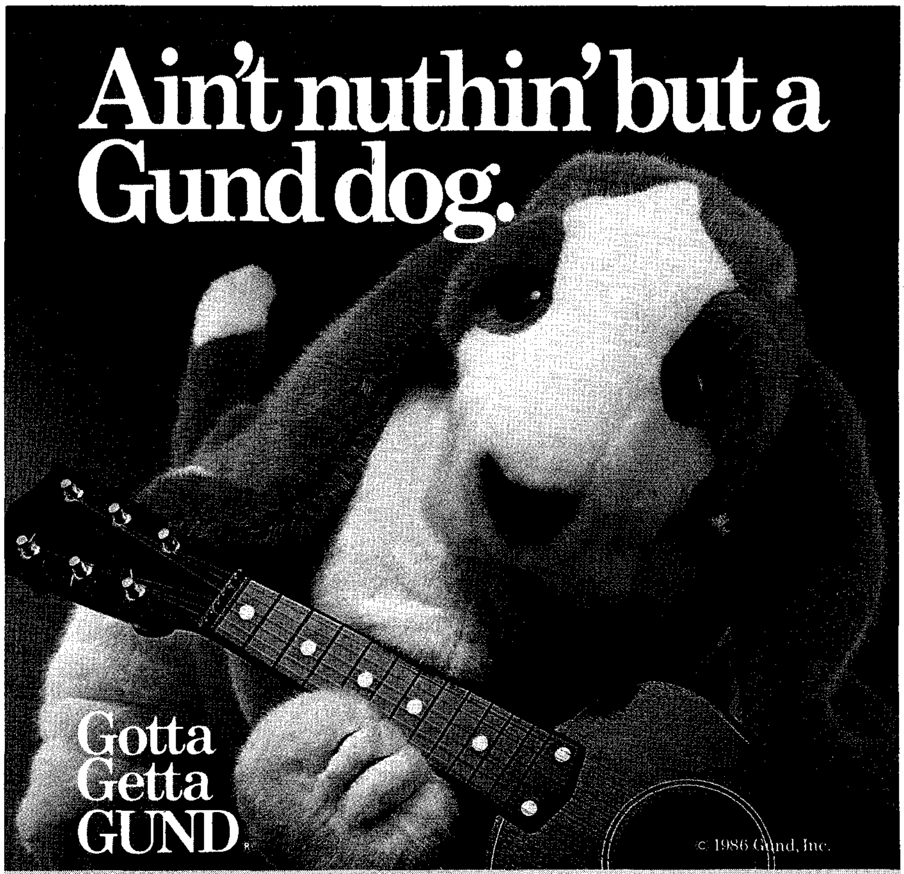
In Canada: 1815 Meyerside Dr.,
Mississauga, Ont. L5T 1G3

"There is nothing made by the hand of man that cannot be improved–except Dr. Brown's Soda."
—Dr. Brown



THE PERFECT SOFT DRINK

© 1986 KBI, P.O. Box 87, College Point, NY 11356.



This rock 'n roll Basset's name is Merciful.
And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and infants' stores.
Gund, Inc., P.O. Box H, Edison, New Jersey 08818.

tions, cinema, etc. . . . The fact is that the more I found myself dependent on Chinese generosity, the more I felt embarrassed and humiliated. . . . Before March, 1970, I was truly the equal of Zhou and of Mao, for I was the leader of a very proud and very independent nation. Henceforth, I was no more than a fictive head of state, a 'landless Johnny' sponging on a state which was very friendly, certainly, but foreign."

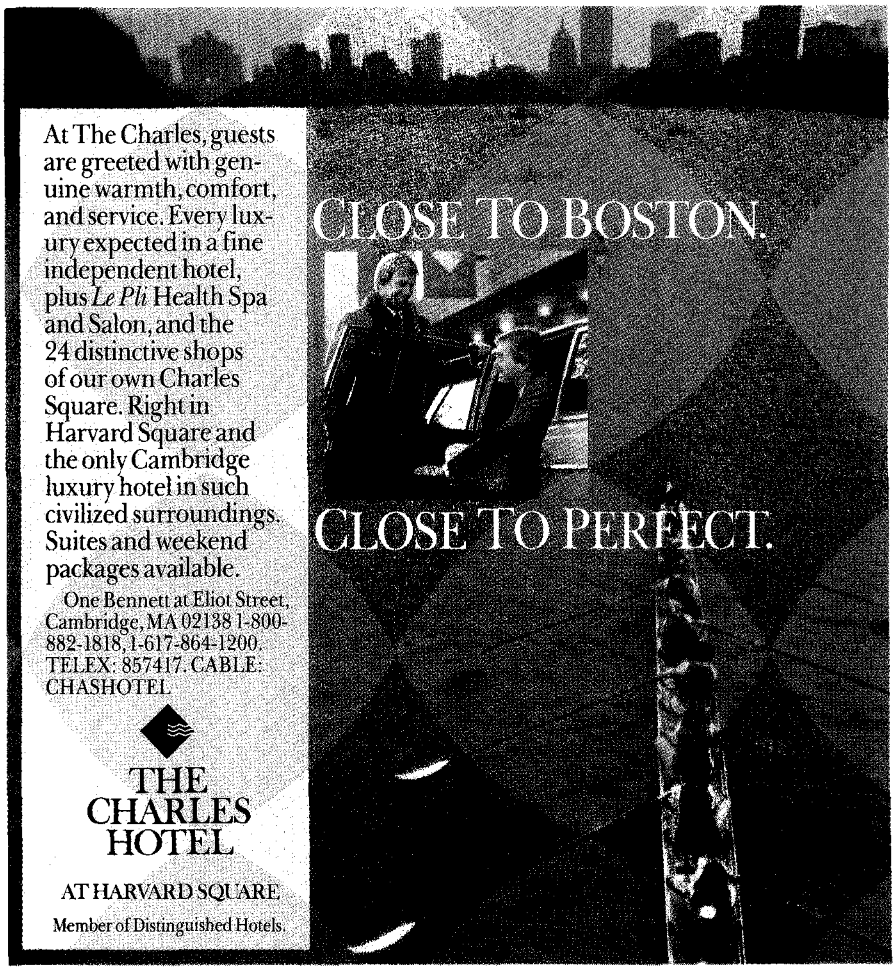
In "White House Years," Kissinger, who has been called by some the architect of both the secret bombing and the invasion of Cambodia, virtually professes ignorance of the events taking place there at this time. He refers to the "bravado" of Lon Nol and Sirik Matak in challenging "the far superior . . . forces of the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong." Of Sihanouk's crucial week of hesitation in Paris, he writes, "The United States also believed and preferred . . . that Sihanouk's bold reëntry into Phnom Penh to face down his opponents would have turned the tide of events and was in everybody's best interest." Not only did the United States have nothing to do with planning the coup, Kissinger writes—a statement that accords with everything I have been able to find out—but the coup "was hardly as purposeful as some imagine, or as effectual as others pretend." The Americans, with no intelligence personnel inside Cambodia, lagged far behind events. "We did not even grasp [the coup's] significance for many weeks," he says. "The motivations of the principal actors in Phnom Penh were quite obscure to me."

This may be true, and if so it simply underlines the failure of the United States to do anything to prevent Sihanouk's dashing off to Moscow and Peking. At a time when he desperately needed help—feeling double-crossed, let down, cornered and frightened—the United States, despite all its brave talk about Cambodia, did little or nothing to come to his defense. In fact, we were ready, as usual, to go along with right-wing generals like Lon Nol and his miserable and corrupt brother Colonel Lon Non, who also played a part in the Cambodian dénouement. Sihanouk's loss was, accordingly, our loss, too, but it was *his* country that was going down the drain.

Once in Peking, Sihanouk condemned the United States as "the principal and sole culprit responsible for the war and political instability in the three countries of Indo-China." With Zhou Enlai's approval, Sihanouk established a New Revolutionary Movement, including Khieu Samphan and two other leftists he had previously accused of treason, and announced the creation of a National Liberation Army to overthrow the Lon Nol government. In the last week of April, he organized a summit and miraculously managed to arrange the attendance of Prince Souphanouvong, the head of the Laotian Patriotic Front; Nguyen Huu Tho, the chairman of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam; and Pham Van Dong, the Premier of North Vietnam. Each was accompanied by a sizable delegation, and, unfortunately, the well-organized Communists at the meeting quickly took it over. The upshot was that Sihanouk found himself in the role of a host who becomes odd man out.

By this time, events in Cambodia had proved the Lon Nol government to be incapable of coping with what confronted it. The Americans realized, too late, that the coup had been a mistake and that they should have tried harder to prevent or preëmpt it. As North Vietnamese troops moved deeper into the country, not only was the government unable to hold them back but the Khmer Army reacted to the situation by massacring hundreds, then thousands, of Vietnamese who had lived for years in Cambodia. The North Vietnamese troops stepped up their attacks, and by the third week of April they controlled a good part of the nation, including "liberated areas" around Phnom Penh, where they were joined by some Khmer Rouge troops. The Americans and the South Vietnamese thus faced the sudden prospect of the fall of Cambodia, with Sihanouk returning to Phnom Penh astride a Red horse, and the whole process of Vietnamization in South Vietnam and the scheduled withdrawal of American forces jeopardized. And so the stage was set for the American invasion of Cambodia, which was presented to the American people as a heroic move instead of the act of desperation it was.

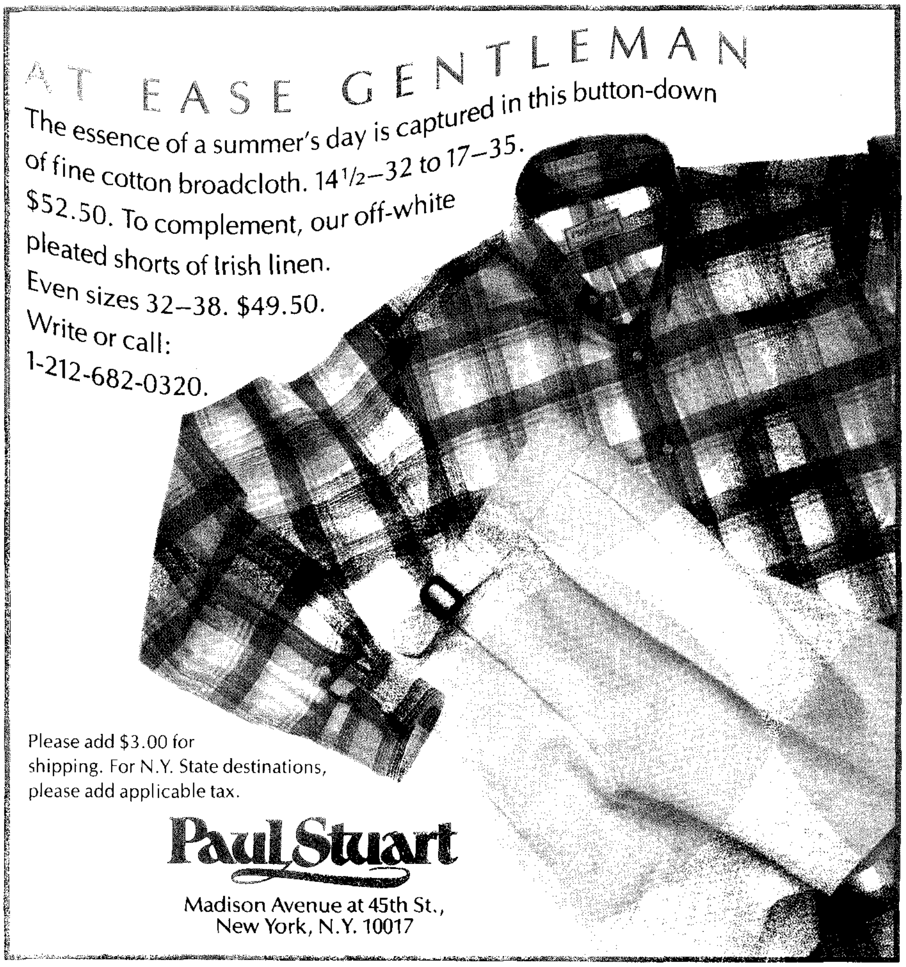
AFTER a long and painful debate in Washington, which included top officials in the White House, the decision was made to invade Cambodia to a distance of twenty-one miles. The attacks on two key Cambodian areas, known, from their topographical features, as the Parrot's Beak and the Fishhook, began on April 29th and were later extended to a number of



CLOSE TO BOSTON.
CLOSE TO PERFECT.
At The Charles, guests are greeted with genuine warmth, comfort, and service. Every luxury expected in a fine independent hotel, plus *Le Pli* Health Spa and Salon, and the 24 distinctive shops of our own Charles Square. Right in Harvard Square and the only Cambridge luxury hotel in such civilized surroundings. Suites and weekend packages available.

One Bennett at Eliot Street, Cambridge, MA 02138 1-800-882-1818, 1-617-864-1200. TELEX: 857417. CABLE: CHASHOTEL

THE CHARLES HOTEL
AT HARVARD SQUARE
Member of Distinguished Hotels.

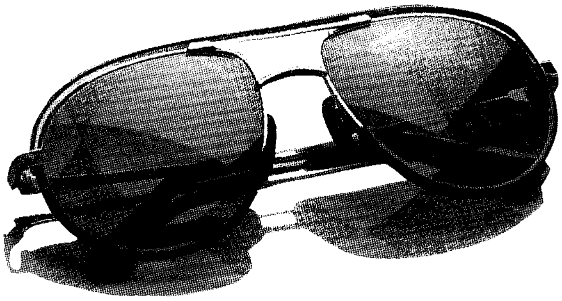

AT EASE GENTLEMAN

The essence of a summer's day is captured in this button-down of fine cotton broadcloth. 14½–32 to 17–35. $52.50. To complement, our off-white pleated shorts of Irish linen. Even sizes 32–38. $49.50. Write or call: 1-212-682-0320.

Please add $3.00 for shipping. For N.Y. State destinations, please add applicable tax.

Paul Stuart
Madison Avenue at 45th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10017

The French have a word for it: Meridien.
It's the right place—the very heart of Houston's business district. With the right service—a most extraordinary attention to detail. In addition to the most superb French cuisine in Le Restaurant de France. 400 Dallas Street in Allen Center (right across from historic, jog-worthy Sam Houston Park). Call (713) 759-0202. Your travel agent knows. Or call (800) 543-4300. In NY City, (212) 265-4494. Telex 762-544.
HOTEL MERIDIEN HOUSTON
Travel Companion of Air France
Boston • Montreal • New Orleans • Newport Beach • New York • San Francisco • Vancouver
Opening Soon: Los Angeles • Mexico City

ELLESSE STYLE.
THE EYES HAVE IT.

The Ellesse philosophy is reflected in each pair of sunglasses. Only 250 sets will be available worldwide for men and women. Each is hand crafted with gold and leather or lizard trims. Their tempered-crystal, no distortion lenses adjust to light conditions and a goat skin leather packaging system protects them when not in use. $275.
ellesse
The Ellesse Boutiques
Palm Beach
331 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida 33480 Telephone (305) 833-6166
Newport Beach
Atrium Court, 24 Fashion Island, Newport Beach, California 92660, Telephone (714) 760-3010
For more information call our Customer Service Department at (212) 840-6111.

other base areas. There is no need here to go into the details of the invasion, which, according to plan, lasted two months, until June 30th. It succeeded to the degree that it disrupted important North Vietnamese bases, costing Hanoi a substantial amount of war matériel and forcing it to move its mobile headquarters, the Central Office for South Vietnam, deeper into the jungle. The invasion probably set back the North Vietnamese timetable in South Vietnam a few months, temporarily bolstered the process of Vietnamization, and saved some American lives. But it scarcely encouraged Hanoi to negotiate a broader peace, including Cambodia as well as Vietnam, as Nixon and Kissinger had hoped, and simply postponed the day of reckoning for the weak and ineffectual Lon Nol regime. Kissinger maintains that the decision to invade was "not a moral issue" but a tactical choice, and that if we had not gone into Cambodia it would have fallen to the Communists in 1970 instead of 1975. At the same time, he admits that "Cambodia was ultimately the victim of the breakdown of our democratic political process," and that the debate over the invasion precluded "any coherent strategy." He also admits that from a "mélange of North Vietnamese determination, Cambodian rivalries, and American internal conflicts, everything followed with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy until there descended on that gentle land a horror that it did not deserve and that none of us have the right to forget." One wonders how Kissinger could have concluded that the invasion was not a moral issue.

As much as anything else, the invasion stimulated the growth and development of the Khmer Rouge, which the North Vietnamese encouraged once their forces in the country had spread farther west. Within a matter of months—much sooner than they had anticipated—the Cambodian Communists were able to take over a greater share of waging the war, and the North Vietnamese, though they continued to play an important role, were able to withdraw their main offensive units and concentrate once again on their campaign in South Vietnam. There remains little doubt that the widening of the war in 1970 stemmed from the overthrow of Sihanouk, and that this increased rather than diminished Hanoi's determination to gain control over Cambodia (as well as Laos), and also encouraged the

Khmer Rouge. Whether Sihanouk could have forestalled—or, at least, ameliorated—the worst depredations of the Khmer Rouge is difficult to judge. Over the short run, he might have; over the long run, probably not. The Communists might have killed him at the outset, without fear of the consequences, or they might have used him for their own purposes, as they did anyway, both before and after he returned to Phnom Penh from Peking in September, 1975.

The history of Cambodia between 1970 and 1975 is full of obscurities, misunderstandings, lost opportunities, and further distress as the country grew more chaotic. For the Americans and their new Chinese friends, jointly seeking a peaceful solution in which Sihanouk would be the centerpiece of a new coalition government, it was a period of frustration and failure. The Russians and the North Vietnamese simply sat back and adopted a hard, no-compromise position. The major beneficiary of that was the Khmer Rouge, moving swiftly toward a military victory with the help of Hanoi's troops, and the principal victims were the Cambodian people. The Cambodians could do little to escape the political maelstrom they were caught in, which they scarcely comprehended, and if their sufferings were nothing compared with the murder and mayhem that lay ahead they were nevertheless being severely punished by the continued American bombing, the spreading ground fighting, and the repressive actions of the Khmer Rouge and North Vietnamese forces in the countryside, who, as they captured more territory, impressed the peasants into military or work brigades. During these five years of uncertainty and incipient doom, the elusive thread once again remained Sihanouk, the perennial survivor. His behavior and performance continued to bewilder both his friends and his foes, but, as always, he managed to avoid death or oblivion—of which the latter would have been far more awful for him to contemplate.

During those five years, I was in and out of Cambodia a dozen times, and each time it seemed to me that the situation either had remained on dead center or had deteriorated. The Cambodian Army had grown to two hundred and fifty thousand, and was still receiving about two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of American aid a year, but the troops lacked spirit and initiative. Complacency was abetted by nepotism and corruption, and the civilian government was in an equally sorry state. As in South Vietnam, there was no clear-cut military strategy or tactics, and the war had become far too fluid and confused to enable any kind of village reconstruction to be undertaken.

Sporadic American efforts were made to promote a ceasefire on the ground, accompanied by a halt in our bombing, so that negotiations to end the Cambodian war and establish some sort of compromise government could be started, but by now the Communists were confident enough of victory to refuse to coöperate. As a result, the American bombing continued, and once again became a source of bitter debate, this time over the accuracy of our targeting. A secret communications center at the American Embassy in Phnom Penh coördinated the attacks, acting as a relay point: American officers at the Embassy used a radio telephone system linking the Cambodian general staff, the American Seventh Air Force, based in Thailand, and battlefield command-and-control planes, including forward air spotters near the target areas in Cambodia's eastern and southeastern provinces. In the second volume of his memoirs, "Years of Upheaval," Kissinger vehemently denies that the B-52 operations were conducted "sloppily," and insists that the Seventh Air Force controlled them with the utmost care, relying on "up-to-date photography, precision radar, and infrared sensors." He admits that there were "tragic accidents," but only "two serious ones" and no "systematic bombing of civilians." The situation was much worse than that. I was in the Embassy in Phnom Penh when two staff members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee spent five frustrating days trying to find out what actually went on there. Only after cabling Senator Stuart Symington, in Washington, did they obtain enough coöperation from Embassy officials to ascertain that the Americans in Phnom Penh were indeed playing a key role in planning the attacks, and that, as Cambodian civilian witnesses had been telling correspondents for some time, the casualty rates were high because the targeting was often way off.

BEYOND the issue of the bombing, and what was by now the almost hopeless situation of the Cambodian government forces, Sihanouk himself unfortunately posed the biggest problems. Kissinger maintains, in retro-

Waikiki experts

Outrigger is the largest hotel chain in Waikiki with 6,000 rooms among 18 hotels.

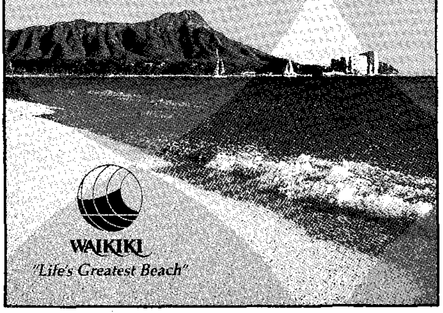
Rates range from $22/night for budget-minded fun to $165/night for luxurious beachfront suites.

For the Waikiki that's just right for you, contact the experts. See your travel agent or call us toll-free.

1-800-367-5170

Outrigger HOTELS HAWAII

The Waikiki experts



L.L.Bean®

L.L.Bean
Summer 1986

FREE Summer Catalog

Features quality apparel and footwear for men and women who enjoy the outdoors. Camping, canoeing and cycling equipment. Furnishings and accessories for camp, cottage or backyard. All honestly described and fully guaranteed to give 100% satisfaction. Our 74th year of providing dependable mail order service. **We pay all regular shipping and handling charges.**

☐ Send for FREE Summer Catalog
or call TOLL FREE 800-221-4221 Ext. 44

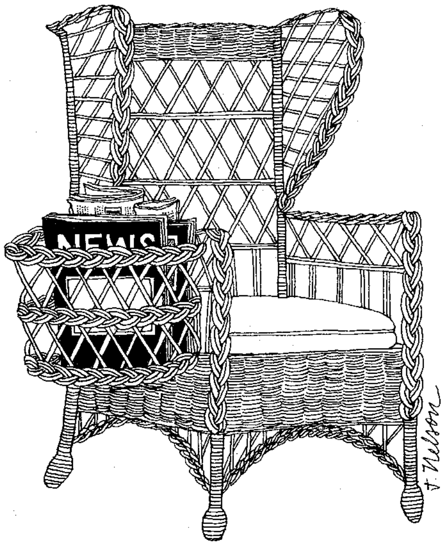
Name________
Address________
City________
State____ Zip____

L. L. Bean, Inc., 827 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

spect, that, "whatever desire Sihanouk may have had for conciliation, he was himself a prisoner of the Khmer Rouge and of his own 1970 declaration of total war against the Cambodian government." Even after the United States and North Vietnam had reached a peace agreement in January, 1973, the Prince intransigently declared that he would never make a deal with Lon Nol, and that what would determine Cambodia's future would be "the Cambodian resistance, which is operating in the interior"—by which he meant Khieu Samphan and a handful of other leaders who had returned to Cambodia and were leading the resistance in the jungle. And in March, 1973, when Sihanouk visited a "liberated zone" in northern Cambodia for a few days, the Khmer Rouge cleverly publicized his presence to exploit his standing abroad, meanwhile undermining it at home, and refusing to disseminate what he said inside Cambodia. At the same time, aware of his wide following in the country, they quietly conducted a systematic purge of pro-Sihanouk elements.

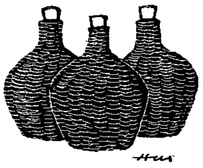
None of this pleased Zhou Enlai and the Chinese, who felt that Sihanouk was still the best bet to help them, and still were dead set against letting Hanoi dominate Cambodia. Accordingly, the Chinese kept urging Sihanouk to cast his lot more fully with the Khmer Rouge. Concerning the Americans, Sihanouk continued to be ambivalent, as he had so often been before. In an interview, in late 1984, with two American scholars, David Ablin and Marlowe Hood, he admitted that he had made mistakes but maintained that as early as 1972, when the American-Chinese "honeymoon" had just begun and the Khmer Rouge was still relatively weak, Zhou and the North Vietnamese "wanted me to go back home to Phnom Penh in order to preside over a tripartite national reconciliation government with Sihanoukians, Lon Nolians . . . and the Khmer Rouge." In my 1985 discussion with him in New York, Sihanouk said, "Zhou suggested to Kissinger in 1972 that there be negotiations to set up such a coalition government. Hanoi favored the idea at the time because the Vietnamese felt themselves spread too thin throughout Indo-China. But Kissinger said no. He said the Americans were going to Peking for bilateral negotiations and didn't want to bother with Sihanouk." Kissinger says nothing in his book about this earlier episode. In any event, Kissinger makes it clear that by early 1973 he and Zhou Enlai were working together closely to bring about Sihanouk's return to Cambodia, and that the strongest card in the Sino-American hand then was the continuing American bombing, which, Kissinger maintained, was preventing a Khmer Rouge victory. But when Congress began moving in April to halt the bombing and end American military operations throughout Indo-China the whole deal fell apart. Despite an adamant refusal by Le Duc Tho to discuss a Cambodian ceasefire in his private peace talks with Kissinger about Vietnam, Kissinger writes, a halt to the fighting in Cambodia seemed imminent, to be followed by Sihanouk's return to deal with "existing political forces so as to give himself room to maneuver between them and the Communists." He adds, "We nearly made it, with all that it would have meant for Cambodia's future. But our inability to maintain domestic support"—presumably for continued bombing of Cambodia—"was to doom our proposal and Cambodia, and to shake Zhou Enlai's position at home to its foundation." He concludes by saying, "Congress thus doomed Sihanouk as surely as it did the Phnom Penh government."

It was probably far too late by then to mount the sort of diplomatic offensive in Cambodia that Kissinger had in mind. Once again, the United States had missed the boat. While Sihanouk, by aligning himself too closely with the Khmer Rouge, had compounded his earlier mistake of not returning to Phnom Penh, Kissinger, for his part, made the mistake of not moving sooner to help Sihanouk. By early 1973, the Khmer Rouge and the North Vietnamese were riding too high to be receptive to any compromise involving Sihanouk and the Americans. Some seventy Communist battalions were within a forty-mile radius of Phnom Penh and were sporadically subjecting the city, and also several nearby provincial capitals, to rocket barrages. The end was clearly in sight for the republican regime of Lon Nol in Cambodia as well as for South Vietnam.



Sihanouk made another near-fatal mistake in September, 1975, when, five months after the victory of the Khmer Rouge, he returned to Cambodia as a figurehead chief of state. As the terror mounted and the internal killing increased, the Khmer Rouge had to make sure that Sihanouk would keep silent and out of sight. Undoubtedly, there were some Cambodian Communists who would have preferred to kill him, and be rid of him once and for all. Sihanouk himself had earlier said that when the Khmer Rouge took over it would "spit me out like a cherry pit." But he was saved by whatever moderate voices there were, perhaps including that of Khieu Samphan. In Phnom Penh, the Prince and his family were kept under house arrest, first in his old palace and then in a guesthouse. Occasionally, he was trotted out to make an official statement of one kind or another, and soon after the Vietnamese invasion he was allowed to travel to the United Nations to speak in defense of the Pol Pot government, which the United Nations, then as now, recognized as "legitimate." When I saw Sihanouk in New York on a later United Nations visit, he maintained that his return to Cambodia after the Khmer Rouge took over was not a mistake. "I went back because I didn't want to be in exile," he said. "I requested the Khmer Rouge to let me come home the very day they entered Phnom Penh. I got Zhou Enlai to intervene in my behalf. The Chinese wanted me to be head of state. But the Khmer Rouge, though they gave me the designation, wanted to hide many things from me, I discovered. In April, 1976, I resigned voluntarily. I saw what was happening to my country, to my people, with all their liberties gone. I was put under house arrest and I was punished, and my relatives were killed or arrested. But I don't regret going back. It was my duty."

WHEN Sihanouk was asked, in the 1984 interview with Ablin and Hood, why the Khmer Rouge behaved so cruelly after its takeover, he pointed out that no one had expected its forces to be such "monsters" but that they were "very Stalinian" and were "maniacs," who acted as they did out of "much pride" and because they felt they were defending "the poor class." They were also determined to "reach total Communism in one leap forward," to be more extremist than the leaders of the Cultural Revolution or the Gang of Four, and to become the one Communist Party to achieve Communism "without a step-by-step policy, without going through socialism." Sihanouk's comments on the Cambodian Communists' behavior and the reasons for it were undoubtedly close to the mark. But the history and development of the several factions of the Communist Party in Cambodia remains highly complicated and confusing. The murder or disappearance of so many top leaders as a result of purges and intra-Party feuds over the years has left huge historical gaps that can probably never be filled. Another reason for the paucity of information is the obsessive secrecy that has characterized the lives of virtually all Cambodian Communists. To a considerable degree, this was a result of their deep mistrust of their Communist neighbors—especially the Vietnamese—but it was also a product of their deep mistrust of one another. In his useful book "Cambodia: 1975-1982," Michael Vickery, who first went to Cambodia in 1960 as a teacher of English in provincial high schools and has maintained an interest in the country ever since, reaches the conclusion that the excesses of the period after 1975 "lay in the very nature of a peasant revolution, which was the only kind of revolution possible in Cambodia." It was "a working out of strictly local contradictions," Vickery says, by a small, zealous vanguard leadership that, "perhaps out of shock," quickly and meekly gave up, once it seized power, whatever ideological goals it had set. In a provocative paragraph, Vickery writes, "It is certainly safe to assume that they [the Communists] did not foresee, let alone plan, the unsavory developments of 1975-1979. They were petit-bourgeois radicals overcome by peasantist romanticism and serve as a perfect illustration of Lenin's target in his strictures against 'petit-bourgeois revolutionism, which smacks of anarchism . . . and easily goes to revolutionary extremes, but is incapable of perseverance, organization, discipline, steadiness.' "



Vickery cites other scholars, among them Eric Wolf, a professor of anthropology at the City University of New York, to bolster the Marxist argument that a peasant revolution "without outside leadership" is bound to fail. The net result in Cambodia under Pol Pot was that the petit-bourgeois intellectuals, including those who had studied in France, like Pol Pot himself and Khieu Samphan, were pulled along and eventually pulled down by the very peasants they professed to lead. Rather than make use of the revolutionary potential of the cities, Wolf notes, the Cambodian revolutionaries murdered the urban intellectuals, including teachers and professional leaders, and destroyed the cities themselves, in accordance with the desires of the peasant rebels, for whom "the state is a negative quantity, an evil to be replaced . . . by their own 'homemade' social order." Since landlordism was not a particularly serious problem in Cambodia and large numbers of peasants came from a middle rather than a poor level, the Communists' anger was directed not at rural landlords but at the network of usurers in the towns and cities—a point that has perhaps been purposely ignored by Sihanouk. The only external force to propel the revolution along, in Wolf's analysis, was the Vietnam War and American intervention, which, by spilling over into Cambodia, encouraged the peasants to liberate themselves from their constraints in their own vindictive way.

According to this interpretation, then, which I find generally convincing, the peasant revolution in Cambodia, with its more or less populist motivation, simply ran amok and carried its inexperienced and unprepared leadership with it. The excesses, as Vickery points out, "did not spring forth from the brains" of Pol Pot and Khieu Samphan, or from whatever revolutionary theory these two leaders and others acquired in Paris, but were due primarily to the basic, simple contradictions and cleavages between Cambodia's rural and urban societies. What has been described as the "homemade" quality of Democratic Kampuchea led to some strange twists and turns both before and after Pol Pot and his group took over the country. Vickery points out that in April, 1977, when Ieng Sary, then the Khmer

© 1986 Sanofi Beauty Products, Inc.

Fifteen tiny minutes can undo what a cold or being tired does to your face.

Recette Merveilleuse
Masks for Face and Eyes

Direct from Paris come two of the world's richest masks: one for the face and one for the delicate eye area. Both are soothing, unctuous and non-drying. Filled with biological extracts and moisture, they work to restore resiliency, suppleness, softness. Both smooth away outward signs of tiredness as they provide a nourishing and revitalizing experience for face and eyes.

This dual mask program is as luxurious as a spa treatment. And just as rewarding as knowing you look your very best.

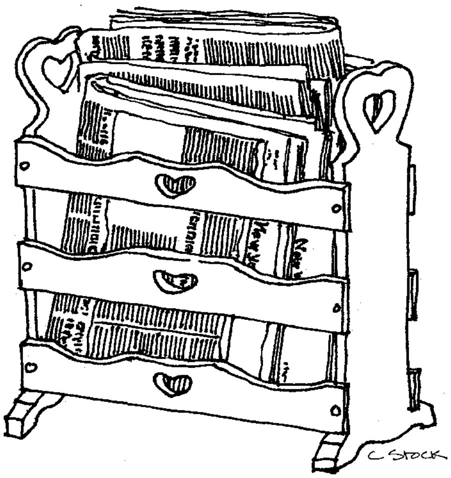
Stendhal
PARIS

macy's

Rouge Foreign Minister, told the ASEAN group of nations that " 'we are not Communists . . . we are revolutionaries' and do not 'belong to the commonly accepted grouping of communist Indochina,' he was being absolutely truthful," in his own fashion. Since 1979, Vickery adds, the Democratic Kampuchean (Khmer Rouge) remnants have moved closer to "the Asian capitalist countries," and have even renounced socialism in favor of a free-market economy and a pluralistic parliament. Whether this simply represents more cynicism and opportunism on Ieng Sary's part is difficult to tell, but it prompted Vickery to conclude by attributing at least equal cynicism to the United States. He writes that "the U.S. treatment of [Democratic Kampuchea], like its reaction to the Indonesian massacre of 1965 and the policy pursued in El Salvador, shows that mass murder is tolerable so long as it is on the right side—the bloodbath is then benign."

The United States has not gone as far as that in condoning the actions of Pol Pot. The immediate reaction of Sihanouk and most foreign observers to Pol Pot's announcement, last September, that he was retiring was to take it with caution and skepticism and to describe it as cosmetic; but there was some hope that it represented a real concession—on the part of the Chinese in particular, who have been the chief backers of the Khmer Rouge. The Vietnamese and the Heng Samrin regime in Phnom Penh had demanded the total removal of Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge as chief conditions for holding any peace talks to end the Cambodian war and establish a new coalition government, but by late 1985 Samrin and Hun Sen were less insistent on eliminating all elements of the Khmer Rouge. The fact that the Chinese hailed Pol Pot's retirement as "conducive to unity" in the struggle against the Vietnamese also appeared significant. It could indicate an awareness on the part of Peking, perhaps privately stimulated by Washington as well as by Moscow, that it has ceased to benefit from supporting Pol Pot, and that consequently it is ready to reach some sort of accommodation with Vietnam. This is what Mikhail Gorbachev has specifically urged on both countries since he took the reins in the Soviet Union. In any event, it will surely be some time before any real diplomatic results are likely to be seen, and in the meanwhile yet another dry-season offensive by the Vietnamese forces in Cambodia may be well under way.

Pol Pot remains, in real or feigned retirement, as mysterious and enigmatic a figure as ever. Scholars—notably Ben Kiernan, an Australian, who has spent a number of months in Cambodia since 1979 and is the author of "How Pol Pot Came to Power," published in 1985—are still trying to piece together the story of his life and his revolutionary career, so much of which is obscure, because, as Kiernan points out, "his rise . . . took place in a climate of uncertainty and terror." Although there is no doubt that his name at birth was Saloth Sar, he has never admitted to it. His father was a well-off peasant, and he was the youngest of seven children. At the age of six, he spent a year as a novice in a Buddhist monastery in Phnom Penh, and that was followed by six years at a private Catholic school. At fourteen, having apparently failed an entrance examination for a Phnom Penh high school, he entered the Norodom Sihanouk High School in the province of Kompong Cham, and in 1949, after his graduation and a year of studying carpentry in Phnom Penh, he went to France on a technician's scholarship. Fellow Khmer students in Paris, including a number who became leaders of the revolution, described him as gentle and shy, with a "retiring personality." He took part, but not actively, in a Khmer student group called the Marxist Circle, which had loose ties to the French Communist Party, though actually it was more anti-royalist and pro-nationalist than socialist or Communist. Saloth Sar was not much of a student in Paris, but he did write several articles for left-wing publications, signing them "Original Khmer." In the summer of 1950, he spent a month in Yugoslavia, where he joined a work brigade and was impressed by the Yugoslavs' determination to remain independent from the Soviet Union.



When Saloth Sar returned to Cambodia early in 1953, Sihanouk had just declared martial law and dissolved the National Assembly, and was about to launch his Royal Crusade for Independence. Saloth Sar became the protégé of Tou Samouth, the leader of the Indo-Chinese Communist Party's Cambodian branch, which had been established by the Vietnamese in 1951, and after a period spent working in the rural areas he became Tou Samouth's personal secretary in Phnom Penh. In that post, he played an important part in holding the Party's small urban structure together at a time when Sihanouk was cracking down on all opposition and many Khmer Communists were either defecting or fleeing to Vietnam. From the outset, Saloth Sar had resented the Vietnamese domination of the Party, and in the fall of 1960 he and a score or so of the other members of the Khmer People's Revolutionary Party, meeting secretly in a room in the Phnom Penh railway station, adopted the temporary name of Workers' Party of Kampuchea. Saloth Sar, who by then had adopted the name of Pol Pot, was chosen the No. 3 man in the hierarchy, which was composed of an odd mixture of anti-royalist, French-educated intellectuals and leftists; people who had remained in Cambodia and had retained respect for Sihanouk's nationalism; and a few homegrown dedicated Communists, who later became the nucleus of the Pol Pot regime.

In July, 1962, Tou Samouth was seized in his supposed safe house in Phnom Penh and killed, and some believe that Pol Pot was involved in the kidnapping and murder. In any event, Pol Pot became acting secretary-general of what was by then called the Communist Party of Kampuchea. He at once set a course that was as independent as possible of the Vietnamese and that constantly enhanced his own power. After 1963, when he left Phnom Penh and took to the jungle, he travelled about constantly, and in 1964 he went up the Ho Chi Minh Trail to Hanoi, where he remained for several months. He held discussions with top Vietnamese officials, apparently including Le Duan, who was Ho Chi Minh's No. 2 man. From Hanoi, Pol Pot travelled to Peking, where he spent several more months. According to Ben Kiernan's account, Sihanouk, who was also there, was unaware of Pol Pot's presence (Sihanouk himself confirms this), and the two men did not meet. However, Pol Pot held several long talks with Deng Xiaoping, the Communist Party Secretary, who most likely urged him to refrain from armed rebellion against Sihanouk—as had the Vietnamese, though for different reasons. Apparently not knowing how Pol Pot felt about the Vietnamese, the Chinese, for their own reasons, wanted to cause a rift between the Vietnamese and Cambodian factions of the Communist Party.

IN the latter half of the sixties and the early part of the seventies, and particularly after the coup that overthrew Sihanouk in the spring of 1970, and the subsequent American invasion, the Khmer Rouge, under Pol Pot and his small group of revolutionary zealots, including several who acted like regional warlords, tightened its hold on the countryside. As it became stronger, it also grew more ruthless, and moderation gave way to extremism. Those suspected of counter-revolutionary activities were punished, or simply disappeared, or, sometimes, were executed on the spot. In rural areas, the "Democratic Revolution" was having an increasing effect: the organization of families into small work groups, the introduction of collectivization programs, the confiscation of crops, and enforced communal feeding became increasingly prevalent. Of the original Khmer cadre of several thousand who had spent years of training in Hanoi, perhaps a thousand had begun to straggle back to Cambodia, and these were among the people punished as counter-revolutionaries. The old, easy ways of conducting trade and commerce in a country where food, especially rice and fish, had always been plentiful were habits that proved difficult to eradicate. The Khmer Rouge therefore moved ever more stringently to introduce the "new system," without regard for local customs. Party monopolies were established over rice, salt, fuel, and cloth, and private ownership of land was abolished in many places, as the Party moved to insure that the state controlled everything. But there was nothing remotely resembling a cohesive plan to make these measures welcome, or even comprehensible, to the average peasant.

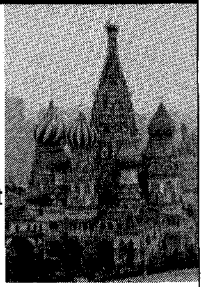
Ironically, the heavy American bombing of 1973, which destroyed a significant number of Communist troop units, also drove fresh village volunteers into the ranks, and so played into the hands of the extremists and helped seal the moderates' doom. Kiernan suggests that only the bombing "prevented what would otherwise have been an inevitable insurgent victory in 1973," and had that happened, he adds, the cities might never have been evacuated, as they were two years later, and the revolution that followed, with its ensuing horrors of murder, starvation, and death from disease, might not have got catastrophically out of hand. Moreover, Sihanouk, since much of his urban following was still intact and he still had considerable rural support, might well have been able to return to power once Lon Nol was removed. Such a return by Sihanouk, Kiernan adds, would have worked better than the plan being hatched by Kissinger and Zhou Enlai to bring him back to replace Lon Nol under a republican aegis—the failure of which Kissinger attributes to the bombing halt ordered by the United States Congress. It is possibly true that, as Kiernan also points out, had the Khmer Rouge extremists been restrained by victory, the revolution might have lost momentum and moved toward ultimate self-destruction. But I doubt whether an earlier Communist victory would have avoided the clash with the Vietnamese.

In any case, with the continued, if dwindling, help of the Americans, Lon Nol managed to hang on until April of 1975. In the middle of 1974, though, the Khmer Rouge central committee had taken the decision to launch the final offensive. By then, it was clear that, far from coördinating their offensives, the Vietnamese Communists and the Cambodian Communists were going their separate ways. Once Pol Pot had succeeded in overthrowing the Lon Nol regime, and the Americans had left, in mid-April, 1975, almost as ignominiously as they were soon to leave Vietnam, Pol Pot and the other Khmer Rouge leaders had hopes of seizing areas in Vietnam's delta which bordered on Cambodia and which the Cambodians had long coveted and still claimed were historically theirs (in fact, they laid claim to eighteen provinces in South Vietnam, including Saigon), but no one, least of all the Vietnamese, paid much attention. Nevertheless, emotions ran high enough to convince the Cambodians that the North Vietnamese, for their part, had plans to march on Phnom Penh after they had

Maupintour

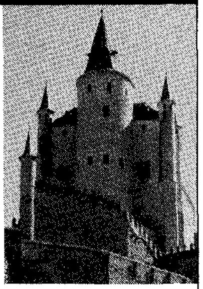
Discover a grand style of escorted travel. Small groups, professional manager, one price covers everything. Treat yourself to the best!

RUSSIA



19 to 22 days.
Russia and China,
Cities of Central Asia, Russia by Motorcoach,
Scandinavia/Soviet Union, Russian Art Treasures.

SPAIN/PORTUGAL



16 to 22 days.
Pousadas and Paradors, Spain and Portugal by Motorcoach,
plus Mallorca or Morocco.
Flamenco. Fado.

BRITISH ISLES

8 to 22 days.
London Theatre,
Britain by Rail,
Homes & Gardens,
Grand British Isles, Edinburgh Festival, Highlands & Islands, Ireland.

FREE TOUR BOOKS. For a copy of Maupintour's ☐ *Russia,* ☐ *Spain/ Portugal,* or ☐ *British Isles* brochures, call or check box and mail to Maupintour, 408 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022.

quality escorted tours since 1951 Maupintour

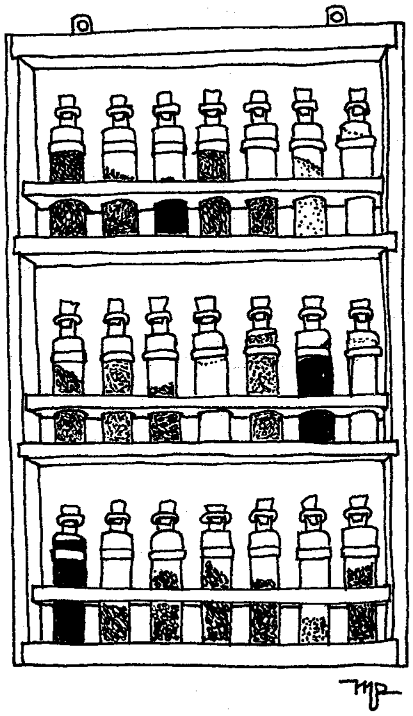
name
address
city
state/zip nyk-rsb-6

Telephone **212-688-4106**

captured Saigon. There was some justification for the Cambodians' fears, but not enough to account for their precipitate response, which cost them dearly and brought them more trouble than benefit. Pol Pot and the other ultra-chauvinistic Khmer leaders might have opposed the Chinese just as vehemently if Peking had interfered in Cambodian affairs as blatantly as the Vietnamese had been doing all along, but the Chinese were playing a much subtler, longer-term game. Quite a few Khmer who had studied in Hanoi and then gone on to China for extended periods may have sensed the direction of the future and comprehended the broad role in Southeast Asia which the Chinese had in mind; but in the Khmer Rouge as a whole there was far less fear—indeed, there was admiration—of the Chinese Communists than of the heavier-handed Vietnamese, who from the outset had not hidden their intention to dominate the whole of Indo-China. They had already taken over the more docile Lao; in fact, the Lao leaders were members of the Vietnamese Lao Dong (Workers) Party, which became the Communist Party of Vietnam. This, along with the age-old enmity between the Vietnamese and the Khmer, was reason enough for what happened next.

As soon as the Khmer Rouge captured Phnom Penh, Pol Pot called a special meeting of all the new Cabinet Ministers and newly designated regional and zonal chiefs. It was on this occasion that he ordered the evacuation of all cities and towns, the abolition of markets, and the dismantling of the old regime in every way possible, including the execution of all senior Lon Nol officials. In the name of the new Angka Loeu (High Organization), he also declared that all residents of Vietnamese descent in Cambodia were "welcome to return to their homeland." Some two hundred thousand Vietnamese, some of them Khmer-speaking, crossed into Vietnam and established themselves along the border or went further into the country, some of them as far as Saigon. (Many of them would later return to Cambodia, accompanied by other Vietnamese; this became a contentious issue, involving charges of Vietnamese "colonization.") As early as May, 1975, Cambodian troops attacked the Parrot's Beak region and invaded several islands off the southern coast of the Mekong Delta, including the strategic island of Phuquoc. These were all places the Cambodians had long claimed were theirs, and the more ambitious of Pol Pot's commanders also wanted to seize as much of the racially mixed area of the Khmer Krom border as possible before the Vietnamese Communists could move in. But the Vietnamese struck back swiftly, first driving the Cambodians off the islands and then setting up border patrols. In early June, Pol Pot told visiting Vietnamese leaders that "ignorance of local geography" had been the reason for the Cambodian attacks, but this was purely an excuse for the Cambodians to beat a temporary tactical retreat.

Though most of the subsequent fighting along the Cambodian-Vietnamese border consisted of quick thrusts and counterthrusts, or shelling attacks, the Cambodians held their own and were frequently the aggressors. Their troops obeyed Pol Pot's orders to do as much damage as possible, and to punish civilians as well as soldiers. By the fall of 1975, it was apparent that China viewed the burgeoning war as a serious anti-Vietnamese move, and Peking announced in September that it was extending Cambodia a billion dollars' worth of military and economic aid, interest-free, which included a twenty-million-dollar gift. This was said to be the largest amount that China had ever made available to another nation at one time. The Cambodians were obviously encouraged to keep up their attacks. With an Army whose morale at this time was probably higher than that of the war-weary Vietnamese they fought tenaciously and well. Hanoi made at least one serious effort after the initial round of fighting, to negotiate a peaceful settlement, which would include the establishment of a ten-kilometre demilitarized zone and the creation of an international supervisory body, but the cocky Phnom Penh government, with Peking's strong support, rebuffed the offer. By mid-1978, the Vietnamese forces in the area outnumbered the Cambodians seven or eight to one, and Khmer morale began to drop as the situation inside Cambodia deteriorated, and soldiers as well as civilians began fleeing to Thailand. As the tide turned, Hanoi continued to grind away at Pol Pot's forces, driving them deeper into Cambodia with each successive attack or counterattack. These attacks took an increasing toll, while the internal killing and terror, and the conditions of forced or natural starvation, were undoubtedly exacerbated as a result of the Vietnamese pressure.



At the same time, Pol Pot was encountering more political trouble as his house of cards, built on terror, began to fall apart. Beginning in 1976, there were a number of regional revolts, which he put down with his customary ruthlessness, but by the end of that year, or certainly by 1977, at least half of the original hard-core Communist leaders who had been with him throughout the revolution either had been murdered or had disappeared, as had a majority of the so-called "old Khmer Rouge" rank-and-file members. Moreover, a number of coup attempts had resulted in the loss of still more lives when the plots were discovered. Resistance efforts continued in 1977, and each time the unity of the Khmer Rouge was further shattered and its ranks were further depleted. Early in 1978, a significant rebellion occurred in the Western Zone and, not surprisingly, led to more executions. Some students of contemporary Cambodia, however, including an American named Steve Heder, who was in the country in 1979 and later, doubt whether there were really as many rebellions against the Pol Pot regime as Pol Pot claimed. Instead, Heder believes, scattered preëmptive measures were taken within the Party and the armed forces, because of the unpopularity of local leaders, who, for the most part, were acting on their own, and whom the Party did not trust. Heder writes, "So the purgers were always able to establish a temporary united front with the population against the local party leaders. The party center could say, 'These guys are a bunch of traitors. If you just help us get rid of these people, all the promises we've made are finally going to come true.' The population was, unfortunately, naïve enough to believe that."

Pol Pot apparently believed it himself, and, like so many tyrants before him, maintained that his basic policies were sound and that he was being betrayed by saboteurs and disloyal friends. (In 1981, according to Heder, he told a small group of intellectuals meeting near the Thai border, "I was too trusting of others"—in effect, saying that he should have struck sooner and harder against the "enemies," real or imagined, around him.) In the spring of 1978, following the rejection by the Cambodians of another Vietnamese offer to settle the border disputes through negotiation, the internal revolts came to a head in the Eastern Zone, where the most likely opponent of Pol Pot, a popular longtime leader named So Phim, was the Party chief. After several weeks of fighting and frenzied intra-Party skirmishing, So Phim, who was reported to be pro-Vietnamese, was killed under mysterious circumstances, and several thousand of his armed supporters fled across the border into Vietnam with Heng Samrin, who would soon become head of the new regime installed by Hanoi.

On Christmas Day, 1978, a month or so after the Eastern Zone rebellion subsided, the climactic Vietnamese attack began. It seems likely that Hanoi's decision to go all out instead of continuing to grind away was prompted by a Chinese determination to give the Cambodians still more military aid and encourage them to continue attacking across the southern Vietnamese border. Now the Chinese increased the buildup of their forces along the northern border of Vietnam—an effort culminating in China's seventeen-day invasion of Vietnam in February and March, 1979, in response to Vietnam's January takeover in Cambodia. Militarily, the Vietnamese were far more successful than the Chinese during this initial main phase of what has justifiably been called the third Indo-China war. It took the Vietnamese thirteen days to capture Phnom Penh, with relatively slight losses, while the Chinese, though they caused considerable damage in northern Vietnam, suffered many casualties themselves and scarcely achieved their aim of "teaching Vietnam a lesson." Seven years later, in 1986, the situation on the Sino-Vietnamese border remains tense, but the Chinese have failed to mount a second major attack. On the other hand, the Vietnamese by this time have been able to entrench themselves in Cambodia. Although the People's Republic of Kampuchea certainly has not prospered, it has endured and has slowly established some identity of its own, which at least furnishes an acceptable alternative to the dreaded return of the Khmer Rouge, with or without Pol Pot. Much of the population feels that the Heng Samrin government represents the lesser of two evils.

THE question of whose side time actually favors in Cambodia today remains, like everything else in that stricken country, highly complicated. Despite the apparent success of Vietnam's seventh dry-season offensive, ending in the spring of 1985, and the likelihood that an eighth offensive will once more at least disrupt and damage the scattered coalition forces, the war has now changed into what is primarily a guerrilla contest waged in the interior of the country. As General Le Duc Anh, the commander of Vietnamese forces in Cambodia and a member of the Politburo, stressed in an important article that appeared in the December, 1984, issue of the Vietnamese Army magazine, "The inland front . . . is the final place for deciding the success of the Cambodian revolution," though the so-called "border front" with Thailand affords points of entry and infiltration corridors "to pour forces and weapons inland for guerrilla and sabotage activities, seizing land, controlling the population, building counter-revolutionary forces, and so forth." Anh described the fighting within the country as "a fierce revolutionary struggle" that could prove "long and complicated."

Coming from General Anh, this can be read as a virtual admission of failure, and one wonders what the senior Vietnamese Army staff officers had originally expected of the Cambodians, whose capacity for resistance, especially when forced to the wall, they should have known. It is worth recalling that, at the outset of the serious fighting in Cambodia,

Our Alternative To $28. Button Down Shirts

$18.

OXFORD CLOTH BUTTON DOWN

Finest single needle tailoring. Seven button front, placket sleeve, breast pocket, double reinforced side seams and sleeves. Long sleeves or short sleeves. 100% cotton oxford cloth or 60/40 "Easy Care". Blue, white, yellow or pink.

$19.

OXFORD CLOTH TAPE STRIPE

Classic oxford university tape stripe. Blue stripe or burgundy stripe. 100% cotton oxford cloth or 60/40 "Easy Care". Long sleeves.

$19.50

BROADCLOTH END-ON-END

End-on-end chambray broadcloth weave--smooth, lightweight, pure cotton or 65 poly/35 cotton "Easy Care". Blue or pink. Long sleeves.

$19.50

BROADCLOTH STRAIGHT COLLAR

Fine single needle design. 3 inch classic straight collar, button cuffs, seven button front, double rear pleat, and removable collar stays. In pure pima cotton or 60/40 "Easy Care". White or blue. Long sleeves.

14½ (32-33)
15, 15½ (32-35)
16, 16½ (32-36)
17 (33-36)
17½ (34-36)

Made in U.S.A.

BKS

Monogram Available

Huntington Clothiers AC31

1285 ALUM CREEK DR. • COLUMBUS, OHIO 43209
Order Toll Free: 800-848-6203/Ohio 614-252-4422

Please send me the following shirts. Add $2.50 for ship. & ins. regardless of quantity. Add $3.00 ea. for monogram. Ohio res. add 5½% sales tax.

I prefer: ☐ 100% Cotton ☐ "Easy Care"
Oxf Lg Sl ____/____ Neck/Sleeve ____ Qty White ____ Qty Blue
____ Qty Yellow ____ Qty Pink
Oxf Sh Slv ____ Neck ____ Qty White ____ Qty Blue ____ Qty Yellow
Oxf Stripe ____/____ Neck/Sleeve ____ Qty Blue ____ Qty Burg.
End-On-End ____/____ Neck/Sleeve ____ Qty Pink ____ Qty Blue
Brcl Straight ____/____ Neck/Sleeve ____ Qty White ____ Qty Blue
Monogram (Left Cuff) @ $3.00 ea. ____ ____ ____
☐ Pers. Ck. ☐ Mstr. Chg. ☐ Visa ☐ Am. Exp.
Card No. ____________ Exp. Date ________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ________
Zip ____________ ☐ Send free catalogue please

General Vo Nguyen Giap, the hero of the French and American wars (who had been quietly put on the shelf), privately warned that it would take longer to subdue the Cambodians than some of the brash young Soviet-trained officers of the Vietnamese Army supposed.

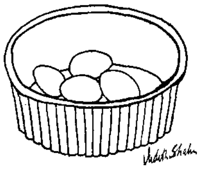
The ability of the fragile Cambodian coalition to build up and sustain a guerrilla army remains seriously in doubt. Following their defeat in January, 1979, the Khmer Rouge forces, then totalling about twenty thousand, retreated to the Thai border, where they set up camps in the northern and southwestern hills and began the difficult task of trying to create a new revolutionary image for themselves after the long years of harsh treatment to which they had subjected the Khmer people. Even for those of its forces who had managed to survive, the Khmer Rouge was scarcely able to provide the two basic necessities—food and security. The result was that between the fall of 1979 and the spring of 1980 about a third of the civilian population in the border areas controlled by Democratic Kampuchea disappeared. The Vietnamese captured, or "liberated," some; others were killed by Vietnamese shelling or bombing; and, surprisingly, the largest number fled voluntarily to Vietnamese-controlled zones rather than face an unknown future as refugees in Thailand.

Though Democratic Kampuchea received a fair amount of international economic aid during the 1979-80 period—especially food and medicines, most of which came in through Thailand—and Chinese arms strengthened the Khmer Rouge forces up to about forty thousand, the prospects for the coalition remained poor. Few Cambodians believed the claims made by the defeated government that a new line of moderation was to be adopted. Heder, who toured the border region at this time, quoted a Communist Party official who had been expelled from the Party in 1977 as saying, "The cadre who were responsible for the ultra-left line and the killings still grasp all power. Now suddenly they've changed one hundred per cent. . . . They could change back just as suddenly. . . . They don't accept any criticism or admit that they were wrong. They blame everything on others. How can you trust them?" The hated security apparatus and killer squads of the Khmer Rouge were still all around the camps, and a traumatic fear existed that there would be more killings and purges. Another person said to Heder that perhaps the worst was yet to come, and everyone would be "beaten to death and disposed of, except Pol Pot."

IN the spring of 1980, the wheels of Southeast Asia's complex political mechanism began to spin with even more than their usual velocity. Although they have been spinning ever since, no settlement is in sight. From the outset, the Vietnamese were uncertain about what course to adopt; that was one reason they had sought to negotiate at least a temporary resolution of the border crisis. As overseers of a ravaged country, they were disinclined to adopt the fractious Khmer as wards—especially before they had got their own newly unified country in working order. This disinclination had nothing to do with their long-term, unaltered aim of including Cambodia, along with Laos, in an alliance that they used to describe as an Indo-China federation but now preferred to refer to as "unity and coöperation among three like-minded socialist nations." In the early months, Hanoi's Politburo sent its top members—its best Army leaders and technical experts—to Phnom Penh. One of the first to arrive was Le Duc Tho, the No. 2 man in the Politburo. When I spoke with Tho in Hanoi in the fall of 1984, he gave me a vivid description of what he found there, after reminding me that he had written a number of poems about Cambodia: "The day I came to Phnom Penh, I could see no one; the city was deserted. There was no barking of dogs, no cackling of poultry. Then, slowly, there were long lines of people returning. They were all in black pajamas and thin, like a line of ghosts." Le Duc Tho went on to say, with some degree of truth, that the Vietnamese had invaded Cambodia reluctantly, because of the "perfidious and wicked policy of the Chinese," who had refused to let the Khmer Rouge government negotiate with Vietnam over the border dispute. He insisted that "we had no other choice—we were obliged to wage a new war to save Cambodia from further genocide at the hands of Pol Pot and his Chinese masters." Hanoi's Ambassador, Ngo Dien, who had been with Tho on that early trip, added, "The destruction was everywhere. It was like a forest, a jungle. There was nothing to eat. There was just nothing. So we felt we had to help. It was a practical matter—nothing ideological. Something had to be done."

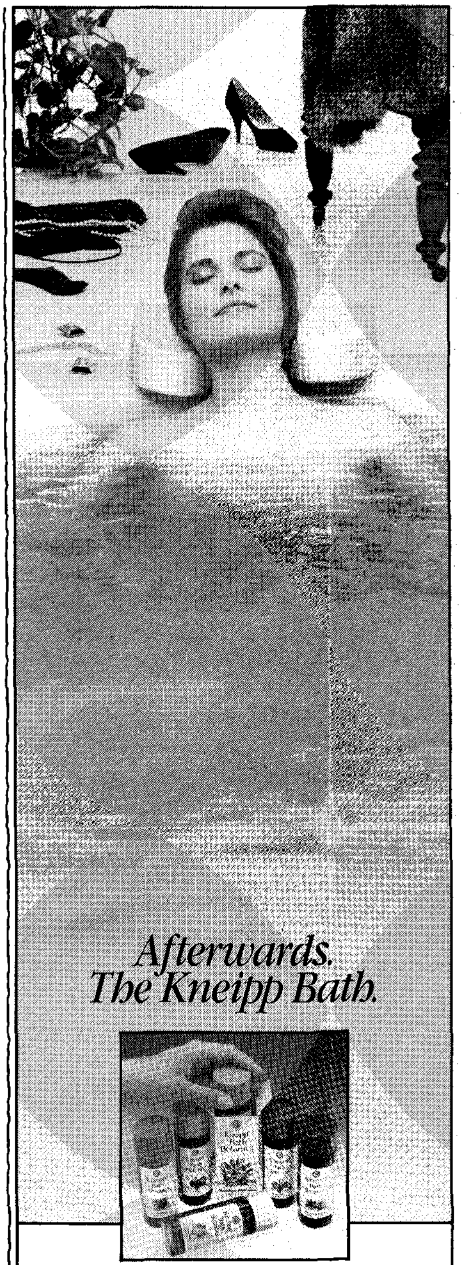
One of the first things the Vietnamese had to do was establish credibility, not only for themselves but for their surrogate Khmer. This was not easy, and Heng Samrin, dour and laconic, was scarcely a well-known or charismatic figure around whom to build a new regime. Hanoi's original choice was a man named Pen Sovan, a bona-fide Khmer nationalist whom the Vietnamese had groomed and had named Party Secretary, Vice-President, and Defense Minister in the new government. The Soviet Union was said to have given Sovan its blessing, but that did little to enhance his support among the independent-minded Khmer. At any rate, after an internal power struggle about which not much is known, Sovan suddenly disappeared from the picture.

The position of ASEAN took on new importance at almost the same time that Vietnam overran Cambodia. Originally created as an economic organization nearly two decades ago, ASEAN was slow to get off the ground, partly because there were many racial and cultural as well as social and political differences in the backgrounds of its members. Nevertheless, as individual nations they soon prospered and, led by Singapore, achieved surprisingly high rates of economic growth. The war in Vietnam and its aftermath served better than meetings or communiqués to politicize the organization and give it more purpose and cohesion. Of the five initial members, the one that had been most deeply involved with the Vietnam War was—for geographic reasons alone—Thailand, which the United States had used as an airbase and supply center. Once the war was over, the Thais, in effect, needed a new patron, for the Americans, though they continued to profess friendship and give the Thais aid, were no longer as concerned as they had been with the country's security. The Thais faced an internal problem of a northern and northeastern Communist insurgency supported by the Chinese, who were also backing insurgency movements in Burma and Malaysia.



The ASEAN nations, both singly and collectively, thus had many reasons for being concerned about their powerful Communist neighbors Vietnam and China. Except in Burma, where the Chinese have continued to send arms to Communist forces, Peking gradually withdrew its support for the various Southeast Asian insurgencies, and they simmered down. But Thailand then became more immediately vulnerable to spillover attacks by the Vietnamese across its borders, and has also had to shoulder the main burden of caring for scores of thousands of new Cambodian refugees. This meant that the Thais now drew closer to the Chinese, with whom they shared an interest in holding the Vietnamese in check. Thailand became ASEAN's new "front line" nation. Indonesia and Malaysia tended to be the most conciliatory, while Singapore joined Thailand as the most skeptical and the most deeply worried about the dangers of a larger war. Diplomatically, ASEAN's chief problem was the embarrassing one of maintaining support for Pol Pot's Democratic Kampuchea in the United Nations against Heng Samrin's People's Republic of Kampuchea. Most of the United Nations countries, including the United States, held to the traditional view that, no matter how wicked and horrible Pol Pot's rule had been, the Vietnamese had invaded Cambodia illegally and overthrown an "established government." Since this is still the official majority United Nations view, Democratic Kampuchea, revamped as the Coalition Government of Democratic Kampuchea, retains its seat. For the non-Communist elements in the coalition led by Sihanouk, therefore, the problem ever since Vietnam's takeover in Cambodia has been that of broadening Democratic Kampuchea's base. At the same time, the campaign to persuade the Vietnamese to withdraw from Cambodia has continued, and the combined diplomatic and military contest has now lasted more than seven years.

The creation of an organized coalition that would eventually oppose the Vietnamese and the Samrin government actually dates back to 1976, when a small group calling itself the Association of Overseas Cambodians was formed in France to help Sihanouk. Seeking someone responsible other than Sihanouk, who was still in Peking, to serve as its leader, the association turned to Son Sann, who was sixty-four years old, lived in Paris, and, years earlier, had been the young Prince's tutor and had gone on to hold various government positions. Reluctantly, since he had always avoided the limelight, Son Sann accepted. This was the start of what became the Khmer People's National Liberation Front, of which Son Sann remains the head, and which now has an armed strength of about fifteen thousand. When it was created, in the fall of 1979, it could muster only two thousand men, by combining five small resistance groups that had previously spent most of their time fighting each other or smuggling precious stones and other goods across the borders of Thailand, Burma, Laos, and Cambodia. As the new Front began to obtain the support of Thailand and other nations, the United States among them, Democratic Kampuchea and its Khmer Rouge Army, despite the renunciation of Communism in favor of a free-market economy, did not alter its authoritarian ways. At the end of 1980, Son Sann was welcomed in Peking and was promised some military aid, but the Chinese continued to give most of their support to Pol Pot's forces. Sihanouk announced in the spring of 1981 that he was willing to form a new united front with the Khmer Rouge, and he also said that he was creating a new political party, the United Front for an Independent, Neutral, Peaceful, and Coöperative Cambodia, with headquarters in Peking. Son Sann responded angrily, claiming that Sihanouk was trying to divide the opposition, and he refused



After a night on the town. After sports. After a hectic day. After anything, enjoy the sweet reward of a Kneipp herbal bath.

Choose from six herbal blends created to pamper your every mood. Waken to the tingle of ROSEMARY. Temper the effects of a stressful day with refreshing MEADOW BLOSSOM. Lift your spirits with SPRUCE AND PINE. Ease tired muscles with soothing JUNIPER. Soften and smooth your skin with CAMOMILE. Or calm yourself for sleep with gentle HOPS.

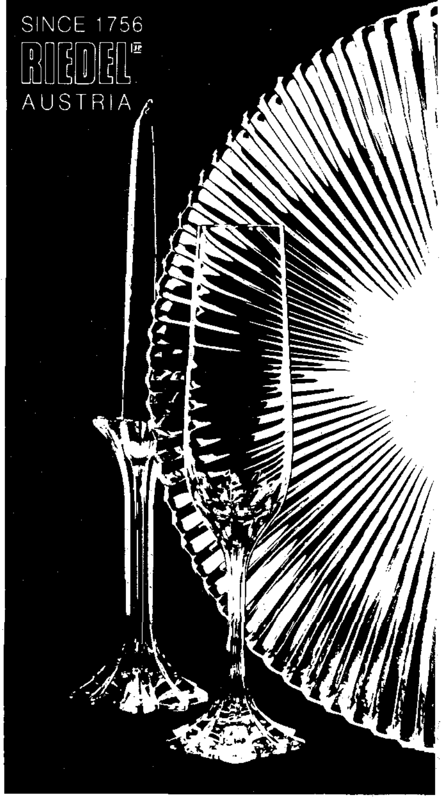
Comfort your mind and body with nature's herbal bath oils. Kneipp.

Available at fine drug and health stores and at cosmetic counters. To order directly, write: Kneipp Corp. of America, 80 Davids Drive, Hauppauge, NY 11788.

The Kneipp Bath Botanics.

FATHER SEBASTIAN KNEIPP (1821-1897)

The softest light takes 24% full lead crystal of this quality to levels of unrivaled table radiance. Write for the complete collection folio of internationally acclaimed RIEDEL, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010.



AUDIO-FORUM® offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes, featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, Thai, German, Japanese, Arabic, Chinese, Urdu, Greek, and many others.

Learn a foreign language on your own! Free catalog

Call or write **Audio-Forum**, Room 257
On-the-Green, Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

Aboard the Explorer...

AMAZON

Explore the Orinoco and the mighty Amazon rivers. 17 glorious days from $4,490. See your Travel Agent or call 800-243-5657 for information.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
1 Sylvan Road, N. Westport, CT 06880

NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ____ ZIP ______

to recognize the Prince's new party.

In July, 1981, after bitter preliminary arguments between the Chinese and ASEAN representatives, a conference sponsored by the United Nations, in which eighty-three nations participated, unanimously approved a declaration calling for Vietnamese withdrawal from Cambodia and the establishment of a United Nations peacekeeping body and United Nations-sponsored elections. The Chinese still resolutely supported Pol Pot against ASEAN's efforts to undermine him and reach its own compromise with the Vietnamese. The United States sought to be impartial and seemed to favor a formula that would be acceptable both to the Chinese and to ASEAN. The conference ended with the Vietnamese disavowing it and accusing the United States and China of having "used ASEAN as their instrument."

Six weeks after the conference, the next act was played out in Singapore, at a meeting of Sihanouk, Son Sann, and Khieu Samphan, representing their coalition factions. Little progress was made either there or at subsequent ad-hoc meetings, in Bangkok. Each group sought to project its own demands and protect its own authority rather than express any willingness to compromise on a workable coalition government. The Singaporeans saved the day—or, at least, everyone's face—by suggesting a new formula whereby each faction could "retain its identity and be free to propagate its own distinctive political program and philosophy for the future of Cambodia." According to the Singaporean proposal, a pro-tem coalition government would be dissolved after a Vietnamese withdrawal, pending elections to establish a new, permanent government. Democratic Kampuchea would thereby lose its interim legal status, which the United Nations conference, with China's backing, had endorsed; that is, it would not become the legitimate government until *after* free elections took place. Both Sihanouk and Son Sann objected to the Singaporean proposal that they work closely with the Khmer Rouge, even if only on a temporary and quasi-legal basis, but the agreement, which was described by one commentator as "a shotgun wedding," was approved by the three contending groups in 1982. None of the three have chosen to challenge or test it, but sporadic battles between the various component forces have continued, and some have resulted in as many as thirty or forty casualties.

Waikiki
in a small way.

There exists, away from the center of Waikiki, a small, quiet hotel that takes pleasure in providing genuine, personal service. The only hotel on the best swimming beach in Honolulu. Surrounded by the green open spaces of Kapiolani Park, it's the perfect hideaway for the experienced traveler. Rates from $56 to $290. For reservations, see your travel agent or call Toll Free:
U.S. & Canada: **1-800-421-8795**
California: **1-800-252-0197**

The New Otani
KAIMANA BEACH HOTEL

2863 Kalakaua Ave.
Honolulu, HI 96815
Telephone: 808-923-1555
Telex: KAIMA 7430470

In San Francisco

Enjoy gracious elegance just two blocks from Union Square. Home for the Post St. Bar & Cafe. $66 to $96. Corp. rates available.

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Free Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

RHUBARB & WAFFLES
A-FLOAT, A-HORSEBACK, WET, A-FOOT, A-WHALE
A-SEARCH, A-FISH, A-WING, A-DAY, A-WEEK
A CURRIER & IVES VACATION
THE BOSUN'S LOCKER, MOOSE ISLAND, MAINE
EASTPORT-04631 207-853-2350
RASPBERRY SYRUP

Nantucket's Only Oceanfront Luxury Resort

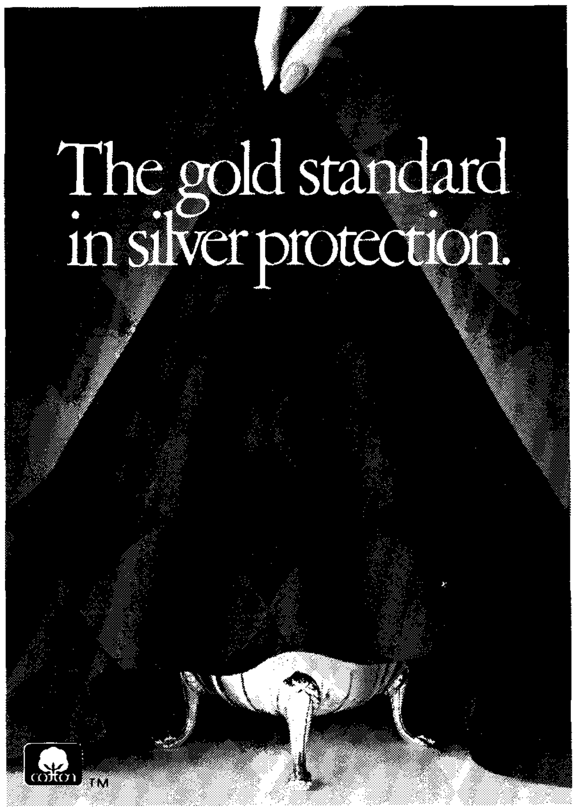
Cliffside Beach Club

Ask for our color brochure
P.O. Box 449 Nantucket, MA 02554 (617) 228-0618

These incidents have provoked repeated threats by Sihanouk to resign as head of the coalition government, while Son Sann often seems to lose interest and adopts a despairing attitude. The troops of Son Sann and Sihanouk coöperate under a unified command, at least in theory, though politically the two leaders remain far apart and are often unfriendly. Both, however, have expressed apprehension because the Khmer Rouge forces continue to get stronger and now operate in most or all of Cambodia's provinces, while without increased Chinese aid their armies, which are smaller, have a hard time maintaining their strength. Sihanouk, in one of his own not infrequent moments of despair, recently said, "The day the Vietnamese go home, the Khmer Rouge will wipe out our nationalist forces and there will be no reason for them to step down."

Despite these pessimistic statements, the non-Communist supporters of the coalition point out that the Khmer Rouge has its own inner rivalries and morale problems, and that the three-way coalition's very existence is important in maintaining leverage against both the Khmer Rouge and the Vietnamese. This has been ASEAN's point of view, as well. During the second half of 1985, a number of diplomatic developments occurred that indicated possibilities of progress. Led by Malaysia, the ASEAN group sought to promote so-called "proximity talks"—indirect negotiations in which Vietnam and the opposition coalition government would discuss solutions to the Cambodian problem through intermediaries moving back and forth between them.

Some weeks later, the Indonesians began playing a more active role as mediators, suggesting various formulas and timetables for the gradual withdrawal of Vietnamese forces from Cambodia, the introduction of peacekeeping forces and observer groups, and the holding of supervised elections that would include all political elements within the framework of "national reconciliation." These ideas were outlined late in 1985 at the United Nations General Assembly by Dr. Mochtar Kusumaatmadja, the Indonesian Foreign Minister, who has held a number of talks with his Vietnamese counterpart, Nguyen Co Thach. The Vietnamese, acting out of a growing desire to end their isolation—and possibly at the instigation of the Soviet Union—appeared to be more



Pacific Silvercloth,® always prized for its excellence, is indisputably the finest product of its kind.

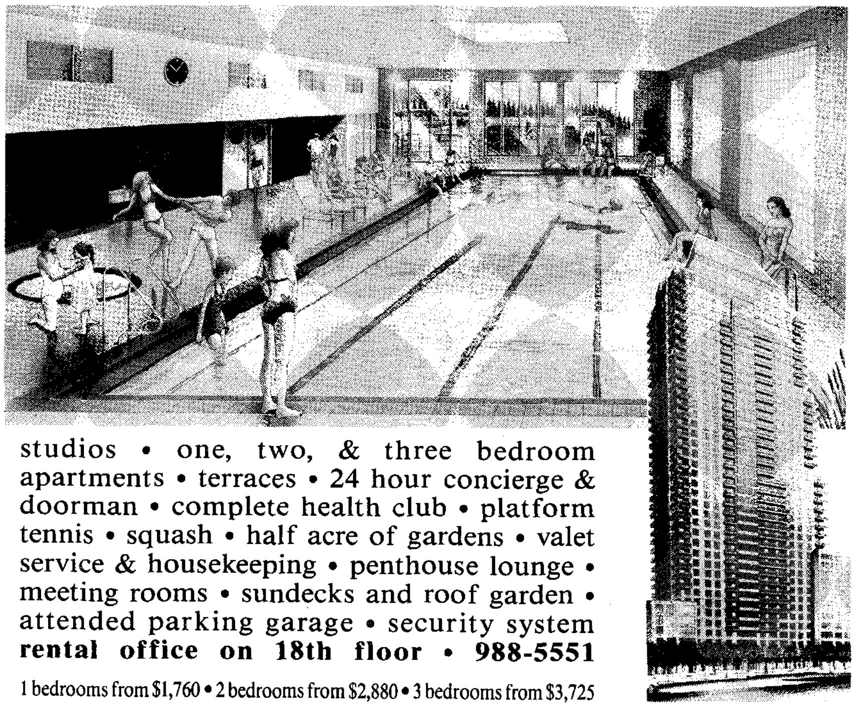
We fill it with 100% pure silver particles. We weave it of 100% pure cotton. The result? Precious Silvercloth that keeps your sterling and silverplate articles clean, bright and shining between use without polishing.

Pacific Silvercloth. When it comes to protecting priceless silverware, why settle for anything less?

Pacific Silvercloth® Prevents Tarnish

Call (212) 930-5264 for information and the Pacific Silvercloth brochure.
Wamsutta Specialty Products Group © 1985
Division of M. LOWENSTEIN CORPORATION, 1430 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

RIVERTERRACE
"A very special rental building"

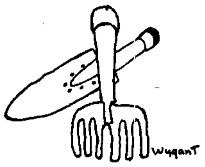


studios • one, two, & three bedroom apartments • terraces • 24 hour concierge & doorman • complete health club • platform tennis • squash • half acre of gardens • valet service & housekeeping • penthouse lounge • meeting rooms • sundecks and roof garden • attended parking garage • security system
rental office on 18th floor • 988-5551

1 bedrooms from $1,760 • 2 bedrooms from $2,880 • 3 bedrooms from $3,725

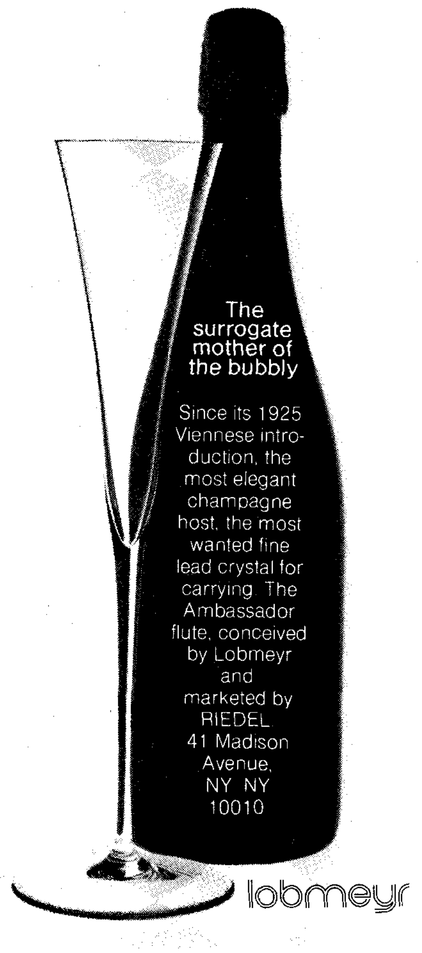
515 EAST 72ND ST

willing than before to talk directly to Cambodians on the coalition side if Pol Pot was really out of the picture. In June, 1985, Foreign Minister Thach told two visiting American correspondents in Hanoi that if the Chinese ceased their aid to the Khmer Rouge and the Thais stopped offering its forces sanctuary inside Thailand the Vietnamese would begin to withdraw their troops from Cambodia. The Heng Samrin government and Sihanouk's coalition could then "negotiate the sharing of power," he suggested, adding, "It is their affair. We will support the right of self-determination of the Khmer people and a Khmer reconciliation on the basis of the elimination of Pol Pot." This was further than Thach or any other Vietnamese official had gone before in offering a settlement through negotiations on an equal basis, but his conditions still left it up to the Chinese to open the door and the Russians to push it. However, in mid-March of 1986, after Sihanouk, Son Sann, and Khieu Samphan had met in Peking and had issued a new eight-point peace program, including the withdrawal of Vietnamese forces in two separate phases, a ceasefire, and the holding of internationally supervised elections in which all Cambodian political groups would take part (but from which Pol Pot personally would be excluded), the Vietnamese again demonstrated their propensity for blowing hot and cold. Although they stopped short of rejecting the proposal, they described it as "unjust" and "hostile," and claimed that it was "rigged" by the Chinese.



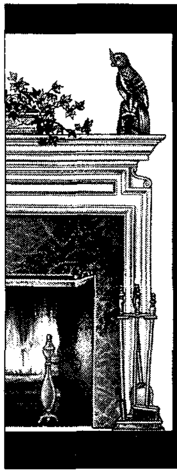
A number of international observers who have followed Indo-China events carefully felt, at the outset of 1986, that, despite all the peace maneuvers, the "stable war" in Cambodia would continue because it still served the special interests of the major powers, primarily those of the Soviet Union and China. Foreign Minister Kusumaatmadja summed this up in a United Nations aide-mémoire in which he said, "Another point which should be realized is that the Kampuchean problem is a manifestation of the conflict between two competing strategies in Southeast Asia, namely the Chinese strategy implemented through the Pol Pot regime and the Soviet-backed Vietnam strategy championing Heng Samrin as the 'real' government of the Kampuchean people. It is this particular aspect of the Kampuchean conflict, being the fulcrum of two competing strategies for the hegemony or domination of Southeast Asia, which makes the Kampuchean problem an intractable one." This theme was also expressed by Donald K. Emmerson, the director of the Center for Southeast Asian Studies at the University of Wisconsin, who, writing in *Indochina Issues*, in December, 1985, suggested, "The near-term prospect is for stalemate, not checkmate. The insurgents are unable to rid their country of Vietnam's troops and clients, but the Vietnamese and their Khmer collaborators have also proven themselves unable to assure their own permanent security in occupied Cambodia." Emmerson pointed out that the Chinese "at minimal risk to themselves" were able to go on tying down their Soviet and Vietnamese rivals by letting the war continue, while prosecuting their program of "Four Modernizations" at home. The Russians, for their part, were able to keep Vietnam dependent on them and enjoy the use of their new naval base at Cam Ranh Bay, in Vietnam, without risking a wider war and keeping open their diplomatic bridges to China, the United States, and ASEAN. As for the Americans, Emmerson said, there was no reason for them to outreach either China or ASEAN in seeking a solution to a war that "drains Vietnamese and Soviet resources at minimal cost to Washington and does not threaten regional stability." Emmerson concluded by saying that even if the impasse in Cambodia is eventually broken by diplomacy from the outside, "the core struggle in Cambodia, rooted as it is in the ethnic histories and national identities of its Khmer and Vietnamese protagonists, will continue."

My own feeling is that the moves toward a resolution of the Cambodian problem that have taken place in the past year or so are genuine, and that they have received, and are receiving, continuing impetus and encouragement both from the parties immediately concerned and from the major powers. For reasons of their own, including above all a desire to end their isolation and be less dependent on the Soviet Union, most Vietnamese leaders I have spoken with over the past year remain more willing to conclude the war through negotiations, rather than continue it, although in the last month or so they have reverted to a harder line. The non-Communist coalition


The surrogate mother of the bubbly

Since its 1925 Viennese introduction, the most elegant champagne host, the most wanted fine lead crystal for carrying. The Ambassador flute, conceived by Lobmeyr and marketed by RIEDEL 41 Madison Avenue, NY NY 10010

lobmeyr


Warm European Elegance Between Madison and Park Avenue

Luxurious suites with woodburning fireplaces... A haven of privacy and perfection

THE LOWELL

28 East 63rd Street
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-1400
Or call your travel agent

Aboard the Explorer...
BAJA-CARIBBEAN
PANAMA CANAL
A rare 23-day September tour from $5,990. Take all or part of the full cruise. See your Travel Agent or call 800-243-5657 for information.
LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
1 Sylvan Road, N. Westport, CT 06880

NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

Le Petit Scope™
MINI TELESCOPE 3 x 15

Take the powerful pocket-size mini telescope to the theatre, the races, concerts, ball games, bird watching, absolutely everywhere.

The Perfect Father's Day Gift

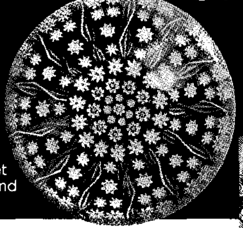
LE PETIT SCOPE 3x15

$29.95
postpaid
Weight: 2 oz.
Length: 2 1/8"

RATIOS
Products of Design Excellence

ORDER TOLL FREE: 800-824-7888 Operator 578.
M/C, VISA. Product #D-1161, black.
ORDER BY MAIL: Send check, M/C, VISA to RATIOS, Dept. D1, 1065 E. Prospect St., Seattle, WA 98102. WA delivery add 7.9% sales tax.
Money back guarantee.
FREE MAIL ORDER BROCHURE.

PAPERWEIGHTS



Millefiori Perthshire Paperweight from Scotland $45

Send ten dollars for our catalogue or receive it FREE when you order the above paperweight for $45. (MC • Visa • AE)

Catalogue, 136 pps. Full-color, $10.

L.H. SELMAN LTD. 761 Chestnut St., Suite #28
Santa Cruz, CA 95060, Toll-free 800-538-0766

A MAINE COUNTRY INN

Savor the peace and beauty of yesteryear. A lovingly restored 18th century colonial on 95 acres, bordering one of five North Atlantic Salmon rivers in America. Bald eagles, osprey, seal in abundance. Warm hospitality, outstanding food and drink, choice accommodations. National Register of Historic Places. Write for brochure.

Lincoln House
Dennysville, Maine 04628 (207) 726-3953

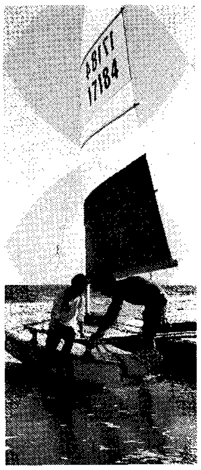
KITES

FREE COLOR CATALOG
Choose from over 100 exciting kites.
• Many unusual & innovative designs.
Call or write for your catalog today!
Into The Wind • (303) 449-5356
2047-W Broadway, Boulder, CO 80302

and the government of Heng Samrin—which has recently become less rigid and somewhat more outspoken—are now also more eager to find a solution. The Khmer Rouge has, as usual, concentrated on its military campaign, which is led by a number of increasingly autonomous commanders in addition to Pol Pot. However, it would not find it easy to go on fighting indefinitely in a hostile internal climate, and without unlimited help from China. There is little doubt that the ASEAN countries are anxious to bring about an end to the war and foster their pet project of turning all of Southeast Asia into a zone of peace, independence, and neutrality. As for the major powers, the value of Vietnam and Cambodia as pawns for China and the Soviet Union may no longer be as great as it was; other issues, including reaching an agreement with each other, appear to be more important, for domestic as well as international reasons. The Americans, while still preoccupied elsewhere in the world, continue to accommodate ASEAN, and this has now brought them to the point where they are more willing than they were a year or two ago to take an active part in prosecuting a Cambodian solution.

More than the usual number of intangibles and imponderables, however, continue to confound the issues. Is Pol Pot really moving aside? Would the Chinese seriously consider eliminating—or, at least, cutting back—their support for the Khmer Rouge, and would they then be prepared to see the establishment of a neutral transitional government headed by Sihanouk? What kind of international guarantees could be given and enforced to establish such a government and then supervise free elections for a permanent regime? Will the Vietnamese actually withdraw all their troops from Cambodia by 1990, as they have indicated, leaving the forces of the new Cambodian Army and perhaps some of the non-Communist coalition elements to defend a new joint regime? Or will the Vietnamese insist, as they have in Laos, on leaving thirty thousand or more of their own troops in the country indefinitely, and how would a new Cambodian government, the ASEAN countries, and the Chinese react to that? Can Vietnamese migration into Cambodia be kept at the present level—said to total between half a million and seven hundred thousand—and what rights of citizenship and other privileges will these settlers be

PLAY
THE LEGENDS OF THIS SPECIAL PARADISE.



For twos and full families, legends come alive here. Very social, fun and special! Miles of private beach, superb dining and evenings, dress-up or casual.

July 6-Sept. 2 family festival: no charge for children under 19 in room with parents—their meals, golf, tennis fees included.

The Cloister,® Sea Island, GA 31561. Always 5-Star. Toll-free 800-SEA-ISLAND.

You take care of business. We'll take care of you.

alameda plaza
THE HOTEL OF KANSAS CITY
MEMBER PREFERRED HOTELS WORLDWIDE

On the Country Club Plaza
Reservations 1-800-821-5502
In Missouri 1-800-892-5990
AAA Five Diamond Award 1977-1986

given? Can the elimination of the Khmer Rouge elements be assured, even if the Chinese reduce or eliminate their support, and will Democratic Kampuchean leaders, such as Khieu Samphan, be allowed to participate in the new government? Will the Russians allow a loosening of their tight hold on Hanoi and encourage the Vietnamese to reach a settlement? Is the United States now willing to follow through on its recent gestures of support for the non-Communist coalition forces by using its power and prestige to bring about a settlement within the larger framework of regional peace and security? And, if so, will it act alone or in concert with China and perhaps also with the Soviet Union, which claims to be ready to pursue a course of peace in the region?

It is more apparent than ever that there can be no Cambodian settlement of any kind without some sort of international commitment and leadership, including the participation of China, the United States, and the Soviet Union. The United Nations and ASEAN, together or separately, could play a useful role in carrying out the terms of a settlement, but the basic guarantors would almost have to include the big powers, acting, as Sihanouk has suggested, under the umbrella of another Geneva-type agreement. While the chances for such an agreement are somewhat better today than they have been at any time in the previous seven years—if only because the major players, notably Vietnam and China, seem more willing to consider one—both the timing and the time span involved are tricky, and the factor of damage control keeps growing worse. If several more major rounds of fighting take place in the next year or so, the level of guerrilla combat inside Cambodia may do irreparable harm to a country already so damaged and shock-ridden that large-scale international assistance on a sustained basis for a number of years is required.

The best time to seek a settlement, assuming that both sides are willing to talk, is between the heavy fighting of the dry seasons—that is, during the monsoon-rain months of May to November. This seasonal interval is also the logical time for the outside world to bring what pressure it can to that end. Raising the Cambodian crisis once more to the necessary level of the world's consciousness and understanding will be no simple task, given the dreadful history of the past two de-

The world's favorite beagle in 24% full lead crystal as depicted by the master glassblowers of Sweden. Marcolin Art Crystal, now in America, from RIEDEL, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Write for the full collection folio.

Marcolin

Snoopy ©1958
United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

JUMBY BAY
ANTIGUA

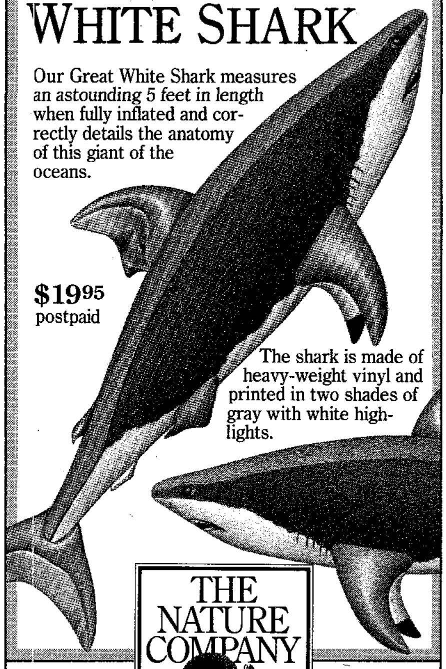
Very Exclusive. Very Private.
Very, Very Special.
(800) 437-0049
N.Y. (516) 626-9200

Aboard the Explorer...
CANADIAN FJORDS
& VANCOUVER EXPO

In August 3 exciting 8-day cruises to seldom visited Canadian waters. From $1,690. See your Travel Agent or call 800-243-5657 for information.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
1 Sylvan Road, N. Westport, CT 06880

NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ________ STATE ____ ZIP ________



GIANT
INFLATABLE
WHITE SHARK

Our Great White Shark measures an astounding 5 feet in length when fully inflated and correctly details the anatomy of this giant of the oceans.

$19^{95}
postpaid

The shark is made of heavy-weight vinyl and printed in two shades of gray with white highlights.

SAN FRANCISCO
PALO ALTO

THE NATURE COMPANY

COSTA MESA
SAN DIEGO

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-227-1114
In California 800-782-0033. Use Visa, M/C, AMEX or send check to: The Nature Company, Dept. NY, P.O. Box 2310, Berkeley, CA 94702. (Calif. add 6% sales tax).
SEND $1.00 FOR OUR LATEST CATALOG

COME HAGGARD.
LEAVE WHOLE.

Come haggard to the low-keyed luxury of The Harbor View Hotel. Feast on fine food and wine. Dawdle by the sea. Sail, play golf and tennis. Ramble through the sunny countryside and flower-graced towns of this sophisticated resort island... and leave whole.

800-265-6005 (Northeast except Mass)
or 617-627-4333.

THE HARBOR VIEW HOTEL
on Martha's Vineyard Island
PO BOX 37 EDGARTOWN, MA 02539
A REGENCY INN™

A Corner of England—in Virginia
AGECROFT HALL, in Richmond, a Tudor Manor House built in England before America was discovered. It crossed the Atlantic in 1926 and was recreated on 23 landscaped acres as a private residence in town. Now a Museum, exquisitely furnished, with superb gardens. $2 admission includes film & tour. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for a brochure.
AGECROFT HALL, 4305 Sulgrave Rd., Richmond, VA 23221

THE ASSEMBLY
A GREAT STEAKHOUSE *AND MUCH MORE!*
16 West 51st Street, NYC. (212) 581-3580
In Rockefeller Center
Serving Lunch Mon.-Fri. • Dinner Mon.-Sat.
Special pre-theatre dinners 4:30-6:30 PM
Free parking for dinner and theatre

cades and the fact that people everywhere have become so inured to reports of disaster, death, and destruction in Cambodia that statistics, and even photographs, no longer have much meaning. It still appears, however, that the man who is in the best position to provide the leadership needed during this crucial period is Norodom Sihanouk, who, despite his intervals of pessimism, is still waging his own crusade for the preservation of the Khmer people. More than ever before, he would require the loyalty and support of the five million or so younger "new Cambodians," who constitute the bulk of the population of the country today, yet many of them hardly know him, and the memories of those who do are clouded over by so much pain and misery that they can scarcely respond even to each other. These are the tragic remnants of those he used to call his "children" or "the little people." He still uses the terms with affection and respect, disclaiming any condescension, arrogance, or paternalism. In 1981, in a short essay called "Bittersweet Memories," he wrote, "Emotionally and politically, I have always been much closer to the genuine, hard-working, loyal and faithful people than the Khmer politicians of the past, most of whom were corrupt, disdainful schemers or, like Pol Pot's pseudo-'democrats,' cold-hearted ideologists who sentenced those who would not obey them to a rapid or slow death."

Sihanouk's closeness to his own people has passed the test of time and, for much of that time, has been reciprocated. Whether it still exists, given the tragedies that have been heaped on Cambodia, and whether it would again be a factor if Sihanouk should get another chance to play a role, is impossible to predict. But his affection and sincerity are, I believe, real and enduring, and will survive as long as he does.

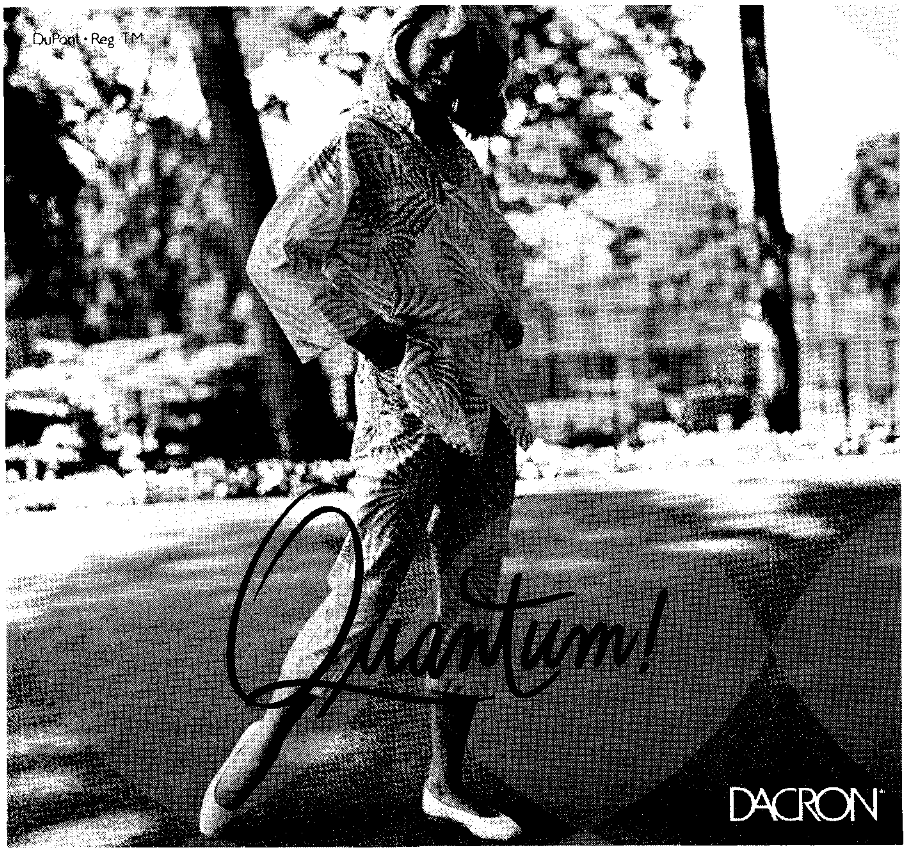
—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

SONG

An oriole sings from the hedge
and in the kitchen
the chef sweetens cream for pastries.
Far off, lightning and thunder agree
to join us for a few days
here in the valley. How lucky we are
to be holding hands on a porch
in the country. But even this
is not the joy that trembles
under every leaf and tongue.

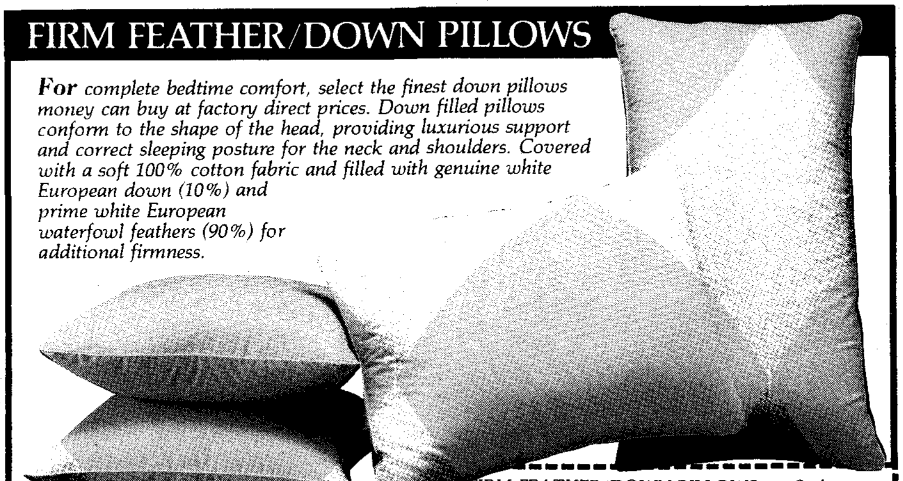
—JANE KENYON


DuPont Reg. T.M.
Quantum!
DACRON

Quantum! We're a whole world of things. For the wonderful world of leisure-time living you love. A big-top, cropped-pant twosome to be worn belted or not. Either way, it's a dream. Shell print cotton/Dacron® polyester blend. At finer stores. Write Quantum! (A Roxanne Company) 1411 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

FIRM FEATHER/DOWN PILLOWS

For complete bedtime comfort, select the finest down pillows money can buy at factory direct prices. Down filled pillows conform to the shape of the head, providing luxurious support and correct sleeping posture for the neck and shoulders. Covered with a soft 100% cotton fabric and filled with genuine white European down (10%) and prime white European waterfowl feathers (90%) for additional firmness.



We're the world's largest seller of down comforters and down pillows, manufacturing our products in La Crosse, Wisconsin, since 1911. By selling directly to you, we eliminate the middleman and store markup, saving you 50% off normal retail. If you don't enjoy the best night's sleep you've ever had, simply return the pillows to us for a complete refund. Delivery: We ship within 24 to 48 hours.

☎ TO ORDER CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-356-9367
Ext. F373, or use the coupon.

FREE Catalog RUSH
- 23 Down Comforter Styles
- Down Pillows
- Down Outerwear
- 100% Merino Wool Mattress Pads

The Company Store®

FIRM FEATHER/DOWN PILLOWS Style #707

Colors: ☐Champagne ☐Lt. Blue ☐White

	Value	SALE PRICE	TWO FOR
Standard (20" x 26")	$30	☐$15	☐$25
Queen (20" x 30")	$40	☐$20	☐$35
King (20" x 36")	$50	☐$25	☐$45

☎ ORDER BY PHONE TOLL-FREE
1-800-356-9367, Ext. F373.
Use your credit card. OR ORDER BY MAIL:
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐Am.Exp. ☐Diners Club ☐Check
Acct.# ______ Exp.Dt. ______
COLOR QTY. PRICE
______ ______ x $ ______ = $ ______
Ship., Hdlg., & Ins.-$2.50 ea. = $ ______
*UPS 2nd Day Air = $ ______
☐Send Free Catalog TOTAL = $ ______
*☐We ship UPS ground service unless you request otherwise here. UPS 2nd day air add $8.50.
Name ______
Address ______
City,State,Zip ______
SEND TO: The Company Store, Dept. F373, 500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.

JAZZ

Cecil

THE searing, visionary pianist Cecil Taylor has been rattling American audiences for twenty-five years. He did it at the Great South Bay Jazz Festival in 1958, and he did it at the Kool Jazz Festival in 1984. At the Kool Jazz Festival, in an evening concert at Carnegie Hall, Taylor followed Oscar Peterson, who played nine gleaming numbers and was greeted with Dionysian applause. Taylor did one hour-long number, and before twenty minutes had gone by several hundred people had fled. Taylor and Ornette Coleman are the nominal heads of the jazz avant-garde, but they are very different. Coleman refuses to record or play in public unless he is paid handsomely. Taylor until recent years often played for pennies—when he was asked to play at all. Coleman's music is accessible, but he is loath to share it; Taylor's music is difficult, and he is delighted to share it. Where it should be shared is a problem. He does not always fill American concert halls, and the shape and size of his music—his selections are rarely shorter than an hour—do not fit easily into night clubs. He overruns the standard length of a set; he transfixes his listeners, making them forget to order drinks; and his attack does things to pianos that make night-club owners weep. For all this, Taylor has become something of a star in Europe, and he is at least a cult here. He no longer scuffles, as he frequently did in the fifties and sixties, but, he said not long ago, "It's still living on the edge."

The American aesthetic landscape is littered with idiosyncratic marvels—Walt Whitman, Charles Ives, D. W. Griffith, Duke Ellington, Jackson Pollock—and Taylor belongs with them. He is largely indescribable, and his playing has provoked a flood of similes and metaphors. He has been said to resemble Niagara Falls, a volcano, a great river, thunderheads, a high wind, a cannonade, a stampede. Comparing a difficult music with other musics sometimes gives the listener a handle. Taylor has been linked with Bartók, Debussy, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Ives, as well as Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk. He has certainly listened to Bartók and the rest, but he idolizes Ellington and Monk. He has also admired, at one time or another, Dave Brubeck, Lennie Tristano, Erroll Garner, Billie Holiday, Bud Powell, Horace Silver, Walter Bishop, Miles Davis, and John Coltrane. A Taylor solo is indivisible and has a great variety of pianistic textures. It shifts from key to key to key (it is close to atonal), and has no conventional sounded beat. The rhythms, when they are discernible at all, change constantly. Taylor bases his improvisations on scales or patches of melody. His thematic material dictates his form, which is as elusive as his rhythms. It is possible to listen to Taylor impressionistically—to regard a solo as a bristling, ceaselessly revolving collection of moods, which range from anger to serenity to agitation to passivity to exultation to sarcasm to bemusement. His pianistic vocabulary is complex, and makes that of most jazz pianists seem amateurish. He uses enormous chords; tone clusters; single-note arpeggios of such speed that they are almost indistinguishable from glissandos; arpeggios played simultaneously by three fingers on each hand, the fingers held at an eighty-degree angle to the keyboard; chordal arpeggios; and massed notes struck with a fist or elbow. Occasional breathing spaces temper the encyclopedic nature of his solos. And his dynamics are wild: a crashing six-fingered arpeggio may be replaced by a passive sea of middle-register chords, which may give way to room-shaking low-register booms. (Taylor sometimes hits the piano so hard it's surprising the keyboard doesn't buckle.) Listening to Taylor takes patience and courage. He wants you to feel what he feels, to

"Nobody chucks me under the chin anymore and tells me I'm incorrigible."

move at his speed, to look where he looks (always inward). His music asks more than other music, but it gives more than it asks. His keyboard strength and endurance are astonishing. That improvised piano can be played for a solid hour or more with such clarity and precision and passion is nearly unbelievable. Taylor is an ecstatic, almost demonic performer. He will pound the lowest register with both hands, his elbows out flat, his head inches from the keyboard. He will play a two-handed arpeggio so fast his hands blur. He will linger briefly around high C, his fingers jumping like sparks. He dances his music; his motions make it visible.

Taylor likes to talk about music. Here are things he has said during the past twenty years. The first was to A. B. Spellman, who wrote a pioneering discourse on Taylor in "Four Lives in the Bebop Business": "Music is the creation of a language out of symbols, of sounds, sounds that cannot be spoken and therefore create a kind of personal isolation. If there are problems that music cannot answer wholly, you either have to have friends whom you can trust not to destroy you with whatever you give them of yourself, or you have to go to a neutral source."

He said this to the jazz critic Gary Giddins, in "Riding on a Blue Note": "To feel is perhaps the most terrifying thing in this society. This is one of the reasons I'm not too interested in electronic music: it divorces itself from human energy, it substitutes another kind of force as the determinant agent for its continuance . . . The determinant agent of [my] music has to do with ancestor worship, it has to do with a lot of areas that are magical rather than logical."

And this, on the matter of his style, is to the critic Joe Goldberg, in "Jazz Masters of the Fifties": "It began on a very small basis, based on scales. At the time it began, it was based on one single scale which soon became many scales, scales made up of different intervalic constructions, then chords, then diads, and then just combinations of tones, and then just intervals spaced differently, not scales at all, just groups of notes."

Taylor does not make friends easily. One friend is Judy Sneed, a lover of avant-garde jazz and a sometime agent and booker for Taylor. "Cecil has a vile reputation among some of the people he has worked for," she said re-

"It's not keeping the horses that's expensive, it's what I have to pay for designer silks. Why can't everything be as good a value as Ballantine's?"
Ballantine's
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Ballantine's Scotch. Excellence without extravagance.

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., New York, NY © 1986.

WHY ENNEKINGS DON'T COST AS MUCH AS OTHER GREAT AMERICAN IMPRESSIONISTS... YET.

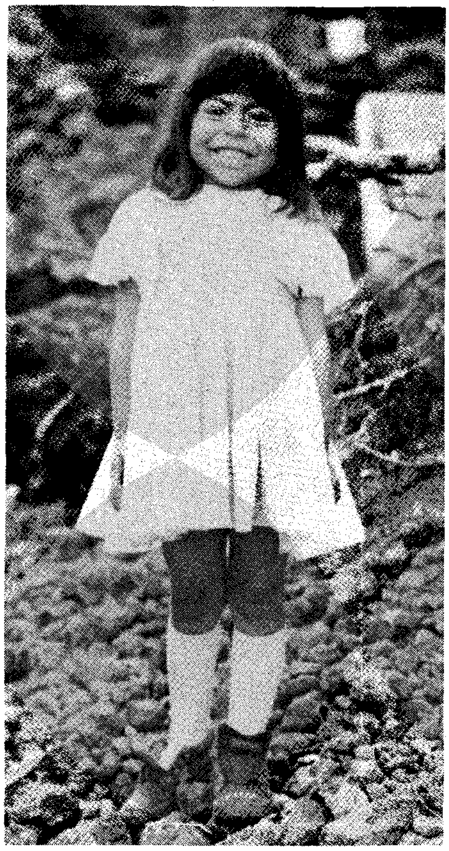
John J. Enneking, American Impressionist, 1841-1916, was a man far ahead of his time. Enneking's 1873 sketch of Madame Monet bears evidence of his work as perhaps the earliest American Impressionist painter. The first exhibition of Impressionism, shown in this country, was staged in New York in 1886.

In 1898 Childe Hassam invited Enneking to become a member of the prestigious "Ten American Painters." Enneking (an already successful independent artist) declined, stating that he did not want his style limited by an association of this type. Ironically, today works by "The Ten" are well established in the market, while works by Enneking are only beginning to receive their long overdue recognition.

Now on view, many fine oils by John J. Enneking. Offered at uninflated prices, from $15,000 to $30,000.

VOSE GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC.
238 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON, MA 02116 • (617) 536-6176

Established 1841 / We count 140 museums in the U.S. among our clients.



Susie just got the best news in her life.

The news is that she now has a CI sponsor. Now she'll have enough to eat and a sweater to wear, and a place in kindergarten.

But in her crowded, rubble-strewn slum hundreds of desperately needy children are not so fortunate. You can give the same good news to a child like Susie through a CI sponsorship for only $18 a month.

Please write or call toll-free now. Your help is urgently needed.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood
Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381
Dept. Y4S6, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

☐ I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy, ☐ girl, in ☐ Asia, ☐ Latin America, ☐ Middle East, ☐ Africa, ☐ USA, ☐ Greatest Need.
☐ I will give $18 a month ($216 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.
☐ I can't sponsor, but will help $______
☐ Please send me further information.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
☐ Ck/Money Order ☐ Visa ☐ Master Card
CARD NO EXP DATE
SIGNATURE

1-800-538-5381

CHILDREN, INC.

U.S. gifts are fully tax deductible.
Annual financial statements are available on request.

cently, "and there's a good reason for it. He has very high standards. In fact, he's a perfectionist, and when he isn't told certain things about working conditions and such, and they turn out to be not to his liking, he feels cornered, he goes out, he loses his temper. What is really offensive to him is the difference in the way classical musicians and jazz musicians are treated. It's black and white, in all senses. When something goes wrong in his life—like the illness of Jimmy Lyons, his alto saxophonist of twenty-five years—he goes to the piano and he stays there for hours. When he is preparing for a concert, he practices six to ten hours a day. So he doesn't have much of a social life. His career has been painful. His heart hurts a lot. But he doesn't hibernate. He has great interest in all the arts—particularly in dance and theatre and in hearing singers. He's a voracious reader. Cecil is a gentleman, a loving person, a responsible person."

Nat Hentoff first knew Taylor in the early fifties in Boston, and he spoke of him the other day: "I used to see Cecil at this tiny jazz-record store in the Symphony Hall building. He was a student at the New England Conservatory. We'd go to classical concerts, and he was very lucid, very shrewd about what we heard. He'd say, 'Did you hear that? Did you hear that?' And tell me exactly what had just gone wrong in the brass section or the violin section. He didn't have any of the elliptical quality he has now. He was buoyant and fresh. He hadn't been out in the arena much. He talked a lot about Duke Ellington. When he did come out, he had some terrible times. I remember running into him once in the sixties, and he told me he hadn't worked in six or eight months. He said he held imaginary club sessions in his room, to keep himself from forgetting what it was like to play in public. I saw him a little while ago in Bradley's, and he told me that when he was coming up there were certain expectations. You paid your dues and went through certain conditions, then you made it among your peers. He feels that no longer exists—that much of the ambience of the music has changed. But he isn't bitter. I think he has too much of a sense of himself for that."

TAYLOR lives in a brownstone in Brooklyn, not far from the Academy of Music. He bought the house two years ago ("Europe provided the down payment for this house"), and he lives on the bottom two floors. He sleeps in a long, narrow book-lined room on the ground floor, and on the floor above are a music room, facing the street, and a living room and Pullman kitchen, facing a back yard. Both rooms have French windows. There are no rugs on the floors, and the furniture is sparse, but there are red draperies in the music room. Most of the music room is taken up by a grand piano, its nose to the street. Taylor has a Napoleonic mien. He is short, his legs are slightly bowed, and he has broad, intense shoulders. His hair is set in finger-length ringlets, which are offset by a thick mustache. His head is round, and his nose is sharp. (He wears close-fitting hats onstage, and sometimes he pulls them so low only his nose is visible.) He moves constantly when he talks, and he talks explosively. He uses a lot of "you know"s, pronounced "knaow." He laughs abruptly, he breaks into bits of solfège. His talk randomly reflects his playing. He spoke one afternoon of himself and his music, and he must have walked a mile between his kitchen and his living room:

"I was born in Long Island City on March 25, 1929. I was an only child, except for my foster brother, Raymond, whom I still see. Raymond lived with us for a couple of years, then went back to his mother. We had a two-family brick house on a Hundred and Eleventh Street in Corona, Queens. My father was Percy Clinton Taylor. He was the head chef at the Rivercrest Sanitarium in Astoria. Two of his younger brothers worked under him. He had come from a little town in North Carolina, and his father was a full-fledged Indian, a Kiowa. My father's face was the color of the back of my hand, but his body was the color of my palm. He had thin lips and a straight nose. He cooked seventeen hours a day during the week, and he cooked at home on Sundays. He was a deeply religious man, and he sang hymns and things like 'Wade in the Water' around the house. But he also loved Louis Armstrong and Bessie Smith and Ella Fitzgerald—and Bing Crosby and Judy Garland. He was not easy to understand. He always spoke softly. Sometimes he'd be silent and just look at you and smile. My mother also had Indian blood. She was my father's second wife, and she was a fireball. We had a chow named Bing, and one night it bit me and she almost went through the ceiling. She was five feet

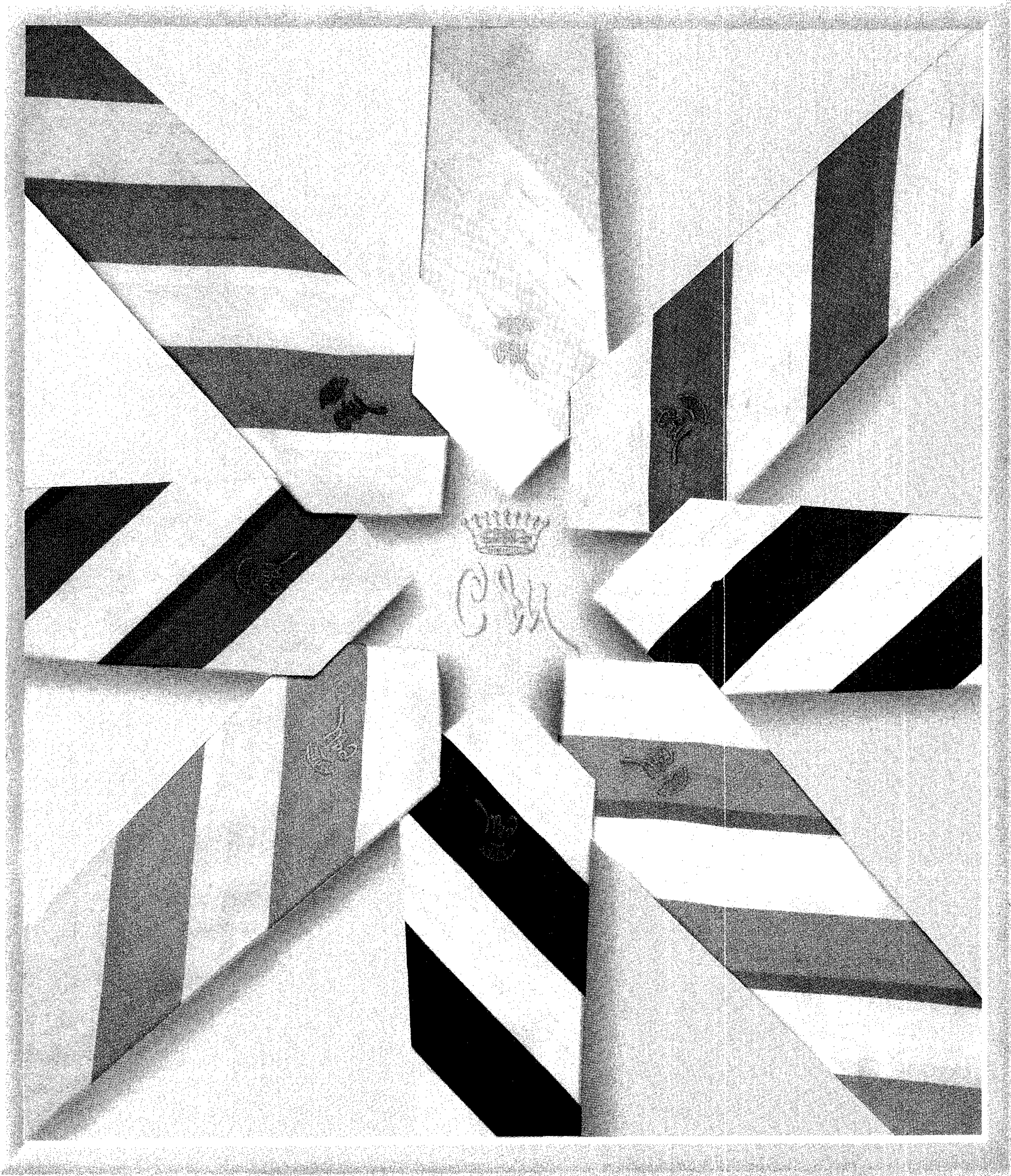
ON MAY 7
PBS WILL
LAUNCH A
SPACE PROBE.

THE GREAT
SPACE RACE

Beginning May 7 on PBS

With Jo Franklin-Trout

"The Great Space Race" is an unprecedented four-part series that will examine man's quest to conquer space. Never before has a television series offered such a close-up view of the people, the stakes and the goals of international space activities. Tune in on Wednesday, May 7, and join us as we explore space. Funding for "The Great Space Race" has been provided by The Boeing Company. BOEING



Fashionberry® for Spring

Pity those who miss this change of season. This is spring style with a view.
The colors of a Dufy regatta, visioned in plein-air, have been captured for neckwear.
In limited edition, of course, by Countess Mara for **"one man in a million."**®
Priced at $27.50, each Fashionberry® cravat bears the coronet and CM initials,
the sobriquet of good taste. Other Countess Mara ties range in price from $23.50 to $5,000.
Available at the finest stores in the world.

Countess Mara®

tall and weighed ninety pounds. She had black hair and black eyes. Her favorite color was red, and she wore big hats. She was thought of as being very beautiful. She was born in Long Branch, New Jersey, the oldest of six children. I remember going just once to the house where she was born, near some railroad tracks. Her family was great friends with Sonny Greer's family. Her name was Almeida Ragland, and she was called Maitie. She played the piano and danced, and she spoke German and French—I don't know how. She had done some acting in black silent films. She took me to the Apollo Theatre and the Museum of Natural History and to hear Benny Goodman. She was into Basie and Ellington. She gave me a book by Schopenhauer when I was ten. She told me that I was going to be a dentist or a lawyer or a doctor—that piano playing would be an avocation. Then, when I was in my early teens, she died. I moved in here on the fortieth anniversary of her death. My father would not tell me what she died of, but it was cancer, and she was in great pain the last years of her life. After her death, I lived with my father and my Uncle Bill, who played piano and violin and drums. My father never married again, and he died in 1961. I went to P.S. 143, Junior High 16, and Flushing High School. I had always gotten A's and B's, but after my mother's death my grades slipped some. I started piano lessons at five. My teacher was a Mrs. Jessey, and she was married to an NBC percussionist who lived across the street. Then I went to Violet Hamilton, who was a beautiful black woman. I also studied at the New York School of Music, and then with Charlotte Levy. Her brother was Melville Herskovits, the anthropologist. She was the most important teacher I had until I got to the Conservatory. A teacher there showed me how to use my back, to apply pressure with my shoulders. Classical pianists are taught to develop their arms and hands, but I was taught to involve my whole body. Anyway, playing is not a question of energy. It's spiritual transfiguration. If playing were merely physicality, I'd be a basketball player or a miler. Somewhere in this time, I read that Duke Ellington believed that the next generation of jazz musicians would have to have conservatory training. My father had cousins who lived in a mansion in West Medford, outside of Boston, and it was decided that I should go to the New England Conservatory of Music. I was there four years, and I graduated in 1953."

Taylor told A. B. Spellman, in "Four Lives in the Bebop Business," "I learned more music from Ellington than I ever learned from the New England Conservatory. Like learning an orchestral approach to the piano . . . I learned more either outside of school or from the nonacademic aspect of school than I did in the classes." But at the Conservatory he learned the geography of modern classical music, and he polished his technique and began investigating various improvisational approaches. He became involved in the Boston jazz community, which included the saxophonists Andrew McGhee, Gigi Gryce, Charlie Mariano, Sam Rivers, and Serge Chaloff; the trumpeters Herb Pomeroy and Joe Gordon; and the pianists Jaki Byard and Dick Twardzik. He heard Charlie Parker and Bud Powell and Sarah Vaughan in the flesh for the first time, and Stan Getz and Walter Bishop and Art Tatum. He liked Fats Waller better than Tatum. ("I loved the depth of his single notes.") And he began listening to Dave Brubeck and Monk and Horace Silver and Lennie Tristano and Erroll Garner. ("I used to think that he could make whole pieces out of his fantastic introductions.") After graduation, he lived with his father in Queens. "Sometimes," he says, "I'd only find one or two musical jobs a year." These included a week with Johnny Hodges' small band, which had Emmett Berry, Lawrence Brown, and a young John Coltrane; scattered jobs in Harlem, one of them with a rhythm-and-blues tenor saxophonist who played on his back on the floor; thirteen weeks in a coffeehouse across from the Village Gate, on Bleecker Street, where he was sometimes paid less than a dollar a night; a gig at the Art Students League; West Indian dances; a black resort upstate. In between, he took day jobs. Then, in December of 1955, he went to Boston with the bassist Buell Neidlinger, the drummer Dennis Charles, and the soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy and recorded an L.P. for a small Cambridge company called Transition. Like all good revolutionary works, which are eventually rubbed smooth by familiarity, the record was more startling

We serve the tables of the World

Brilliant cuttings and clean-line elegance, exceptional clarity, exquisite simplicity. Write for complete illustrated folio of this most outstanding collection and the name of your nearest retailer. Cristallerie Zwiesel, Three Odell Plaza, Yonkers, New York 10701.

Cristallerie
Zwiesel
Germany

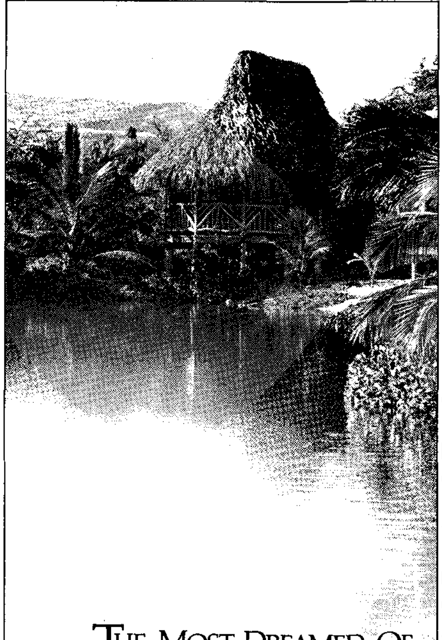
Avenue/Excelsior

BERGDORF GOODMAN

There is only one Bergdorf Goodman. A special world filled with unlimited luxury and unique innovative style. And now our Fashion Books can bring this world home to you from the newest designs for women and men to exciting gifts and accessories for the home. One year subscription, $7.00

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State __________ Zip __________

Direct Marketing Dept.
754 Fifth Avenue New York, NY 10019


THE MOST DREAMED-OF SPOT ON EARTH ACTUALLY EXISTS

Kona Village
A CLARION RESORT
at Ka'upulehu
P.O. Box 1299, Dept. NY
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745
Phone: 800-367-5290

RITZ-CARLTON HOTELS.
800-241-3333.

Atlanta (Downtown)
Buckhead (Uptown Atlanta)
Boston
Naples, Florida
New York
Laguna Niguel, So. California
Washington, D.C.

members of The Leading Hotels of the World®

Quiet Quality

THE TIDES INN
An outstanding resort
Post Office Box 339
Irvington, VA 22480 804/438-5000

when it came out, in 1957, than it is now. Most of the seven numbers have regular sounded rhythm, and four of the numbers are by other people. (Taylor usually plays his own things.) Taylor had got perhaps halfway to the plateau he has been on for the past twenty years. Monk and Ellington surface again and again, but all through the record there are strong intimations of where he was heading. Late in 1956, he was hired by the old Five Spot as part of a rhythm section meant to back a multi-instrumentalist from Boston named Dick Wetmore. Wetmore appears to have vanished soon afterward, and Taylor brought in Steve Lacy, and they stayed on for six weeks. In the summer of 1957, he played at an afternoon concert at the Newport Jazz Festival, and the following summer he did the Great South Bay Festival. He gave a concert at the Circle in the Square in 1959. In the summer of 1960, he took a quartet into the Living Theatre as a summer replacement for the onstage band in Jack Gelber's "The Connection." He told Joe Goldberg about it in "Jazz Masters of the Fifties": "The first night we played, one of the actors said, 'What the hell is going on up here?' Gelber told me that I was changing the meaning of his play. I was destroying the meaning in his play by the music I was playing. Mr. Gelber wished music that was in what he considered, I imagine, the Charlie Parker idiom, the Bud Powell idiom. I, of course, knew that I was going to do music that was for a theatre piece, which meant that it would be music that I would create because of the situation presented. For the first time in that play, the actors were not mere props, they were integrated with what was going on. They called it improvised theatre, but the only improvising that was going on, we were doing it, most of the time. It was a marvellous experience. It's like life, it was both hell and beautiful."

Work was scarce until 1962, when Taylor first went to Europe. He played in Scandinavia, and his audiences mostly "stood around looking grumpy." But he went back to Europe regularly in the late sixties, and he has gone back almost every year since. He tried the academic world without great success in the early seventies, and had rapid residencies at the University of Wisconsin, Antioch, and Glassboro State College. In the seventies, he moved forward again. He got a Guggenheim fellowship. He had two S.R.O. outings at the new Five Spot. He gave a puzzling oil-and-water concert with Mary Lou Williams at Carnegie Hall. (It was her idea.) He played with succinctness and great effect at the jazz concert presented by President Jimmy Carter on the South Lawn of the White House in 1978. He has given a joint concert with Max Roach at Columbia, and has played for Baryshnikov in Los Angeles, Chicago, and Philadelphia.

MUSIC is never far from Taylor's mind. "Sometimes I will work on my material for two years before I play it," he went on to say. "I get rid of some pieces right away, because they aren't very good. I put some away for a year, then go back to them to see how they sound. I am relaxed with the idea that not every piece I write is perfect. You improve in the smallest steps. At the end of a year, maybe you've developed an inch. I use what I write as blocks or grids—these are the bases of my improvisations. I don't improvise on the melodies I write. I improvise on their intervals. I'm in a state of trance when I play. I think of groups of sounds. I think of groups of rhythmic ideas. I think of quality of speed and quality of sound. A student asked me once where the pulse is in my music. I asked him how many different rates of breathing there are. I told him that what I'm interested in in my music is the variety of pulses that exist in a given moment. I'm very conscious of body movement when I play. I apply it to the piano in ways never seen before. I sing inside me, and I sing out loud. I write poems and I recite them in the middle of my pieces."

Here is one, from 1983:

white walls
fumes
ovah polish'd
pine

from dream
pellucid water
blued
green
reflect open face
moon

separate leaf
binding oil
scent
rises 'tween
motionless
creases

wakening
the wave wall
eye taketh
breath come

"They used to snicker at Monk when he got up and danced during his

Some people don't even tell their best friends about us.

We can't say we blame them. After all, the soft-spoken pleasures of Bermuda's White Sands Hotel are as personal as our welcome. White Sands is intimate. With an elegance mellowed by the sun and the sea, just a few steps from our door. Begin your day with a refreshing dip in the pool. Greet the evening with cocktails in our Old English Pub and a candlelight supper.

As you'll discover, Bermuda's beautiful little secret never ceases to delight. For more information, rates and reservations, see your travel agent or call (212) 832-2277.

Represented by Robert Reid Assoc., N.Y.

White Sands
HOTEL AND COTTAGES-PAGET, BERMUDA
BERMUDA'S BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SECRET.

Bagel Cutter Patent Pending

Our bagel cutter makes it easy to obtain perfect bagel halves. Hand crafted from domestic Red Oak.

$14.99 Delivery: Immediate
$19.99 with knife

Oak&Iron

☎ ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-5432, Ext. 248. (In Wisconsin call ☎ 1-800-362-6060, Ext. 248.) M.C., VISA, Am. Exp. or Diners Club.
ORDER BY MAIL: credit card or check. Send to: Oak & Iron, Dept. 248, 2700 Commerce St., La Crosse, WI 54601. Ship. & Hdlg., $3.00 each.
Money back guarantee. Call for Free Catalog.

TURBACK'S
The Grand Dame of Ithaca, N.Y.
RESERVATIONS (607) 272-6484
Regional N.Y. State Cooking and Premium N.Y. State Wines

The CHARLOTTE INN
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
FEATURED IN Country Inns and Back Roads
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 • 617 627-4751

numbers, but what he was doing was simply a natural extension of his music," Taylor said. "My motions are the same. It's rare to find musicians who are loyal and protect you and give you space to be yourself. You learn to value them highly and to give them the same space they give you. Each musician has to play his world in the framework you design for him. Improvisation is the blood that makes the music go. It's also a way to prepare oneself to talk responsibly with others in a musical community. When I first played in public, I couldn't speak for an hour afterward. I was scared to death of audiences. Now I know it is simply people you are playing for. All you can ask is that they listen.

"I am totally antimechanical. I don't answer my phone. I have to be reminded that I have an answering service. But I like to meet other human beings. I'm lucky to be alive. The time has gone very fast."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The result will be a two-story traditional condominium office park in Florham Park with an atrium at its core.

"We chose the atrium-type building to preserve the mixed assiduous trees," said landscape architect and professional planner Richard W. Christensen Jr. of the Cahill Partnership.—*Morristown (N.J.) Daily Record.*

Mostly sumac, no doubt.

•

City Councilman Loren Callendar and an official of the company operating the city's wastewater treatment plant blamed each other Monday for the odor problem at the plant.

The exchange between Callendar and Michael Robbins, vice president of Professional Services Group, deteriorated into a shouting match.

The confrontation got so heated at one point that Mayor John Van Dyke had to gavel for odor.—*Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.*

No jokes, please.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

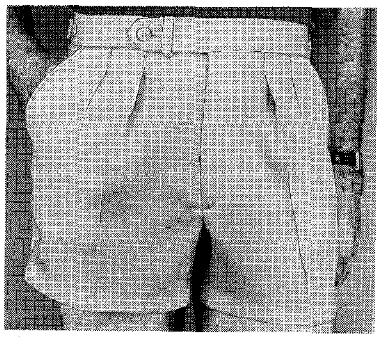
Mr. GRAY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to take from the Speaker's table the bill (H.R. 3128) to make changes in spending and revenue provisions for purposes of deficit reduction and program improvement, consistent with the budget process, with the Senate amendment to the House amendment to the Senate amendment to the House amendment to the Senate amendment thereto, to recede from disagreement to the Senate amendment, and to concur therein with an amendment.

PURE NOB HILL, PURE SAN FRANCISCO

HUNTINGTON HOTEL

NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO 94108
(415) 474-5400

PURE COTTON TENNIS SHORTS $34



Handsome pleated white all cotton tennis shorts look and feel great on or off the court. Double pleats, 2 side pockets, rear button pocket, side tabs for precise fit. Even sizes 30 to 46. Made in U.S.A.

Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

☐ *$3 enclosed for 1 yr. catalogue subscription. (Applicable toward future purchase.)*

A1E056

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Mail Orders: No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108
Tennis Shorts (88232A): Size______ Qty.______
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #______ Expir.______
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name______
Address______
______ Zip______

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Man in a Bind

NOTHING wrecks a comedian's timing more than trying to be "nakedly" honest—trying to be himself. In the semi-autobiographical "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling," which Richard Pryor produced and directed, and wrote together with Rocco Urbisci and Paul Mooney, the incidents are familiar, but they've lost their manic, raucous exuberance. The whole movie is an inadvertent tribute to Pryor's imaginative powers as a standup artist. When he works alone onstage, he creates a world of interacting people, animals, landscapes, objects. When he's making a movie with actual people and landscapes, he doesn't know how to animate them. As a standup entertainer, he sees the crazy side of his sorrows; he transforms pain and chaos into comedy. As a moviemaker, he's a novice presenting us with clumps of unformed experience. It isn't even raw; the juice has been drained away. You sit there thinking, Doesn't he know that he has already done his autobiography? He drew on his life in his great 1979 one-man movie, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," and in the 1982 follow-up, "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip," on his L.P.s and in TV and club appearances. He was himself—demons, genius, and all—in those two movies (and perhaps also in the rarely shown 1973 film "Wattstax," in which he's said to have been photographed spritzing in a ghetto bar). Now, trying to be sincere, he's less than himself.

In form, "Jo Jo Dancer" is like a less knowing "All That Jazz," in which Bob Fosse took off from his heart attack. The Pryor film begins with Jo Jo the cokehead comedy star preparing to free-base and bursting into flame—the 1980 conflagration that was covered on the TV news, and also served as the climactic event in "Live on the Sunset Strip." Then, as Jo Jo lies swathed in bandages in the burn ward, and no one knows if he'll live or die, he thinks back over how he got there. As he recalls his experiences in Morton, Ohio, first as an eight-year-old (played by E'lon Cox) whose grandmother (Carmen McRae) is the madam of a brothel where his luscious mother (Diahnne Abbott) works, the scenes don't have an independent life. They just keep reminding us of how funny and rowdy Pryor made them when he played all the parts. The incidents have even less life when Jo Jo gets a little older and Pryor takes over the role. Pryor has always had a boyish cunning, but here when he needs to be boyish he looks blank and anxious, with an almost tragic cast to his features—especially during Jo Jo's quarrels with his big, powerfully built father, played by Scoey Mitchlll. (For a while, after scrawny young Jo Jo leaves town, he goes to cities that seem to be populated with huge, threatening figures.) When people are kind to Jo Jo and he feels grateful, his eyes blur and his mouth is drawn in an expression of teary, Chaplinesque pathos.

"I'd like to be straightforward about all this, but, of course, that's out of the question."

Pryor plays Jo Jo's youth so charmlessly that the kid doesn't appear to have a speck of show business in him. And something is terribly off in Jo Jo's acts as a rookie night-club performer. Pryor seems to be using these acts merely as illustrations of the sort of thing he did when he started out; you don't feel a performer's energy in what Jo Jo is doing, and although he's seen convulsing the night-club patrons, his routines don't build—his timing is off, and they don't have any kick. When Jo Jo is at the Club Shalimar, a Mafia-run joint in Cleveland, where his friend Satin Doll (Paula Kelly) does a sumptuous striptease, he traipses onstage and does a soigné, ultra-chic impersonation of her. But he keeps his puckered-up, drop-dead manner for too long. He's too cool to be laughing-out-loud funny; Jo Jo isn't uncontrollably tickled at what he's doing, and so we're not, either. If I had never seen Richard Pryor before, I couldn't have guessed—on the basis of what Jo Jo does here—that he has an excitable greatness in him. Billy Eckstine, who plays the amiable m.c. at the Shalimar, offers Jo Jo some pills to relax—so he won't step on his own jokes. I guess we're meant to think he's been so jittery he's been going too fast, but he sounds recessive and slow.

Although you can see that Pryor is

trying to be tough and not fall into the harmless-smiley-black-fella routines of many of his thirty-odd movies, he fudges on the central conflict in his career. In "Lady Sings the Blues," Diana Ross's Billie Holiday was turned on to dope by a slimy blond dude. Here Jo Jo is corrupted by a rich white party-giver (big, blond Wings Hauser), who serves his guests cocaine as if it were a cream-cheese dip, and then lures them into group sex. This maneuver—presenting Jo Jo as an innocent who accepts nose candy from a (white) stranger—is too easy. It's on a par with a scene of the eight-year-old Jo Jo not being able to show his mother his good report card, because she's busy with a (white) customer. What Pryor never pokes into is the relationship between getting high and the pressures of performing. He himself expressed the conflict very clearly back in 1977, in his meeting with a team of TV comedy writers who were waiting for him when he returned home exhausted from a day of acting in a movie. A *Newsweek* reporter who was present set down his words. After a session of tossing around ideas for the première of the new variety series "The Richard Pryor Show," Pryor said, "You know something? I don't *want* to be on TV. I'm in a trap. I can't do this—there ain't no art." Breaking into tears, he said, "I'd rather you people know it than 50 million people. I bit off more than I can chew. I was turning into a greedy person. They give you so much money you can't refuse." A black woman writer pleaded with him, "You've got the chance to do something different on television." "You want to see me with my brains blown out?" Pryor replied. "I'm gonna have to be ruthless here because of what it does to my life. I'm not stable enough. I don't want to drink and I don't want to snort and I can't do it no other way."

Earlier in the seventies, the explanation that was sometimes offered for Pryor's volatile, on-again, off-again career was that he was a junkie—i.e., on heroin. And then it was said that he, like a lot of other junkies, began taking cocaine to compensate for the down effect of heroin—that he used it as an antidote. Whatever the background to his use of cocaine, by the late seventies it was hardly a secret. And, as he acknowledged in the blurted-out statement that *Newsweek* printed, he felt he needed to be wired up to perform—needed the feelings of omnipotence that coke gave him. And

(*Advertisement*)

©BOOTH '86
AntronPlus
Only from Du Pont

"For the next 10 years . . . Anything Goes!"

Anything Goes!® carpet won't mat or crush for 10 years.

For performance warranty details, free literature, and the names of your nearest Armstrong Carpet Studio™ retailers, call 1 800-233-3823. Dept. 65XNY

Armstrong

What is this place called?

Between Japan and mainland China, there's a charming country with a unique language and a 5,000-year-old culture. This peaceful land of great natural beauty is well served by modern hotels. And English is widely understood. Yet few people have managed to discover it. All the better for those who do. Seoul, Korea ...

한국
(Korea)
Some place different for your holiday.

Please send me a free brochure on Korea.

86' ASIAN GAMES SEOUL
88' OLYMPIC GAMES SEOUL

Name: ________________

Address: ________________

Send to:
Korea National Tourism Corporation,
Korea Center Bldg., 460 Park Ave., Suite 400,
New York, NY 10022, U.S.A.
Tel: (212) 688-7543/4
Tlx: KNTCNYUR 225578

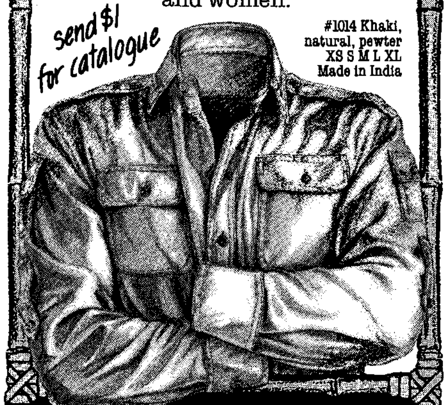
KOREA
THE BEST KEPT SECRET IN ASIA

US/NY/TH/6

100% Cotton
BOMBAY shirt $18
2 for $16 each
3 for $15 each
Bombay cotton has a soft, airy touch and shows off topstitching and fine-stitched buttonholes. Lightweight interfacings, especially in the collar, keep up appearances on the steamiest day. Civilized narrow tailored fit accommodates both men and women.

send $1 for catalogue

#1014 Khaki, natural, pewter
XS S M L XL
Made in India



BANANA REPUBLIC
TRAVEL & SAFARI CLOTHING Co
Send Check, Visa, Amex, M/C, DC to 224 Grant Avenue
Dept. D33, P.O. Box 7347, San Francisco, CA 94120
Add $2.00 for Shipping. Add CA, NY, TX Sales Tax.
Order Toll-Free 1-800-527-5200
Visit Our New York Stores

A charming place,
a cheerful place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON PLACE
HOTEL

Where high expectations are quietly met.
San Francisco (415) 781-5555

Camden, Maine
A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.
Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

Be Pampered...
in the Colorado wilderness. Walk with llamas from our luxurious mountain base camp.
Call or write for brochure.
HOME RANCH LLAMA TREKS
Box 822Y • Clark, CO 80428 • (303) 879-1780

who could dispute it? His isn't the classic comedy of control and polish. It's an edgy, overemotional, confessional comedy that works on a demonic level, on seeming not completely in control. But Pryor also knew that booze and coke turned him into a self-destructive megalomaniac. This conflict between the terror of staying straight and flopping and the terror of jolting himself so high he'd blow his brains would have explained the film's taking-off point—the exploding flames and the burn ward.

As it is, there's no accounting for why Jo Jo the Hollywood star is a violent-tempered, drunken wreck. Pryor simply skims the incidents of his life, skips around (the editing is sloppy), and presents a conventional show-biz bio, with a procession of disaffected wives. I liked the ghostly stretch limousine that transports Jo Jo as he travels back to his childhood, and there are fond touches, such as having Jo Jo the star present himself to the child Jo Jo and hug his beautiful, whorey young mother. There are also such infelicities as cracks about "Italians," as if the word were synonymous with "Mafiosi." (Are those the only Italians he met?) A larger infelicity: we don't get a sense of the ferment that this black underground man catapulted out of. The picture drops the name Angela Davis, and Jo Jo appears in a modified Afro and spouts a few four-letter words, and Pryor also makes some effort to show that Jo Jo stopped telling detachable jokes. This doesn't even begin to do the job. In 1982, Pryor was the No. 1 box-office star in America. How can a movie about his emergence in the sixties and his rise in the seventies not mention Lenny Bruce (who died in 1966)? In a way, it would have seemed berserk if "Jo Jo Dancer" *had* suggested that its hero was carrying through what Lenny Bruce started, because Jo Jo isn't. Jo Jo doesn't perceive the dirty joys of blasphemy and mean-spiritedness, the way Richard Pryor did. He doesn't have the self-mockery to give cowardice its due. He doesn't improvise with the whooping, screaming, ghetto-poolroom naughtiness of a Richard Pryor, whose upper tonal range would shame a banshee.

In all probability, Pryor simply didn't recognize that there was also an art to directing a movie. He doesn't know how to create the charged atmosphere that he was part of. He doesn't know how to tell a joke visually. A shot of Jo Jo soaked in rum and lighted up may be meant to show his death wish, or perhaps it's a gag—a spoof of Pryor's lawyer's attempt to conceal how he got burned. The awful thing is that Pryor got burned again when he decided to make a movie of his life. This Jo Jo isn't smart enough for us to accept him as Pryor. Pryor has a hellion's fear that drives him on. He's always testing the audience the way a kid tests his parents: How far dare he go? How far can he get by on his cuteness and his nerve? It gives a tension to everything he does, and he's exhilarated, his beady, wary eyes darting about, checking on how he's doing. He knows and we know that he can't stop, that he has to go where his heated-up imagination takes him, and that he can't do it without audience feedback. What a great humorist does at his desk, Pryor does in front of an audience: he makes discoveries; he surprises himself. (That's what a real movie director does, too.) This dimension of Pryor—Pryor the artist—is lost in the movie.

"Violets Are Blue" is a slim, undeveloped movie about Gussie and Henry, a pair of young lovers in the late sixties who plan to leave their home town—Ocean City, Maryland—and explore the great world. But, as it turns out, Gussie (Sissy Spacek) is more restless and confident than Henry (Kevin Kline). She goes away and becomes an airline stewardess and then—making good on her talent—a well-known photojournalist. He stays at home working on his father's newspaper, marries, takes pride in his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and son, becomes editor of the paper and makes it a force in the community. (Henry, like every other good person in the movies now, fights to protect the environment.) The movie takes up what happens sixteen or seventeen years after Gussie left Ocean City, when she feels lonely and rootless, and returns to spend a vacation with her parents. The romance with Henry is rekindled, and she persuades him that it isn't too late for him to fulfill his high-school ambition of becoming a free-lance magazine writer. They make plans to go off together—to leave his wife and his teen-age son (Jim Standiford) to lump it. The problem-play idea is fairly clear: Can the modern "career" woman who has given up the simpler, more basic satisfactions go back and retrieve the man she left behind? That is, can she have everything—the excitement of her work and the solidity

A 100-acre work of art—now on display.

In just 35 minutes, you can be in 18th century England. Strolling through picturesque formal gardens. Admiring the magnificent Phipps family mansion. At Old Westbury Gardens. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10am to 5pm, through November 2.

OLD WESTBURY GARDENS
Listed on the National Register of Historic Places
Old Westbury Rd., Old Westbury, NY 11568
(516) 333-0048

RENEW YOURSELF
Alive Polarity at
Murrieta Hot Springs
A Vegetarian Oasis

- Room for 2/$34.95
- Swimming & Sunning
- Mud & Mineral Baths
- Sauna, Alive Polarity BodyWork & Wraps
- Weekend Seminars
- One Week Programs
- Totally Smokeless, Alcohol-free & Great Vegetarian Food

PEACE SHALL HEAL

Service-oriented Programs for health conscious individuals who want to get more out of life thru diet, exercise, relaxation and education.

FREE Brochure: 28779 Via Las Flores NY2
Murrieta, CA 92362 Resv: (714) 677-7451

PEACE 1776
The Griswold Inn
ESSEX, CONNECTICUT 06426
203·767·1812
featured in *Country Inns and Back Roads*

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

of a Henry, too? And does the man who has been a useful, contented stick-in-the-mud for so long really want to ditch his responsibilities and become a risk-taker? Questions like these don't give the audience a stake in a movie unless the characters get to us. But the characters here were devised so that the questions could be raised; Spacek and Kline are playing "concepts," and they don't scratch the abstract surface.

In earlier movie eras, Gussie would probably have been a villainous vamp, "the other woman," a deliberate home breaker—which might at least have been entertaining. Now she's just a vaporous figure standing in for all the women who got into what they once thought were the glamorous occupations and find themselves shading thirty-five or forty and alone. The movie, produced by Marykay Powell, from her idea, and from a screenplay that's credited to Naomi Foner (it probably started out as hers), tries for some complexity. It tells us that Gussie refuses to recognize that Henry made his choice through all the small, cumulative choices that kept him in Ocean City. What comes across is that there were reasons Henry stayed behind—reasons rooted in his character. And maybe Kevin Kline's doughiness in the movie—his total lack of magnetism—is the result of his effort to play Henry as a born husband. But that doesn't keep people in the audience from tittering at him, and they're right to titter; it's a fuddy performance—Kline gives you the feeling he's an actor with nothing inside. Spacek at least plugs away at her non-role, although, with tendrils of her long red-gold angel hair forever spilling over her face, you wonder how the hell she takes pictures. The director, Jack Fisk, has a feeling for naturalistic acting, and he modulates the dialogue so it has a gentle tone. He uses the oceanside-resort-town locale, with its sailboats and its amusement park, to get the love scenes between the two retro-adolescents moving, but he can't do anything like the flowing, expressive work he did in "Raggedy Man." All he can accomplish is to keep the movie lightweight.

Even so, Bonnie Bedelia comes through. She gives the stay-at-home wife a flirtatious vibrancy that makes you want to forget about whether those two noodles Gussie and Henry are going to grow up or go on trying to flip back the calendar. Bedelia has the advantage of playing anger—

Turn your own comforter design into reality.

Ask our Custom Shop to help you transform your own imaginative design into a beautiful and functional down comforter, comforter cover, down pillow, pillow sham, curtain, bed ruffle or specially sized accent pillow. Each of our Custom Shop professionals is skilled and highly qualified to provide you with the finest custom services available, anywhere.

The Widest Range of Custom Services in the World

When you call, ask for The Company Store's Custom Shop. Tell them what you need — special down comforter sizes, Goose or European down fills, special shapes or fill amounts, color combinations, accessory accents, detailed monogramming or trim — and when it comes to material, you can choose from any of the fine fabrics in our catalog. You can even send your own. You might select favorite sheets, for example, that you would like us to make into a comforter cover or pillow shams. Whatever it is, our Custom Shop is at your service.

Your creative design opportunities are virtually unlimited. With over 74 years of professional design and sewing experience, The Company Store Custom Shop has decorated many of the finest homes in America.

The Company Store Custom Shop®

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-9367, Ext. F494, or write The Company Store, Dept. F494, 500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.

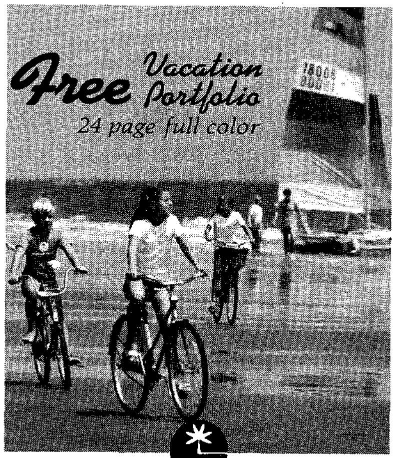
North Carolina.
Friendly Living.

FEARRINGTON
A COUNTRY VILLAGE
One of life's finest places to live.
Chapel Hill 800 334-5475
P.O. Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

THE HIGHCROFT SCHOOL
AND SUMMER SESSION

Individualized programs for boys & girls ages 8-19. Improve study skills, academic foundation and self-confidence. One-to-one assistance during evening study hall. Developmental or remedial reading. 22-acre Berkshire Hills estate; expanded lab & computer facilities. Skiing, tennis, basketball, track, swimming. English for international students. College guidance.

David Wilson Milne, Headmaster
176 Gale Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267
Tel: (413) 458-8136



Seabrook Island Resort

Please send: TNY5
☐ Family Vacation Portfolio
☐ Golf/Sports Information

Name
Address
City
State Zip
Box 32099 • Charleston, SC 29417

(800) 845-5531
(In SC (800) 922-2401)

PEABODY COURT
in Baltimore...

Peabody Court surrounds you with amenities that are the mark of a world class hotel. Special weekend and honeymoon packages available.

612 Cathedral St., Baltimore, MD 21201
(301) 727-7101 • (800) 732-5301

one of The Leading Hotels of the World®

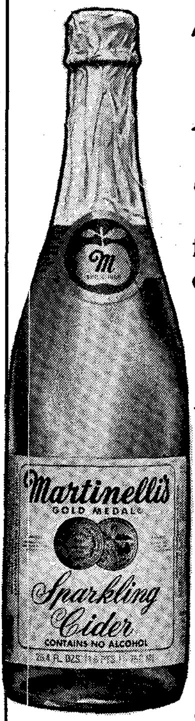
Dromoland Castle & Clare Inn *Ireland's Finest*
A Luxurious Castle and a charming Inn just 8 miles from Shannon Airport.
Brochures and Reservations McDonough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare.
Phone (061) 71144. Telex: 26854. Free Toll 800 624 1921.

The Perfect Vacation
at the country inn by which others are judged. Beautiful rooms, peaceful gardens, imaginative cuisine, all facilities. Brochure.
The Inn on the Common
Craftsbury Common, VT 05827 802-586-9619

which is the only strong emotion anybody in "Violets Are Blue" gets to express—and she makes her anger sexual and down to earth. The picture doesn't really get started—to the degree that it ever gets started—until she's around. When I last saw Bedelia, in the 1983 "Heart Like a Wheel," she seemed to be trying too hard and she was tense, but she's relaxed here, and her prettiness, which was so broad-domed and childlike in the days of "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "Lovers and Other Strangers," has gained a new depth. You feel that this wife has lived a little and knows what's what. (The other two are like moderately intelligent dummies.) It's one of the mysteries and blessings of movies that something as inconsequential as "Violets Are Blue" can be fluttering by and suddenly a performer like Bonnie Bedelia lights up your consciousness.

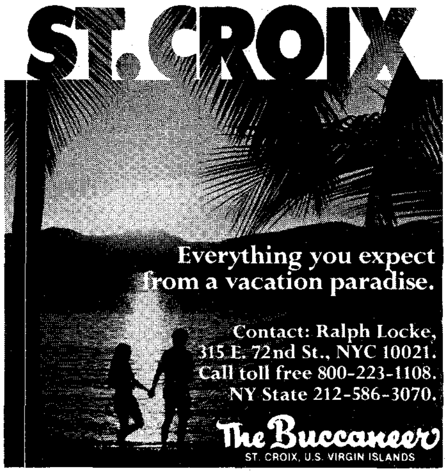
MAYBE it's a mercy to the audience that the elements of "Violets Are Blue" are left undeveloped. "Just Between Friends"—which is another homemaker/husband/career-woman triangle—spells everything out, according to accepted TV procedures. This ode to pseudo-liberation stars Mary Tyler Moore as the California homemaker and mother of two teen-agers, with Ted Danson as her seismologist husband and Christine Lahti as her best friend, a TV newscaster. The writer-director, Allan Burns, has prepared a carefully constructed script about how the timid-mouse wife must grow and become self-reliant after her husband is killed in a car accident, and how the friendship between the two women is sustained after the wife learns that her friend was having an affair with her husband and is pregnant by him. But the two women meet at an exercise class, and the subtext, which is tied in to that exercise class, dominates the movie.

For two hours, we're invited to admire what terrific shape Mary Tyler Moore is in. There are so many shots of her tight, trim rear end in leotards as she gyrates for the camera that the film begins to seem a vanity production. On television in the sixties and seventies, Mary Tyler Moore's girlish personality made her America's sweetheart, but now she looks agonizingly ill at ease about her age, and this exhibition of her beautiful state of preservation makes her seem much older than she is. (She's around fifty.)



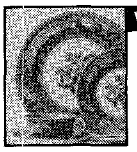
There's Nothing like it!
for "champagne" occasions
✳ DELIGHTFULLY NON-ALCOHOLIC
✳ Gold Medal winning sparkling juice from FRESH APPLES
✳ NO concentrates
✳ NO preservatives
✳ NO added water or sweeteners

Since 1868
Martinelli's
GOLD MEDAL®
SPARKLING CIDER
S. MARTINELLI & CO., Dept. N
Box 549, Watsonville, CA 95077



Contact: Ralph Locke,
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021.
Call toll free 800-223-1108.
NY State 212-586-3070.
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

BLUE STRAWBERRY
Dining by reservations only. 603-431-6420
Restored 1797 ship's chandlery overlooking the harbor
Liquors and Wines Portsmouth, N.H.



WORLD'S LARGEST INVENTORY!
DISCONTINUED
China & CRYSTAL
Complete your treasured bone china, earthenware and crystal sets. Write or call for a full list of pieces now available in your pattern.
USE VISA, M'CARD • BUY or SELL (919) 275-7224
REPLACEMENTS, LTD. 1510-(N) HOLBROOK STREET, GREENSBORO, N. C. 27403-2785

Her self-consciousness was always part of her comedy style. Now she's still playing that kind of hesitancy; she has scenes just like the ones she used to play as Mary Richards—scenes where she wishes she weren't so conventional, and wishes she could use the "f" word as casually as her friend does, and so on. But what she's really self-conscious about is at war with what she's playing. When she flashes that familiar big, bright smile, her face is drawn so taut that she looks as if she's in pain. That smile gets to be like a nervous tic, a plea. Since Burns, who used to work on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," wrote the script for her, and the picture was produced by MTM Enterprises, she's not exactly in the position of an actress who takes an unsuitable role because it was the best she could get. This role is tailored for her as she was fifteen years ago.

Christine Lahti walks off with the picture, and it's not just because of her savvy as an actress—it's also because she's at ease about her age. (She's in her thirties.) Lahti is like the audience's representative on the screen; she makes contact with us (the way Bonnie Bedelia does in "Violets Are Blue"). Her voice has a witty dryness, with deep resonances, and she plays the sophisticated newscaster with a modern, open brazenness. This newscaster is like a new, more plangent version of Rosalind Russell at her peak, in "His Girl Friday"—a woman who holds her own, who's too strong and too proud to turn helpless around men, and sometimes furiously regrets it. —PAULINE KAEL

•

Lucas explores the domestic landscape with exquisitely composed and beautifully made assemblages whose irony demands that we perceive them as ugly.

The dolls and pink baby clothes that Lucas assembles with ribbon, street jewelry, artificial flowers and lace are not trappings but traps.

The pervasive colors are girly pink, delicately layered with baby blue. Perceive them as bile green with a clumsy sprinkling of soot.

The pink reality of sexual identity and sexual politics is not a surface matter.

—*Press release from the Avenue B Gallery.*

Oh.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

TARQUIN
CASUAL AND OUTDOOR FURNITURE

DEAR INCREDIBLY, AMAZINGLY,
UNBELIEVABLY IMPORTANT PERSON:

Anyone can send for The New Yorker.

You Can Do It For Yourself: Whether you wish to begin a subscription to The New Yorker, or renew the one you already enjoy, all you have to do is write your name and address below and check the term you prefer.

Your name (please print)

Address *Apartment*

City *State* *Zip*

☐ *Start a subscription for me only.* ☐ *Start gifts only.*
☐ *Start my subscription plus gifts.* ☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52* 4186

You Can Send It To Someone Else: To give a gift subscription to The New Yorker, just write your name and address above and the recipient's name and address below.

☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52*

To
(please print)

Address *Apartment*

City *State* *Zip*

Gift card to read "From ______"

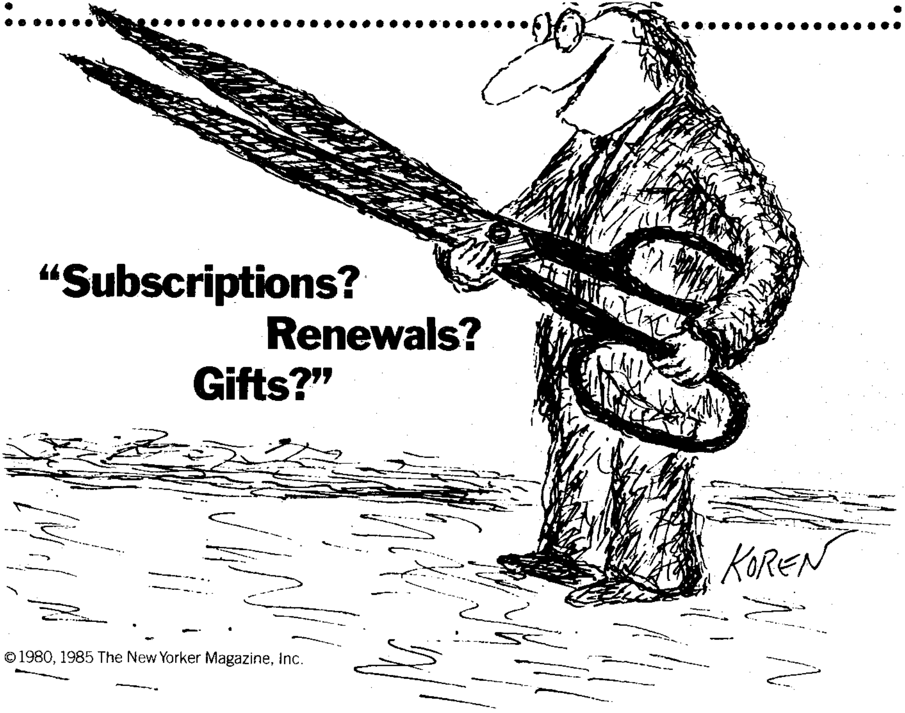
Additional postage: Canada $12 per year; other foreign $20 per year. Please remit in U.S. funds.

☐ *My check for $* ______ *is enclosed.*
Or, please bill my: ☐ *Master Card* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *Visa*

Card Number *Expiration date*

Signature

Please mail completed order to:
The New Yorker, Subscription Department, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.
For credit card orders, phone toll-free 1-800-554-7000


"Subscriptions?
Renewals?
Gifts?"
KOREN

©1980, 1985 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

THE THEATRE

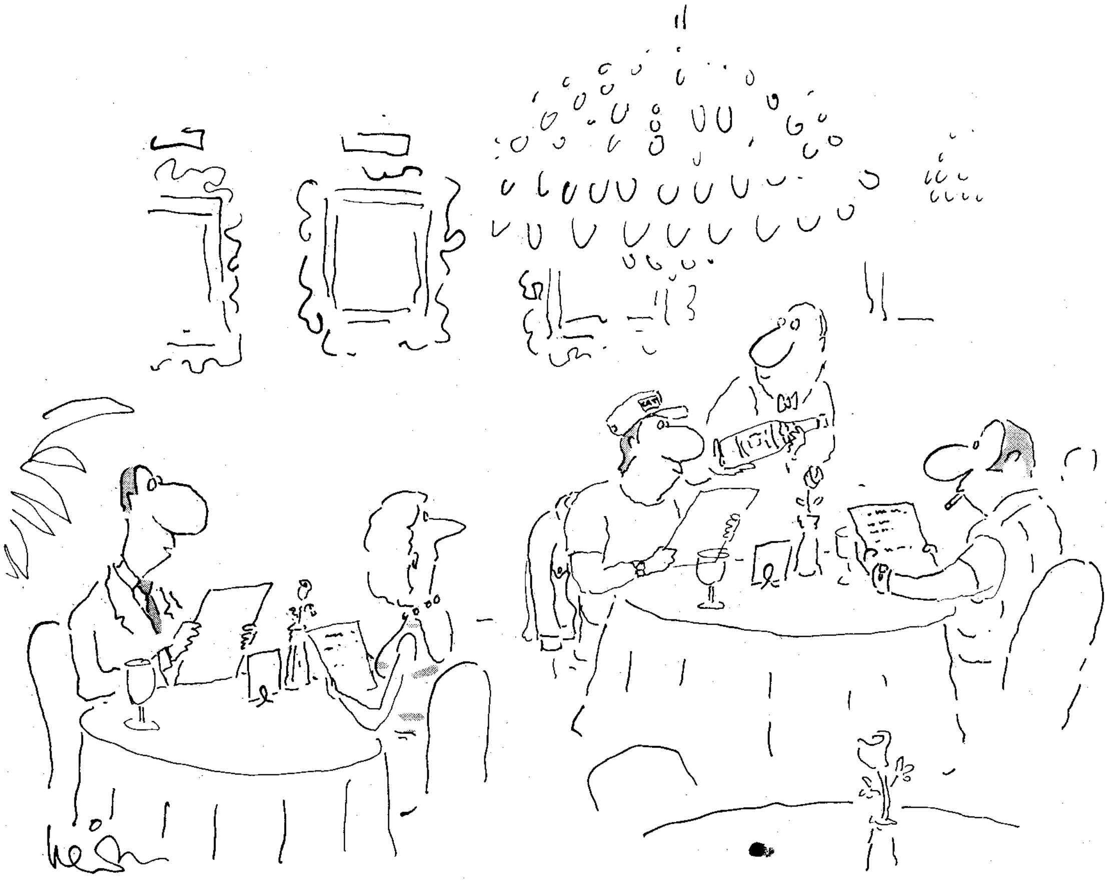
Belgravia Blues

BRIAN CLARK, who wrote "Whose Life Is It Anyway?," evidently likes to invent professional obstacles for himself and then seek appropriate means of overcoming them. In his latest play, "The Petition" (at the Golden), he has been a veritable Houdini in respect to the problems he has dared to pose. It was Houdini's pleasure to have himself tied in chains, deposited in a locked trunk, and thrown into a river, from which, after a length of time that all but guaranteed his having drowned, he would emerge from the watery depths unscathed. I wish I could say that Mr. Clark had performed a similar feat with similar success, but his equivalents of chains, trunk, and river have proved too much for him. As a theatre piece, "The Petition" was doomed from the start by the terms in which it was conceived, and if the incomparable skills of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn serve to diminish the scale of its failure they cannot alter the nature of that failure.

What is it that we are invited to observe on the stage of the Golden? In a drawing room in the fashionable section of London known as Belgravia, a man and wife are finishing their after-breakfast coffee and reading the daily newspapers. The man, General Sir Edmund Milne, is a sprucely dressed eighty-year-old; his wife, Lady Elizabeth, is equally well turned out and is, to all appearances, in as excellent health as her husband. The play follows "real" time instead of stage time: a clock on the wall indicates that it is ten o'clock, and the curtain will fall, and not prematurely, on the dot of twelve. I suspect that beginning the action of the play at that hour of the day was the author's first mistake, closely followed by his second—making it a two-character play. A well-bred old couple holding a midmorning conversation in a dim London drawing room without any prospect of welcome interruptions from a dithering George Rose-like butler or a pert downstairs maid, to say nothing of the interruption from one or another of the four middle-aged children that we are told the Milnes possess, is apt to cause a quiver of anticipatory boredom in an audience; no doubt there will be domestic revelations of a substantial sort, but they come very late in the old people's lives and have for that reason an attenuated value. As if to assert, on the contrary, that life is every bit as valuable at eighty as it is at twenty or forty, the author causes Sir Edmund and Lady Elizabeth to quarrel vehemently over the question of nuclear warfare—proof that they are still in active relation to the world around them. Sir Edmund, having discovered in the morning papers that Lady Elizabeth has signed a petition to "ban the bomb," is furious with her; as an old soldier, he feels that she has betrayed him.

A further seeming betrayal is then revealed: for almost a year, Lady Elizabeth has known that she was dying of cancer, and has kept this information from him, in order not to alter the habitual agreeable passage of their days—his afternoons of bridge at the club, her teatime gossiping with an old male friend. In the light of her imminent decease, much hitherto hidden ground must be painfully gone over, at the risk of a rupture between them on the very brink of the grave. Ibsen would have depicted such a rupture and so would Shaw, but Clark is either too softhearted to provide that ending or has assumed (I think rightly) that a Broadway audience is too softhearted to accept it. The Milnes embrace and he goes off to his club in his accustomed fashion, leaving her alone in the midst of a sorry debris of memories.

Miss Tandy and Mr. Cronyn are now in their middle seventies, and have consented, with good humor though not without hints of acerbity, to put on the mantle inherited from Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt as the premier married couple of our theatre. What on earth has such sentimental twaddle to do with their distinction as actors? Watching them in this failed trifle of a play, I felt grateful to be in the presence of their art, which nearly always superbly avoided mere artfulness. How many shades of meaning the



"This is one of those places the truckers stop to eat at."

range and varying timbre of their voices are capable of conveying! Every infinitesimal change of posture reflects a change of mood. When the roles they play hint at a murderous passion lodged behind civility, I believe as readily in the passion as I do in the civility.

The setting, which, curiously, asserts its right to be realistic and at the same time impressionistic—a triangle of improbable, inimical blackness divides two portions of conventional drawing-room walls—is by John Bury, who also designed the lighting. The direction is by Peter Hall.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Alt Wien

THOSE members of the audience at St. Clement's who admired Martha Clarke's theatre piece "The Garden of Earthly Delights" a couple of years ago may find her new "Vienna: Lusthaus" disconcerting—at first, anyway. Inspired by the Hieronymus Bosch painting, "Garden," for all its variety, was an overwhelming experience—all of a piece. In "Vienna: Lusthaus," the returns are scattered, but no less fascinating or beautiful or funny for that. It is an evocation, in dance, music, mime, tableaux, and words, of Vienna before the First World War, a notably fragmented place and time. Like "Garden," it was conceived by Miss Clarke for the Lenox Arts Center, with music by Richard Peaslee, and what the shows have in common, more than anything else, is the brimming imagination of Martha Clarke. Astonishment is as important to this second work as it was to the first, and I'll be as sparing with the details as possible and hope that you have not already boned up on newspaper reports and reviews. The mood lies somewhere between dreaming and waking, with sometimes abrupt, sometimes all but undiscernible shifts in stage imagery, and Mr. Peaslee's score, with its quoted passages from Johann Sebastian Bach and Johann Strauss, is considerably more than an accompaniment. The play opens with very slow dancing; then, suddenly, there is a fast Strauss waltz, and the stage fills with movement. Sexuality abounds—there is no lack of earthly delights: young women in snowy white underwear whirl and turn; two naked young women sit, backs to the audience, to stunning erotic effect; the couples (there is a lot of coupling) are male and female, male and male, female and female. Soldiers in long tunics and boots stride about; there are a few sinister episodes. A wonderful older woman, Lotte Goslar, who doubles as a clown, softly sings a German song. At one moment, the dancers become horses and trot and gallop in a circle, and at another they are graceful, romantic ice skaters. Figures from the paintings of Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele stroll on and off the stage. Humor, hand in hand with astonishment, is pervasive; the text, by Charles Mee, Jr., much of it written with a nod to Freud, is funny and always in keeping. In the funniest and sexiest of the scenes, a man puts boots on his hands and then proceeds to make energetic love to himself. (Miss Clarke is an alumna of the Pilobolus Dance Theatre, and this is indeed a Pilobolic exercise.) As the evening progresses, the mood grows darker and perhaps more threatening. And "Vienna: Lusthaus" grows more hypnotic; it is difficult to snap out of it once the show is over. The sets and costumes, by Robert Israel, and the lighting, by Paul Gallo, are perfection.

DAVID HWANG'S "Rich Relations," which paused briefly at Second Stage, is worth noting because Mr. Hwang, who wrote "FOB," "The Dance and the Railroad," and "Family Devotions," is one of our best young dramatists. Here, in his first play that is not about Asian-Americans, he cuts loose in a whole new way. Whether the script is good or not—certainly some good lines came winging out—is quite impossible to tell, because it was all but done in by an asinine production that was prankish and elaborate, and by casting so maladroit as to seem almost mischievous. Two exceptions were Keith Szarabajka, as a young professor, and Phoebe Cates, as a sixteen-year-old student of his whom he takes home with him from Connecticut to Los Angeles. And "home," as designed by Kevin Rupnik, was startling and impressive.

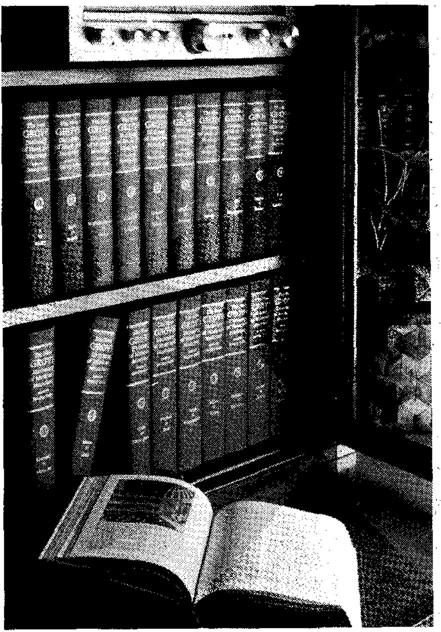
—EDITH OLIVER

•

In an interview after the hearing, Bridgham explained that state valuation is the common yardstick used by the state to measure the comparative wealth of communities. "The richer the town, the greater the state aid. The poorer the town, the greater the state aid."—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

Everyone's a winner Down East.

"... the greatest musical dictionary ever published."
Charles Rosen, *N.Y. Review of Books*



The gift of a lifetime for anyone who loves music.

"...20 vast volumes excellently produced, crammed with scholarship, magnificently illustrated, a profound pleasure to handle."
Anthony Burgess, *Quest*

"...let us all be grateful to *Grove*."
Virgil Thomson, *Notes*

"...a constant joy..."
"...again and again, looking up one entry, I have been caught by others, which have kept me engrossed until long past midnight." Desmond Shawe-Taylor, *The New Yorker*

By ordering directly from the publisher, you can acquire *The New Grove* at a saving of $200. Or use one of our 2 convenient installment plans.

1. One volume a month for 20 months.
2. Get the entire set at once with a down payment and pay the balance over 20 months.

Call toll-free today for details: 800-221-2123. In NY. call 212-532-4811. Or use the coupon below

The New Grove Dictionary of Music & Musicians
15 East 26th St. New York, N.Y. 10010

☐ Here's $1925 as full payment—a saving of $200. Send me the complete *New Grove* at once.

☐ Ship me 1 new volume each month for 20 months and bill my charge account $106.25 per month.

☐ Here's $275 for the down payment. Ship me the complete 20 volume set at once. For the balance, bill my charge account $100 a month for 20 months. N.Y. State residents add sales tax.

☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ Master ☐ AmEx ☐ Diners NG6N28

☐ Please send me a FREE *Prospectus*

Card No. Exp.

Name

Address

City State Zip

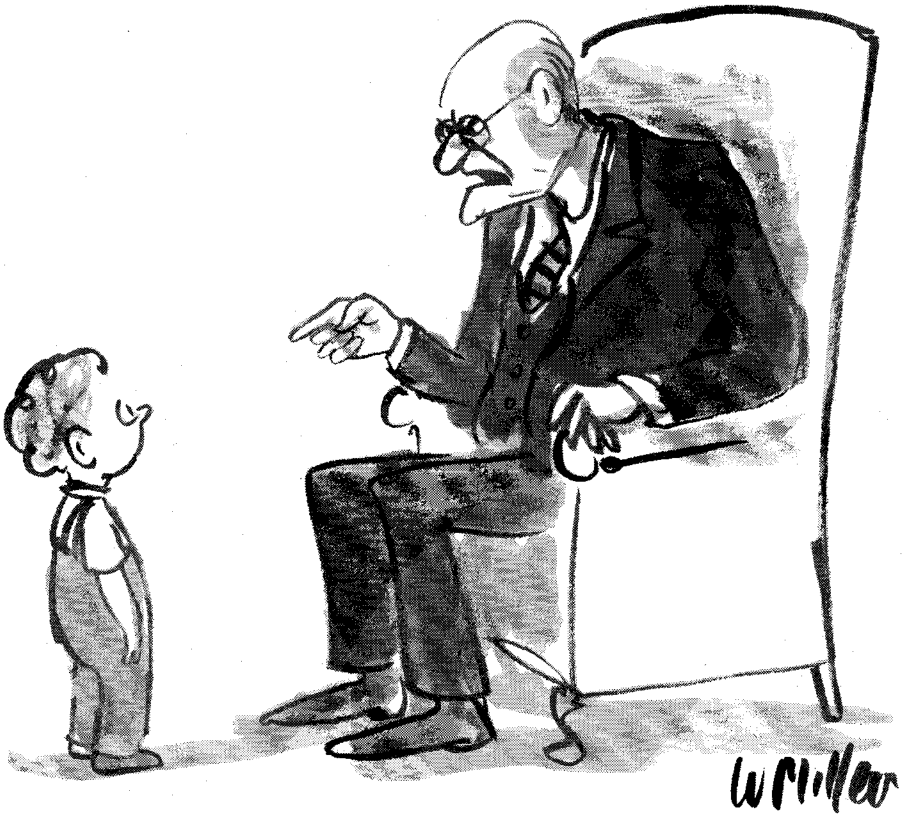
MUSICAL EVENTS

Surfeit

MESSIAEN'S "Saint François d'Assise," commissioned for the Paris Opera by Rolf Liebermann in 1975, was brought to performance there in November, 1983. It is a set of eight tableaux in the life of the saint, enacted to music in the composer's familiar manner, in which slow, emphatic, repetitive melodic declamation is punctuated by bursts of "birdsong"—avian calls transcribed for gigantic instrumental forces, squawked, screeched, hammered out by brasses, woodwinds, a battery of percussion, and the electronic caterwaul of the ondes Martenot. Before saying more, let me own that in the past I have been prepared to genuflect before some big Messiaen scores ("Chronochromie," "Seven Haiku," "Colors of the Celestial City," "Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum"), to be stirred by the play of sounds and colors, to find radiance in the timbres, strength in the heavy, insistent rhythms (based on classical metres and Indian talas), and, even, passion in the succulent added-note harmonies. The works for smaller forces (the long "Catalogue of Birds," for piano solo; the "Awakening Birds" and "Exotic Birds," for moderate orchestras) could be enjoyed with fewer qualms. In 1969, Messiaen added a huge choir to his huge orchestra and brought out, in Lisbon, "The Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ," which lasted over a hundred minutes. I began a review of it respectfully:

> Olivier Messiaen, who had, like Berlioz, a Dauphiné boyhood, has always been concerned with high mountains, with the dazzle and splendor of sun on snow, with glacier and fell. He has hymned radiance and tried to find sounds for the splendor. In what he himself has likened to mescalin-induced ecstasy, sights and sounds, colors and timbres, have combined in one rapturous vision, and his big works have been sustained outpourings of love: love between man and woman, which found its fullest expression in the "Turangalîla" symphony, and love of God for man and of man for God, given expression in a series of works that includes the apocalyptic dazzle of the "Colors of the Celestial City," the Resurrection glories and terrors of "Et Exspecto" (first played in the Sainte-Chapelle while morning sun fired the windows), and now, largest and longest of all, "The Transfiguration."

In a program note, the composer told of a day in his life when, gazing at the Jungfrau and at Mont Blanc, he understood the difference between the sun's and the snow's splendor, and imagined how terrible the Transfiguration must have been. His score was a Jungfrau piled upon Mont Blanc. It was tremendous. It was almost unbearable. One surrendered—bashed into submission, perhaps, by the numerous gong strokes—or stoutly resisted. "Saint Francis" now adds the Himalaya to the pile. I did not go to Paris for the première. All of the work that I have heard live is three of the eight tableaux, brought to Carnegie Hall last month by the Boston Symphony and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, conducted by Seiji Ozawa: the third, "Saint Francis Kisses the Leper," and the seventh and eighth (which make up the third act of the opera), "The Stigmata" and "Death and New Life."



"If you want to be rich, the first thing you have to learn is how to count."

When George Crumb, in his "Star-Child," applied the small, fine formulas that had produced his delicate chamber music to create a long work for large forces, the result was coarse and displeasing. The parallel with "Saint Francis" is not precise, but part of the way it holds. The work has been composed by formulas that worked well before but are now overextended. The composer proceeds like an organist intoxicated—inspired, if you like—by the power that can be his at the touch of a button and is now holding forth, for much longer than ever before, on an instrument much larger than any he has used before. "What I tell you three times is true" sufficed for the Bellman. "Let me cry it *nine* times" seems to be Messiaen's decision, "and who will dare disbelieve?" The simpleminded, heavy repetitiousness in the score of "Saint Francis" makes minimalist music seem positively Carterian. Litaneutical forcefulness moves into longueur. One seeks relief in flippancy: a critic of the Paris première remarked that "the incessant interruptions by twittering woodwind nearly had me reaching for my shotgun."

In the last paragraph of a program note, the composer admits to an uneasiness lest listeners find all his racket and all his apparatus ill matched to a work about the saint of the Little Flowers, one who "invoked Lady Poverty and her sister Holy Humility." His answer is that St. Francis was "rich in the sun, in the moon, in the colors of the sky, of clouds, of trees, of grass, of flowers, in the sounds of the wind, in the power of the fire, and in the clarity of water," and that therefore "a music high in colors of timbres, of durations, of sound complexes, seems to me to be perfectly in harmony with his true interior nature." Messiaen's aims, honesty, piety, and fervor are not in doubt. I know La Verna, high on its mountain above the Arno, the setting of the seventh tableau, where Francis received the stigmata; have succumbed to its numinous spell, which not throngs of tourists and pilgrims can mar. Most summers, I visit it, walk in the calm of the woods above, listen to the birds that sing there. I can understand Messiaen's wish to pour out devotional feeling, uninhibitedly, by pulling out every stop in sight. But I think also of the chaste Andrea della Robbia altars at La Verna: ecstasy distilled, disciplined, unassertive, occupying little space. Made of snow and sky they are, said Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, once Italy's Prime Minister. (His remark opens John Pope-Hennessy's monograph on Luca della Robbia.) I have no quarrel with anyone who is overwhelmed by "Saint Francis." I wanted to be. But I find it an unseemly, self-indulgent, bombastic work—musically unchaste, indecent in a way that David Del Tredici's monster "Alice" pieces are. The composer has discovered for himself, it seems, motifs such as Puccini used in "Tosca" and "Turandot" and chord alternations such as open Wagner's "Siegfried," and he plugs them as if they were new and fresh. A listener cannot hear them that way. The opening of the seventh tableau is punctuated by "the sinister howling of the screech owl," magnified to an earsplitting screech from the ondes Martenot. Horrid machine, whether it is oozing sweetness (as when Francis kisses the leper) or (in the C-major final roar) cutting through the loudest noises everyone else can make! Messiaen uses three ondes Martenot in "Saint Francis."

The performance was as good as can be. Mr. Ozawa, who conducted the Paris première, is a complete master of the score. From that production he brought José van Dam, in the title role, and Kenneth Riegel, as the Leper. Kathleen Battle, as the Angel, who melts the Leper's resentment against life and later welcomes the saint into eternity, sang from on high in tones of angelic purity.

As Juvenal said, *rara est adeo concordia formae atque pudicitiae.* Lilla, the heroine of Vicente Martín y Soler and Lorenzo Da Ponte's "Una

In Singapore where else but the Shangri-La.

A world of tropical tranquility, attentive yet never obtrusive service, warm welcomes and thoughtful touches at one of the world's best hotels.

Shangri-La hotel
SINGAPORE
A SHANGRI-LA INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

NY 528A

Shangri-La International: **U.S.A. & Canada** toll-free (800) 457 5050 **Los Angeles** (213) 551 1121

Shangri-La **Singapore.** Shangri-La **Kuala Lumpur.** Shangri-La **Bangkok.** Shangri-La **Beijing** (End 1986).

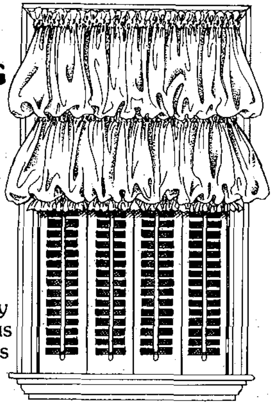
This luggage may well be the best-kept secret of the world's most discerning travelers.

Fulton's world class quality can be yours, too. Send for our free catalogue.

The finest luggage you've never heard of. Est. 1919.

FULTON SOLIGHT® **LUGGAGE**
18 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

COUNTRY CURTAINS®
FREE COLOR CATALOG



Country Curtains are a tradition . . . years of old-fashioned quality and conscientious service. Curtains in cotton muslin or carefree permanent press, some with ruffles, others with fringe or lace trim. Also tab curtains, bed ensembles, lined and unlined Waverly curtains, charming pillows and dolls, wooden curtain rods . . . many wonderful items for your home. Free color catalog. Please call 413-243-1805 or write us. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG
Name
Address
City
State Zip

COUNTRY CURTAINS®
At The Red Lion Inn
Dept. 3086, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

AMBASSADOR GRILL

Prix Fixe Menu
Lunch $19.00
Dinner $24.00

44th Street at First Avenue
New York City
Reservations 212 355 3400

Rooms available
for Private Functions

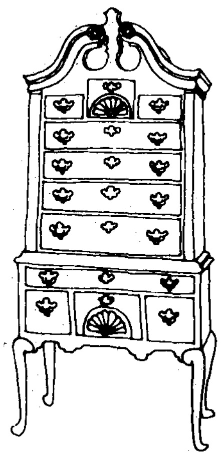
The 1780 Egremont Inn
Two centuries behind the times.
The Berkshires, MA 01258 413-528-2111

"SEE-AMERICA" RV VACATIONS
Call American Safari toll free 800-327-9668
In Fla. 305-531-4202

Cosa Rara," is that rare thing: a woman as chaste as she is fair. Although she is pursued by the Prince of Spain both before and after her betrothal to the shepherd Lubino, and by the local Podestà (whom her brother wishes her to marry), and by a court chamberlain, and although she is sore tried by the hot-tempered Lubino's jealous rages, her sweet constancy never falters. "Una Cosa Rara," which appeared at the Vienna Burgtheater six months after "Le Nozze di Figaro," in 1786, is probably the most Mozartian of all operas not by Mozart. The first cast included Mozart's Susanna, Nancy Storace (as Lilla), his Countess, Cherubino, Figaro, Count, and Curzio, and his future Ferrando (as the Prince). Within a few years, the opera had been heard all over Europe. What was described as its professional début in the United States was given last month by the Vineyard Theatre. One stretch of the score, played by Don Giovanni's supper band, has long been familiar. ("What do you think of this music?" Giovanni asks. "It's what you deserve," Leporello replies.) More of it went into Stephen Storace's very successful composite opera "The Siege of Belgrade" (1791), which reached New York in 1796 and was revived here as late as 1840.

Martín was not Mozart. Had he been, "Una Cosa Rara" could hardly have become so popular in an age that found Mozart's music too elaborate. The score is simpler than that of "Figaro," with more songs, fewer ensembles, few developed episodes. It is less demanding of performers and listeners alike. Martín's characters are charmingly and aptly characterized but are not drawn in depth. The comedy, unlike that of "Figaro" or "Così," is untouched by the possibility of tragedy. But the emotional temper rises in the scenes with Lilla and Lubino. His angry "Vo' dall'infame viscere" has a fierceness to match Count Almaviva's. (Stefano Mandini created both roles.) Her "Consola le pene" is one of the loveliest arias of the period. Their duet of reconciliation, "Pace, caro mio sposo," is deliciously swaying and voluptuous—dangerous stuff for young people to hear, Count Zinzendorf wrote in his diary. (The Emperor himself, Da Ponte says in his memoirs, led the demand for an encore.) There are measures and motifs that Martín and Mozart have in common: some are commonplaces of eighteenth-century opera, and others

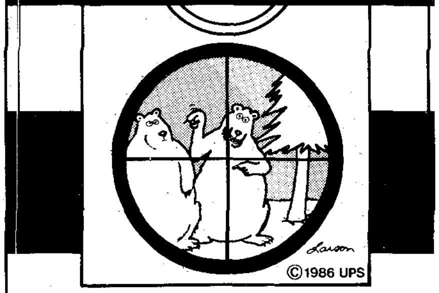
GETAWAY TO YESTERDAY



Next weekend, or even tomorrow, visit the Inn with two centuries of tradition. Live amidst antiques: Queen Anne highboys, Cobridge china, Colonial pewter.
Savor Veal Oscar, warm apple pie with Vermont cheese, potables from our well-stocked bars. Enjoy antique-shop browsing, and the Norman Rockwell Museum.
You'll love this old-time Inn in the Berkshires with the modern amenities. Featured in "Country Inns and Back Roads." Just off Mass. Pike on Rt. 7. Write or phone for reservations or brochure. 413-298-5545.

THE RED LION INN
Since 1773. Box NY5 Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

FAR SIDE T-SHIRTS



Get right on target with Larson's cartoon colorfully screenprinted on Natural T's, 12.95 or White Sweats, 24.95; adult sizes S-XL. Order by phone or mail, send ck., m.o., or Visa/MC no. and exp. date plus 1.75 s/h. For more *Far Side and other fun shirts send 1.00 for color catalog* (applicable to order). **DALLAS ALICE** 4956 Boiling Brook Pkwy, Suite NY1, Rockville, MD 20852 301-468-6996

"LONDON . . .
I usually stay at the Dorchester or, if I'm feeling frugal and want understatement and comfort, at
NUMBER SIXTEEN Hotel."*
16 Sumner Pl. London SW7 Tel. 01-5895232
From Bill Fine "Travel & Leisure"

KIAWAH ISLAND
Beautiful Sea Island Villas
Tennis & Championship Golf — Nightly or Weekly. 21 miles from Historic Charleston. BROCHURE: 1-800/992-9666 or Write: Benchmark Properties, P.O. Box 773, Johns Island, SC 29455, 803/768-9800.
BENCHMARK PROPERTIES

suggest a closer relationship. The Prince's graceful "Più bianca del giglio" could be sung by Ferrando. Ghita's Despina-like advice to her friend Lilla, "Colla flemma," is couched in Despina's musical accents. (Dorothea Bussani created both roles.) "Una Cosa Rara" also has a vein not explored by Mozart—pastoral, rustic, ethnic. The scene is the Spanish mountains, whither Queen Isabella has come to slay a boar that has been terrifying her people. She is a gracious queen, who sings a delightful, friendly trio with Lilla and Ghita, and, in a fine florid aria, "Ah, perchè formar non lice," declares that she would gladly exchange the throne for simple, honest country life. (Isabella was one of Josephine Barstow's early roles.) The Prince sings a serenade in syncopated three-bar phrases which sounds piquantly Spanish. The finale includes a pretty seguidilla, danced and sung by the girls in honor of their sovereign. For the first performance, the Spanish Ambassadress, Martín's patron, helped to provide authentic costumes (and the opera set a fashion for Spanish dress, Da Ponte says).

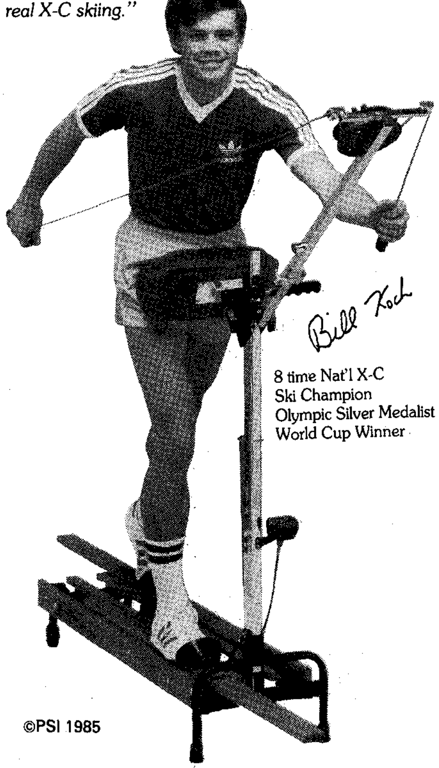
The Vineyard performance, directed by Joseph LoSchiavo and conducted by James Kurtz, was scrupulously prepared. The manuscript in the Austrian National Library provided the main text, and in the program book twelve other libraries were thanked for "making available research materials vital to this production." The only cutting was in recitatives. The orchestra was slightly reduced (by second oboe, second horn, and viola). There were single strings (in the tiny theatre more are hardly needed), and there was no double-bass. Mr. LoSchiavo's staging was apt, simple, and direct. Susan May, as Lilla, sang appealingly, at times limpidly. Karen Grahn was a merry Ghita, and Karen Van Poznak an attractive Queen. Robert Osborne's Lubino sounded both the Ford-like fury and the amorous episodes of the role in well-focussed tones. Richard Slade's Prince, however, was a stick. In general, I would have welcomed, as usual, a lighter, more forward sort of voice production, closer to proficient pop singing, and livelier words (the piece was essayed in Italian), and recitative nearer to nimble speech. Dozens of appoggiaturas struck on the lower fourth were prolonged.

The audience had more fun at the last "Cosa Rara" I attended, in London eighteen years ago, which was

NordicTrack
Cross Country Skiing Exerciser

Builds Cardiovascular Fitness More Effectively Than Other Exercisers

"NordicTrack provides the same superior fitness building benefits as real X-C skiing."



Bill Koch

8 time Nat'l X-C Ski Champion
Olympic Silver Medalist
World Cup Winner

©PSI 1985

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth, rhythmic motion of cross country skiing, recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness building exercise available.

Jarless Action is Better Than Running

Does not cause joint or back problems. More complete. Resistance on arm motion provides a superior upper body exercise.

More Complete Than Exercise Bikes

Adds important upper body exercise and provides more uniform leg muscle usage. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier because more muscles share the exercise.

More Effective and Safer Than Rowing Machines

Safer because no dangerous back strain loads imposed. Scientific tests prove NordicTrack's skiing motion is superior to rowing for building fitness.

Burns off 200 - 600 Calories per 20 Minute Workout

For effective weight control.

Exclusive Flywheel Action

Provides unmatched smoothness and continuity from stride to stride. Motion and resistances are same as real skiing.

Folds Compactly

Requires only 15" x 17" floor space.

Free Brochure. Call

800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

141NY Jonathan Boulevard North
Chaska, Minnesota 55318

in the heart of the mountains

Hotel Waldhaus ★★★★★
CH-7514 Sils-Maria (Engadine/Switzerland)
Phone 01141-82-4 53 31 - Tx. 74 444
Personally managed by the owners
R. Kienberger, F. Dietrich & Family
An extraordinary hotel with turn-of-the-century charms and modern day comfort, beautifully located among the mountains and lakes of the Engadine Valley.
Marvellous possibilities for hiking and excursions - Indoor swimming pool - 4 tennis courts (1 covered) - Children's nursery
Summer season from June 7th until Oct. 19th
From our visitors' book:
"Since then our visits have been the high-spots of our lives."

done in Roy Jesson's deft English translation. In its own day, the opera swept Europe in German, Russian, Danish, Polish, and French translations. The Italian-language productions were mostly in Italy: in Bologna and Bergamo, Crema and Cremona, Florence and Faenza, Leghorn, Lodi, and Lucca, Parma, Pavia, and Pistoia, Turin and Trieste, Udine and Urbino, Vercelli and Verona, Genoa, Milan. In those days, a successful opera "played" as a successful movie does now. It seems to me crazy for an all-American cast, in an intimate theatre where every word is audible, to be performing an unfamiliar comedy in a foreign language—and much of it ill pronounced. (The Met, with its international artists playing, for the most part, in standard repertory, is another matter.) The Public Theatre might as plausibly do its Ibsen in Norwegian, its Molière in parley-voo. The result embodies a misconception of the nature and purpose of opera. Nevertheless, anyone who commands Italian will be able, after some aural "deciphering," to follow the Vineyard artists' words, and to others the vague, general sense of what is being sung will be apprehensible. The music is worth hearing. The last performances are on April 30th and May 3rd.

The Vineyard, with its Paisiello "Barbiere" in 1984 and now "Una Cosa Rara," has provided a context for Mozart's "Figaro." ("Il Barbiere," "Figaro," and the première of "Una Cosa Rara" were successive opera performances at the Burgtheater.) What next? Perhaps Martín's "Il Burbero di Buon Cuore," also to a Da Ponte libretto, and enrichable by two arias Mozart composed for a 1789 revival. Or Giuseppe Sarti's "Fra Due Litiganti," another Europe-sweeping opera (in many vernacular translations) to whose popularity Mozart paid wry tribute in the supper music of "Don Giovanni."

STANISŁAW MONIUSZKO'S "Straszny Dwór," "The Haunted Manor," is (as I wrote after a Detroit production four years ago) a delightful opera, brimming with good tunes, and every number a winner. Although the plot is slight, the emotional tone is moving. After the Warsaw risings and massacres of the eighteen-sixties, Moniuszko sought to console his countrymen, oppressed by Russian tyranny, with a bright picture of Polish chivalry, Polish high spirits, Polish particularities. Again and again, a stirring patriotic note rises through the romantic comedy. (After the first three performances, in 1865, the Russian authorities banned the opera.) Bel Canto Opera, which staged Moniuszko's "Halka" in 1983, last month produced "The Haunted Manor," for three performances (in English), in the Joan of Arc School theatre. It was not a wholly satisfactory revival. The stage direction was unfocussed and cliché-ridden. The conducting was precise, metronomical—every beat beaten out—and often at odds with the singers, who phrased more musically. The orchestral timbre was dense—not transparent, elegant, and sensitively matched at each moment to whoever was singing. Anyone to whom "The Haunted Manor" was new may not have placed its composer in a world that Rossini, Smetana, and Sullivan also inhabit, where beguiling melodies flow freely and the musical touch is light. But there were rewards. The four principals—two sisters and two brothers who pass through misunderstandings to betrothal—were fairly good. Mary Lynne Bird, the Hanna, might be called Bel Canto's prima donna; her coloratura runs fleetly, sweetly, and (if not all the time) truly. Debra Kitabjian, the Jadwiga, has an attractive timbre and an intricate, attractive stage personality. John Daniecki, the Stefan, is a singer we may be hearing more of. The timbre is a shade metallic, but his tenor is free, virile, and unforced. He doesn't push, and he gives to each vowel its distinct, proper color. To fulfill his promise, which seems to be for young-heroic roles—Tamino moving to Weber's Max and Huon—he must learn to invest a consistently bland stage presence with some dramatic variety. Henry Lackowski was a pleasant Zbigniew.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

The clients and the stylists—six actors in all, including the two police officers —become suspects in the ensuing investigation, but it is the audience that issues the final verdict by questioning the suspects and then voting on whom they believe committed the crime.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The copy editor did it.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From an invitation to the annual Thomas Hart Benton celebration sponsored by the Kansas City Art Institute*]

Please respond promptly as space limitations preclude an early cutoff at which time checks will be returned.

Dexter Rhododendron, peak season mid-May thru mid-June.

Our 19th century windmill isn't the only thing stirring in the breeze.

Astound your senses with infinite shades of pink, gold and white . . . salute a color guard of brilliantly detailed miniature soldiers . . . or let our antique cars take your heart for a spin.

Breathtaking discoveries everywhere you look. Keep coming back to experience them all.

Heritage Plantation of Sandwich®

New England's most attractive museum.

Just 3 miles from the Sagamore Bridge, Off Rte. 130
on Pine and Grove Sts., Cape Cod, Sandwich, MA 02563
(617) 888-3300. Adults $5: children under 12, $2; 5 and under free!

A TAX-FREE ALTERNATIVE TO CAR RENTAL IN EUROPE

RENAULT'S PURCHASE-REPURCHASE PLANS

For 3 weeks or over. You must check it now. It may save you hundreds of dollars. More than 25,000 Americans have used it.

Call Collect in N.Y.S.: 212-532-1221
Outside NY call toll-free: 800-221-1052

or write: Renault Inc., European Delivery Services
650 First Avenue, NY, NY 10016

Please send details of Renault's exciting Tax-Free Vacation Plans to:

Name ________ State ________
Address ________ Zip ________
City ________ YR-4
Phone ________

Villas in Europe.

- from cottages to castles.
- from Crete to the Cotswolds!
- from $250-$6000 weekly rentals.

Over 20,000 inspected properties throughout the nicest parts of Europe, Mexico and the Caribbean.

Villas International
71 W. 23rd St., NYC 10010
212-929-7585 • 800-221-2260

The elegant touch
designs, crafted to give you accessible luxury
Cristal
J. G. DURAND
France
AND INTERNATIONAL
Blvd., Millville, N.J.

New Power. New Comfort. New Technology. New Yorker.

The 1986 Turbo New Yorker is the most desirable New Yorker ever. This is the luxury car that defines the new technology of driving, and reflects Chrysler's commitment to make Made in America mean something again.

Here is the confidence of advanced front-wheel drive for better traction on slippery surfaces.

Here is the option of turbocharging. Once you feel its power, you'll never go back to a V-8 again. (Or, if you prefer, for 1986 you may have the new 2.5-liter fuel injected engine, standard.)

Here is the luxury of more standard features than Buick Electra. You enjoy automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, power windows, power mirrors and new, wider 50/50 pillow style seats among your comforts.

And here is Chrysler's commitment to you: your New Yorker is backed by 5-year or 50,000-mile protection* on engine, powertrain and outer body rust-through. Even your turbo is protected.

Chrysler invites you to discover the new technology of driving. Test drive Turbo New Yorker at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer, where purchase or lease may be arranged.

THE COMPETITION IS GOOD. WE HAD TO BE BETTER.

Chrysler
Division of
Chrysler Corporatio

*See limited warranty at dealer. Excludes leases. Restrictions apply.

Buckle up for safet

BOOKS

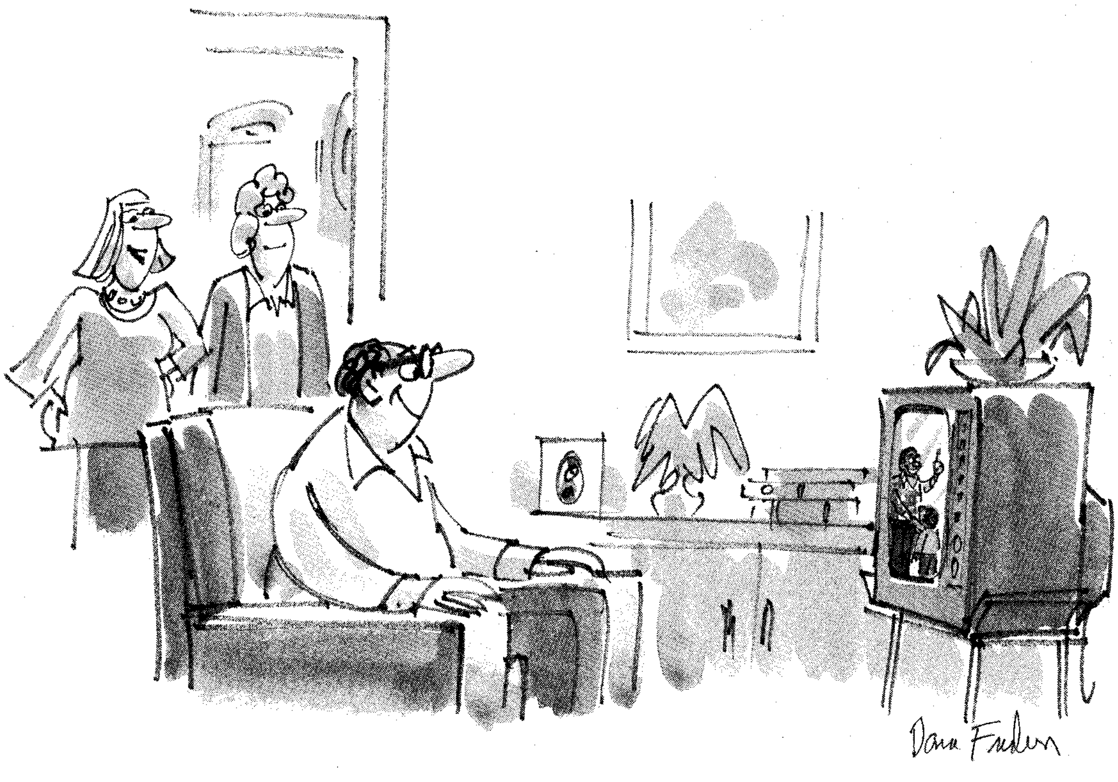
After America

“America began transforming Europe the moment European explorers set foot on American soil. And what a transformation it was—to the degree that Europe came to be, after America, quite simply another Europe.” That statement—the conclusion of Germán Arciniegas's “America in Europe: A History of the New World in Reverse” (translated from the Spanish by Gabriela Arciniegas and R. Victoria Arana; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95)—appears irrefutable. I think, though, that few Americans can have imagined this before reading Mr. Arciniegas's book, which is intellectual history at its most entertaining—so saturated with the cultural heritage of the West that it seems effortless, even playful. “One notes with surprise,” the author says in a preface, “the decisive role America has played in each new epoch of European thought,” but surprise yields quickly to conviction as he reëxamines the past that most of us have been taught the other way around, with America as Europe's pupil.

Mr. Arciniegas, the Colombian historian, journalist, and diplomat, reminds us that Thomas More's “Utopia,” which was written in the hope of reforming European society, drew on Amerigo Vespucci's descriptions of the New World and its inhabitants. The European imagination seized on the notion of creating a perfect community, and “Utopia” inspired not only other utopian books but scores of efforts to form ideal communities up and down the New World. Such attempts have continued in our own time and in our own country. Mr. Arciniegas points out that More is widely considered the spiritual father of Socialism and Communism, and picks up a quotation from Lenin that echoes More and—very faintly, to be sure—Vespucci's Indians. He also explains that Columbus's and Vespucci's discoveries lent essential support to the intellectual revolutions of Copernicus and Galileo, for Europe's cosmological theories had been “purely imaginative adventures” before Europeans found America; Europe's “most learned men could not have formulated new scientific principles without empirical proofs.” And America continued to serve as a source of intellectual upheaval: Darwin's reflections on his Latin-American research led to the “Origin of Species.”

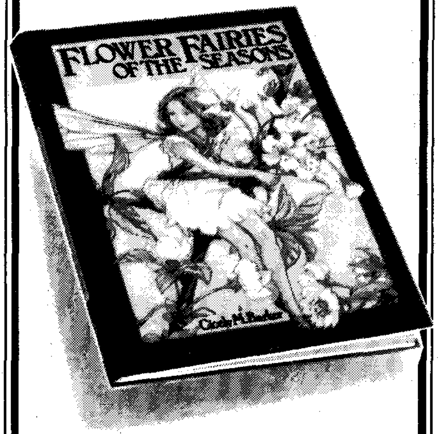
Other kinds of revolutions began with the Americas. Mr. Arciniegas describes how the discovery of a hitherto unknown group of human beings, the Indians, elicited first in Spain and later in the rest of Europe a centuries-long reconsideration of the nature of human rights and the canon of international law. These issues (What is a just war? What may conquerors lawfully do to the conquered?) agonize us today, because individuals' consciences were formed, even though nations' behavior may not have been greatly improved, by those debates. The author ascribes the invention of the “noble savage”—that hypothetical being who embodies a critical view of European culture and an optimistic view of human nature—to the French, and tells us that to celebrate a visit by the newly crowned Henri II, in 1547, the City of Rouen collected fifty Brazilian Indians and disguised two hundred and fifty French sailors as Indians to stage “a Carioca carnival on the banks of the Seine.” The powwow inspired poems by Ronsard and by Montaigne's dearest friend, Étienne de La Boétie. Montaigne's essays “Of Cannibals” and “Of Coaches” are famous statements of the virtues of primitive peoples which crystallize Europe's mental mutinies: the Indian visitors' comments on the French court attack hereditary monarchy and economic inequality. It is odd to find personalities as dissimilar as the tolerant Montaigne and the fanatic Lenin depending on Indians to make their point, but the fact that they did depend on them underscores Mr. Arciniegas's argument.

Mr. Arciniegas emphasizes that North and South America embarked on parallel enterprises. We recall that Thomas Paine joined the French Revolution, and Mr. Arciniegas reminds us that Paine had as a colleague Francisco de Miranda, of Venezuela; both men were imprisoned under the Terror, and James Monroe, as Minister to France, worked to free both of them. The author also discusses the contributions of South American delegates to the Courts of Cádiz, an effort to



“Harry's finally in the mainstream on something. He loves Bill Cosby.”

Gift Book!



FLOWER FAIRIES OF THE SEASONS

LARGE FORMAT

40 color plates, $14.95

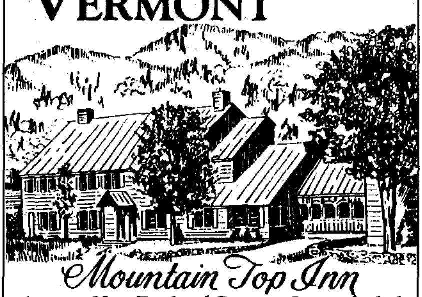
At your bookstore

Bedrick/Blackie Books

125 E. 23 St., NYC 10010

By mail, add $1.00 per book

VERMONT



Mountain Top Inn

A warm New England Country Inn secluded on a 1000 acre resort and nestled in the Green Mountains of Central Vermont. Scenic views, pristine lake, relaxing atmosphere and fine dining. Swimming, sailing, golf, fishing, canoeing, horseback riding, tennis, hiking, antiquing, sight seeing, heated pool, sauna & whirlpool. Call Toll Free: 1-800-445-2100, Mountain Top Inn, Box 446, Chittenden, Vt. 05737. In Vermont and Canada call 1-802-483-2311, collect please.

HIKE THE SWISS/ITALIAN ALPS

Unforgettable 8-day or 16-day adventures. Choice of two daily hikes on scenic trails. 4-Star hotels. Exquisite dinners. Free day each week to rest, sight-see quaint countryside. Join Ryder/Walker, premier alpine guides.

RYDER-WALKER ALPINE ADVENTURES

FREE BROCHURE

Ryder/Walker Alpine Adventures
96 Gainsborough St. #303W
Boston, MA 02115
(617) 267-5783 (Call Collect)

create a constitutional Spanish Empire during the upheavals of the Napoleonic Wars. The South Americans' proposals recall those of North Americans of a generation earlier who attempted to find a way to remain within the British Empire before our revolution. What to an admittedly prejudiced American reader seem common-sense solutions advocated by North and South Americans were defeated in Europe, with the result that in the nineteenth century the Americas became the homelands of republicanism and by merely surviving challenged monarchy. Mr. Arciniegas recounts the short reign of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico with a still lively sense of outrage at Europe's efforts to reimpose monarchy on an American republic. His narrative reminds us that North and South Americans tell the same stories with different emphases: United States historians commonly see our country as the intended target of Europe's usurpation in Mexico. North and South America claim some of the same heroes, though: Mr. Arciniegas recalls the importance of Garibaldi's experiences in South America, and we remember that Garibaldi lived for a while on Staten Island and was offered a command in the Union Army.

In the nineteenth century, nationalism and national independence were revolutionary causes in Europe, where the influence of the United States and our sister republics was an irritant to Europe's rulers. The Polish patriot Tadeusz Kościuszko, who fought in our revolution, returned to Poland to lead another, and Lord Byron sailed to fight for Greek independence in a ship he named the Bolívar. It is not surprising, then, that nineteenth-century European opinion about the Americas was divided along lines drawn in European politics. However, in a diverting chapter, "Between the Dithyramb and the Diatribe," Mr. Arciniegas shows that well before the nineteenth century the Western Hemisphere had become a repository of Europeans' fantastic hopes and hates. If some Europeans imagined the Indians as noble or tragic, a fitting subject of opera or drama (Vivaldi's lost opera about Montezuma, say, or Voltaire's play "Alzire," which was the source of Verdi's opera "Alzira"), others emphasized the Indians' paganism and cannibalism. In 1768-69, an Abbé de Pauw published a popular book supporting Buffon's theory that American species were degenerate, and that Eu-

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★ SINCE 1910 ★

"This is fiction of consequence."

—New York Times Book Review

Grace Paley
Later The Same Day

From the author of *The Little Disturbances of Man* and *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute* comes another brilliant collection of short stories. In *Later the Same Day*, Grace Paley explores the simultaneous strength and fragility of human relationships with characters that constantly test reality against their own expectations. **A Viking Penguin Book, $6.95**

Doubleday Book Shops

NEW YORK ★ SHORT HILLS ★ BOSTON ★ SAN FRANCISCO

and other select locations. Phone Orders Accepted
East (212) 397-0550 ★ West (415) 989-3420
Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrap ★ Major Credit Cards

Your first love letter. A newspaper article that moved you to tears. The book that made a difference. Experience the power and pleasure of words.

Read.

American Library Association

The Best The leading sculling coaches in North America gather each year at the Craftsbury Sculling Camp to provide instruction for all levels of expertise, including beginners. Rowing takes place on a long, exceptionally calm lake whose sparkling waters are of drinking-water quality. Varied accommodations, delicious meals, the beautiful Vermont scenery and many other activites make the CSC a satisfying experience. The 1986 sessions begin May 15 and end Oct. 13.
Call or write for brochure.

Craftsbury Sculling Camp

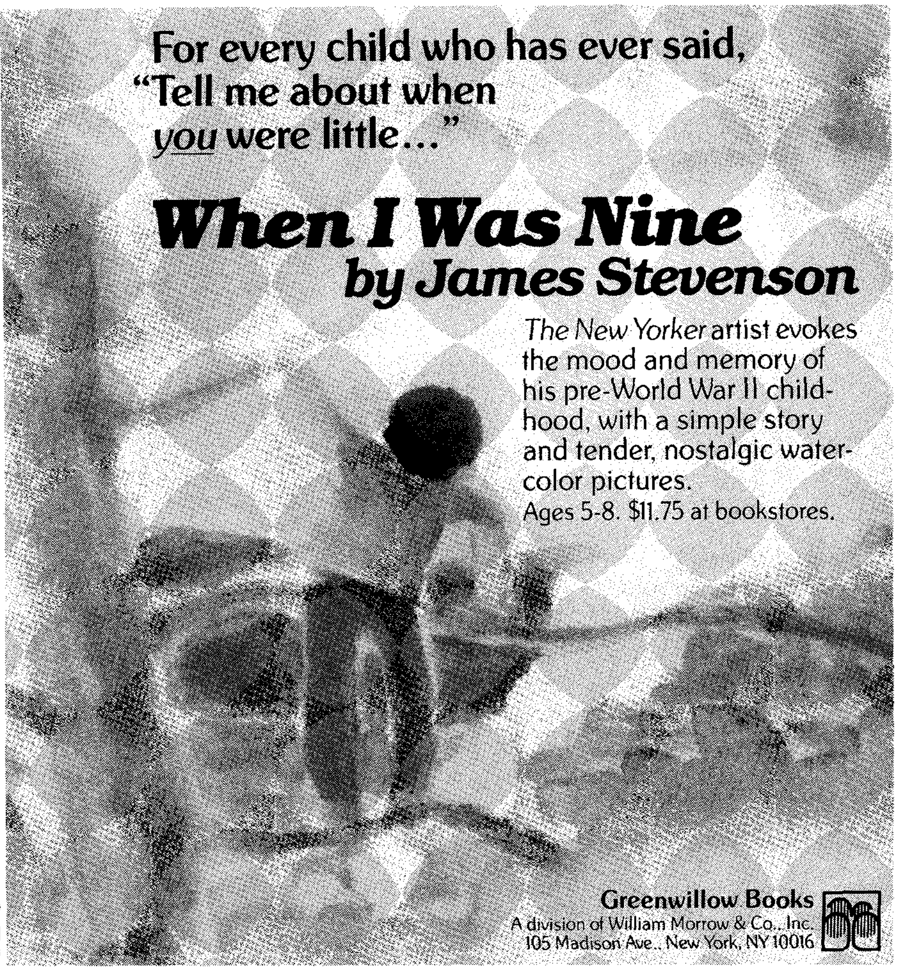
Box Y, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827 802-586-2514

ropean species degenerated when they were brought to the Western Hemisphere. Neither man had seen the Americas; nor had Hegel when he accepted their unverified statements. Mr. Arciniegas sketches a pseudo-scientific genealogy for Hitler's well-known contempt for America, a strain of European thought in which

> the world is divided between first- and second-class human beings. Europeans are in the first class. America (and, by extension, the "third" world) is second class. The European who remained in the Old World is the depository of science, philosophy, art, grace. But if he descends from those who had the courage to move to America, he is a drifter, he barely manages to imitate the West, he lacks maturity. A North American in charge of governing the United States, even if he has as much European blood in his veins as Churchill, De Gaulle, or the president of Germany, will always be—to European eyes—an inexperienced, immature, elementary person. An Argentine is simply a barbarian. Color only serves to lower a person's position. If the American white is already second class, a bit of color will bring him down to third.

This passage is not typical of the tone of the book, which stresses American contributions rather than European criticisms. Mr. Arciniegas's comparisons are rarely invidious and usually serve to correct the common historical underestimation of Americans' achievements; for example, he reminds us that Bolívar commanded victorious armies over areas as vast as those Napoleon commanded. Yet Mr. Arciniegas's resentment is by no means unwarranted—even if we think only of the condescension toward our Presidency. In "The American Commonwealth," which was published in 1888, Lord Bryce entitled a chapter "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen Presidents." No nineteenth-century American attempted to explain why great men are not chosen Prime Ministers, yet anyone can come up with two duds—Addington and Aberdeen—without even leaving the "A"s. In this century, Neville Chamberlain rejected Franklin Roosevelt's invitation to try to formulate a joint diplomatic policy in 1937-38 because Chamberlain preferred to negotiate with Hitler by himself; many British historians of our own day regard that episode as important only because Chamberlain's negative contributed to Anthony Eden's resignation as Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Arciniegas's book abounds in mental openings; his chapter on the American sources of the Romantic movement, for example, rethinks a



For every child who has ever said,
"Tell me about when
you were little..."

When I Was Nine
by James Stevenson

The New Yorker artist evokes the mood and memory of his pre-World War II childhood, with a simple story and tender, nostalgic watercolor pictures.
Ages 5-8. $11.75 at bookstores.

Greenwillow Books
A division of William Morrow & Co., Inc.
105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016

MAINE & MOZART

Quisisana is a unique music resort on the shores of beautiful Lake Kezar in Maine. It's rustic cabins in the pines, superb food, sand beaches, canoeing, sailing, fishing, water skiing, 3 clay tennis courts, etc. And, best of all, a staff of talented musicians from America's leading music conservatories who perform each evening.

QUISISANA

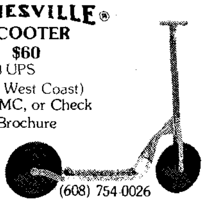
On Lake Kezar, Center Lovell, Maine 04016
Phone: (207) 925-3500 Winter address
(until May 20): P.O. Box 142, Larchmont,
N.Y. 10538 Phone: (914) 833-0293

76 Main Street
Nantucket Town

The essence of Nantucket is our lovely Victorian mansion, a gracious modern inn just a short stroll up Main Street from the heart of historic Nantucket Town. For reservations, brochure, call:
(617) 228-2533 Nantucket Island, Ma 02554

JANESVILLE®
SCOOTER
$60
+$5.00 UPS
($7.00 West Coast)
Visa, MC, or Check
Free Brochure
(608) 754-0026

Ball Bearing
10" Steel Wheels
Solid Oak platform and steering column
Steel frame
28" Wheelbase
31" Height
Wisconsin Wagon Co.
507 Laurel
Janesville, WI 53545



MAISON DE VILLE

Hotel Maison de Ville was in the French Quarter before it was a Quarter!

Since 1742 (when France owned Louisiana) this beautiful hostelry has offered the ultimate in personal service. Only twenty four rooms and seven historic Audubon Cottages catered to with classic European personal service.

The French Quarter grew around it and today it is literally a stroll from "everything." If you want the "real" New Orleans, there is only Hotel Maison de Ville.

Hotel
Maison de Ville
and the Audubon Cottages

727 Rue Toulouse
New Orleans, LA 70130 • 504/561-5858
Toll free reservations: 1-800-634-1600
A Lancaster Group Hotel.

whole library. I was particularly interested in his discussion of Spanish reform in the eighteenth century, a movement in which Spanish-Americans—notably the Peruvian Pablo de Olavide—were prominent, because this period has gained new significance now that Spain has become a constitutional monarchy. The creators of what Mr. Arciniegas calls the "frustrated revolution" of eighteenth-century Spain are no longer appealing curiosities—footnotes in a survey course—but forerunners or forefathers. Then, too, I liked his gallery of American women in Europe, all of them considerably bolder than Henry James's: the Empress Josephine; Anita Garibaldi, a Brazilian who died on campaign in Italy; and Gauguin's grandmother, the Peruvian Flora Tristán, a feminist and Socialist writer.

Throughout the work, one theme recurs: the multiracial population of the Western Hemisphere. Mr. Arciniegas never forgets that in the Americas people of every color and national provenance have struggled for liberty. Two hundred years before the Haitians defeated Napoleon's attempt to reënslave them, the black slaves of Cartagena rebelled and founded a republic that lasted a century. Mr. Arciniegas mentions Indian uprisings but also Indians who contributed to Spanish populism. Whether he is discussing art or politics, he demonstrates that the New World inaugurated a new approach to human society, which assumes equal rights within a population of diverse origins and creeds. The mental openings that Mr. Arciniegas suggests are not always cheering, for when he writes of American innovations we cannot help realizing that these departed from what was the norm during most of human history: masters, slaves, castes; genocide, apartheid, diasporas. The Americas' half millennium of experiment in inclusiveness is a beginning that justifies Mr. Arciniegas's adjective "decisive" to describe the historical role of the Western Hemisphere.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Sorcerer's Apprentice, by Charles Johnson (Atheneum; $9.95). "It is with fiction as with religion; it should present another world, and yet one to which we feel the tie": a valid epigraph, from Melville, for these eight venturesome stories about black Americans. The first one, a retelling of "Frankenstein," describes the dilemma of an antebellum farmer and slaveholder. The last one, the title story, features a black blacksmith's apprentice who comes to feel unequal to sorcery rooted in Africa. In the remaining stories, which range from a ghetto near Chicago's Loop to a pet shop in Seattle, Charles Johnson (a young professor of English at the University of Washington) proves himself a master of verbal conjurations.

The Still Storm, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Christine Donougher (Dutton; $15.95). "Men were less hairy and the willows wept more than usual" is how a brokenhearted old notary recalls his last happy week—a damp one in Angoulême thirty years before, in 1833. A wellborn widow, a peasant-poet, and a *bonne fatale* are the major players in this ridiculous melodrama, which has the notary recalling, from "an ivory tower that smells of mildew," in a landscape he likens to an inedible cake, how he handled passions he likens to a pack of dingoes, "panting, ravening, with deeply sunken eye sockets, white corneas, fangs bared in a predatory rictus." Near the end, he confesses to a new interest in the stratagems "exploited in literature to arouse the interest of a perhaps dozy reader." "May the gods of literature," he has already prayed, "forgive me."

Handling Sin, by Michael Malone (Little, Brown; $17.95). Cross a Buster Keaton two-reeler with a Sam Shepard one-acter and you come up with a small-boned cousin of this wonderful comic saga, starring Raleigh Hayes, an insurance agent in Thermopylae, North Carolina, whose father, a defrocked priest and onetime jazz trumpeter, now on his last legs, gives him a bizarre sort of grocery list—items ranging from a trumpet and the family Bible to Raleigh's good-for-nothing half brother—and a date, about two weeks off, on which to show up in New Orleans with everything on the list: that or disinheritance. Raleigh's own actuarial tables need to be drastically adjusted as he makes his way through the list and south by southwest, accumulating con artists and musicians and their contraband and instruments along the way. Mean-

Join us in the remote hill towns of Tuscany... pastoral Verdi Country... and the mystical cities of Umbria

Italia Adagio

Designed and directed by artist Frieda Yamins, whose second home is Florence, and her superb staff of lecturers. Mrs. Yamins has transformed her love and knowledge of people, places, language and traditions into fascinating and unusual itineraries.

For the perceptive and traditionally independent traveler who enjoys the diversity of Italian culture, congenial company, and the joyous Italian art of exuberant dining in enchanted places most visitors rarely see.

From 16 to 23 days—Departures in April (Sicily), May, June, Sept., Oct.

Detailed brochure available from:

Italia Adagio Ltd.
162C Whaley Street, Freeport, NY 11520
(516) 868-7825 • (516) 546-5239

BOOKS ON TAPE

New!

LONESOME DOVE
A Novel
LARRY McMURTRY
Author of TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92660

(800) 626-3333

HOMEWOOD INN
ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE
Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland. Hearthside dining. Pool. Tennis. Season: early June to mid-October. P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, Me. 04096. Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.
Featured in Country Inns and Back Roads

while, back in Thermopylae, where anti-nuclear protests spearheaded by his wife make life insurance seem an optimistic proposition, Raleigh is suspected of blackmail and murder, though he should be suspected of burglary. Not all the surprises that riddle the plot can be blamed on the half brother's penchant for impersonation when eying a Ku Klux Klanner or ogling a well-heeled Southern belle. Some involve Hayeses circa the Civil War and the Second World War; some involve Raleigh and his wife, who is thinking of running for mayor; and one involves Raleigh, and Raleigh alone.

ROVIDENCE, by Geoffrey Wolff (Viking; $16.95). A kind of portrait of the underside of the capital of Rhode Island—a portrait in which, the author tells us, the historical information is truth and the story is fiction. Mr. Wolff centers his depiction on three men and two women. There is Adam Dwyer, a criminal lawyer, who is a member of a founding family and is dying of leukemia, and his wife, Clara. There is Skippy Carbone, a young dude and burglar, who burglarizes the Dwyer house and returns to terrorize Mrs. Dwyer. There is Skippy's delectable junkie waitress friend Lisa. And there is Lieutenant Tom Cocoran, a married man and an honored cop, who falls fatally for Lisa and her appetite for sex and drugs. (There is also, just for a joke—Mr. Wolff is full of jokes—a newspaper reporter who shares her name with the co-founder of Rhode Island, Anne Hutchinson.) This is a cheerless novel at bottom, but Mr. Wolff keeps his intentions subliminal with a mocking, wise-guy manner that can be amusing, moving, or grating: "Now Baby was another story. Before they packed him into the trunk of that Volvo at Logan [they] munched on that boy. Oh, did they give Baby the natural blues! They didn't leave his engine running."

GENERAL

THE HOLOCAUST: A HISTORY OF THE JEWS OF EUROPE DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR, by Martin Gilbert (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $24.95). At the end of 1942, shortly before his death, a Polish Jew named Adolf Liebeskind said in bitterness, "We are fighting for three lines in the history books." Mr. Gilbert, in providing perhaps

Find out what the weather is — inside and out (or in your wine cellar), with...

Digital In/Out Thermometer (with LCD Clock)

New model, still only $29.95*

***But read the ad for an even better deal!**

For comfort and fuel economy inside your home or office, you need a reliable thermometer. Our *Digital In/Out Thermometer* constantly monitors the temperature. It's accurate to within 1/10th of one degree. Flip a switch, and you read in Celsius, if you prefer. At the turn of the dial, the remote sensor tells you what the temperature is outside (or in your computer room or wine cellar). You will know exactly what to expect and will have no unpleasant surprises.

When you don't feel like monitoring the temperature—inside or out—switch to "Time", and the built-in quartz clock will display it.

The *Digital In/Out Thermometer* is housed in an attractive black case that blends with any decor. The large black LCD numerals are clearly readable from 20 feet or more.

We are the exclusive importers of this fine precision instrument and can price it at just $29.95. But here is an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90***

TIME
DOOR
OUT
IN
DIGITAL THERMOMETER
INDOOR OUTDOOR
71.2°F
KCL
TEMP-TECH

and we'll send you a third one with our compliments — absolutely FREE! Every home, every office should have a *Digital In/Out Thermometer.* And, of course, nothing could be better for monitoring your wine cellar, your computer room, your walk-in freezer, or your hothouse. Take advantage of this special "3-for-2" offer while it is available!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 431-9003
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1400B320.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Digital In/Out Thermometer,* $5.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

haverhills
since 1967
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

"Irreverent, furious, fantastic, ironic, and poetic language."
—ISABEL ALLENDE

OTHER FIRES
Edited by
ALBERTO MANGUEL
Short fiction from 20 of Latin America's finest women writers
Paperbound, $9.95, now at your bookstore
Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.
A Member of the Crown Publishing Group

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

DISCOVER BARBADOS AT DISCOVERY BAY

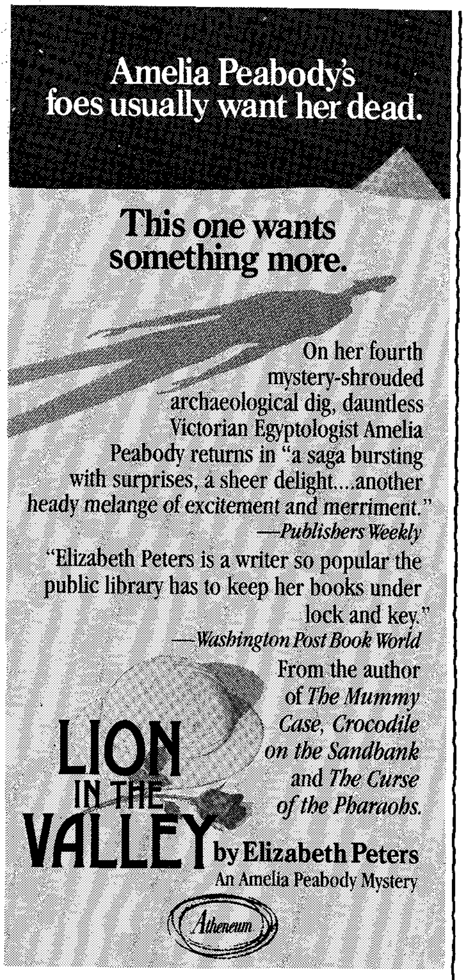
Beautiful grand plantation house resort directly on the beach. Call your travel agent, or **212-832-2277;** toll free **800-223-6510.**

HIDE UP TO $1800
In Our Classic Leather Travel Belt

Many of our friends and customers travel in countries where credit cards are unknown, pickpockets rampant, and inflation makes travelers checks worthless. The safest way to carry cash is with a Patagonia Money Belt. Made of full-grain, oak-tanned cowhide, it looks like a classic rugged belt. Ample zippered compartment holds from $1,000 to $1,800 in U.S. dollars. Dark Tan. $29.50
Men's Belt: 1¼", sizes 28-40/Even
Women's Belt: 1", sizes 26-32/Even
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

Men's_____ Women's_____ _____ SIZE
Add $2.50 postage. Add 6% tax in CA.
_____ Send FREE catalog.
Check ____ Visa ____ MC ____ AMEX ____
Card # __________
Exp. Date _____ Phone (____)_____
Name __________
Address __________
City __________
State _____ Zip _____

Call (805) 648-3386 or write
patagonia®
MAIL ORDER
Box 86, Dept. 306, Ventura, CA 93002



Amelia Peabody's foes usually want her dead.

This one wants something more.

On her fourth mystery-shrouded archaeological dig, dauntless Victorian Egyptologist Amelia Peabody returns in "a saga bursting with surprises, a sheer delight....another heady melange of excitement and merriment."
—*Publishers Weekly*

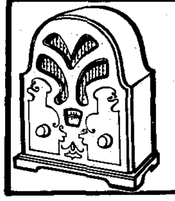
"Elizabeth Peters is a writer so popular the public library has to keep her books under lock and key."
—*Washington Post Book World*

From the author of *The Mummy Case, Crocodile on the Sandbank* and *The Curse of the Pharaohs.*

LION IN THE VALLEY by Elizabeth Peters
An Amelia Peabody Mystery
Atheneum

BARBADOS
BARBADOS BEST – On Barbados Best Beach
CORAL REEF CLUB & SANDPIPER INN
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Phone 212-535-2445 • 800-223-1108
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021

HOST TO GREAT AMERICANS SINCE 1716
Gracious hospitality amidst the sights and sounds of our nation's birth. 60 rooms with all modern comforts. Great food and spirits. Write for brochure.
The Colonial Inn
on the Green Dept N Concord, MA 01742
(617) 369-9200
Operated by the Grimes Family



RADIO FROM THE 40's
AM/FM radio (replica) made of wooden mahogany inlay from Italy.
Size: 11½"H x 9"W x 4¾"D
$179.50 incl. del.
Send your check or money order to:
Prelude Creations Inc.
P.O. Box 541
R.V.C. New York 11571
(516) 764-6371 N.Y. State add tax.

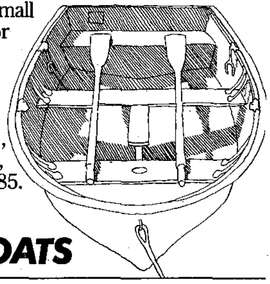
the most detailed record of the fate of the European Jews, has reconstructed the story of Hitler's attempt to obliterate an entire people. The book is as nearly complete as he could make it—how the machinery of killing was set up and how it operated, names of the victims, their cries of the heart—and it might give some satisfaction to the ghost of Adolf Liebeskind. Mr. Gilbert, a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, reviews the events in prewar Nazi Germany that foreshadowed what Hermann Göring was the first to call "the final solution" to the Jewish question. At an accelerating rate, Jews in Germany were persecuted and humiliated, in the open, for all to see: signs saying "JEWS NOT WANTED" appeared in public places; elderly Jews were made to wash sidewalks on their knees in front of crowds; in Franconia, orders went out that two hundred and fifty Jewish tradesmen must cut the grass of a field with their teeth. Mr. Gilbert's account makes hollow the protestations of Germans after the war that they had had no idea what the Nazis were doing to the Jews or what could have happened to their suddenly vanished neighbors. Photographs.

RUNNING IN PLACE: INSIDE THE SENATE, by James A. Miller, with an introduction by George F. Will (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). The author, a journalist who is now a producer at CBS News, and who served as a special assistant to the former Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, attempts to explain the workings of the Senate by chronicling the week of April 25, 1983, during which the legislators dealt with policy in Central America, the federal budget, and a new immigration bill. Mr. Miller's brief book makes an entertaining story of the ongoing processes of government, but it is flawed. It seems dismissive or belittling of senators with whom the author disagrees. Its logic is not always convincing: the author asserts that the Senate does not operate as it once did, which is indubitable, and suggests that the old ways were better—a judgment that remains unproved. He regrets the growth and influence of senatorial staffs, although the need to make information and assistance available to legislators—Members of Parliament and state legislators quite as much as members of Congress—has been

CHOICE MAGAZINE LISTENING
This **FREE** service—for anyone deprived of the joy of reading by loss of sight—provides 8 hours of recording every other month with unabridged selections from publications such as **The New Yorker, Smithsonian, Atlantic and Country Journal.** The special record player is provided free, on permanent loan, by the Library of Congress. For information, write:
CML, DEPT. NY
85 Channel Drive,
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050,
or call (516) 883-8280.

CHOICE MAGAZINE LISTENING
A TALKING MAGAZINE

The Dyer Dinghy.
One look at a Dyer dinghy reveals the craftsmanship, strength, and beauty that characterize these small yachts. Sailing or rowing models from 7'9" to 12½'. Call or write: The Anchorage, Inc., 80 Miller Street, Warren, RI 02885. (401) 245-3300.
DYER® BOATS



HERE'S TO PEACE AND QUIET.
THE PENTAGOET INN
CASTINE MAINE
On the coast of Maine:
Open April 1 to January 5
Main Street, P.O. Box 4N
Castine, Maine 04421
207-326-8616

LONDON, ENGLAND
Select Bed & Breakfast
Experience London as a guest in a friendly and comfortable private home.
Details: Cities Now, P.O. Box 2094
La Jolla, CA 92038 (619) 454-5536

stressed by political scientists throughout this century. What the book does demonstrate is that an insider's view, though abounding in intimate detail, is not necessarily a thoughtful one.

FULL TILT: IRELAND TO INDIA WITH A BICYCLE, by Dervla Murphy (Overlook; $17.95). Not *on* a bicycle, note: Dervla Murphy's "Rozinante" was pushed and carried across deserts and glaciers. This vivid journal (first published in England in 1983) of a childhood dream come true (dreamed in 1941 and come true in 1963) would have delighted Cervantes with its almost incredible surprises: a valley full of birds the size of butterflies and butterflies as big as robins; a village where the cattle eat apricots and the villagers eat clover; a sort of soccer game that makes cricket look like rugby (the goalies sit cross-legged) and a sort of polo game in which heads are cracked to frenzied musical accompaniment; a mountaintop hotel classified "Luxury, Grade A" without heat, light, food, or water. Dervla Murphy enjoyed the hospitality of everyone from the Wali of Swat, who lived in a palace complete with a Peke, to the Danish Lutheran Bishop of India's North West Frontier Province. Somewhere between Kabul and Jalalabad, she thought she was dreaming when she awoke from a roadside nap to find that nomads had raised a tent over her to shield her from the sun.

LORD ARUNDEL AND HIS CIRCLE, by David Howarth (Yale; $45). Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel (1585-1646), was a descendant of one of England's great families, and a powerful courtier in the reign of Charles I. He accepted his exalted status as a birthright but treated the world of men with "universal Civility," in the words of an acquaintance (who added that such noblesse did not mean he suffered anyone to "be bold or sawcy with him"). What gives Arundel a claim to our attention today is his achievement as a collector of art and as a patron of artists. He was one of the men who helped create not only a nation-state but a true civilization on English soil. His vast collection, much of it acquired on his travels to Italy and other foreign lands, included Hellenistic and Roman sculpture, paintings by Titian, Raphael, and Tintoretto, the notebooks of Leonardo, and the wonder-

SUBSCRIBE NOW!
Make the Philharmonic part of your New York!

1986-87 SEASON
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
ZUBIN MEHTA, MUSIC DIRECTOR
To Subscribe ■ For Information ■ For a Free Season Brochure—
CALL 1-800-247-3030
12-10-8-Concert Series Subscriptions: $56-$360.

The
Russian Tea Room
150 WEST 57 ST., NEW YORK
265-0947

FINE JAPANESE PRINTS
Largest selection in the U.S.
Catalog #7—$6
Catalogs #1-7—$35
ARTS and DESIGNS of JAPAN
P.O. Box 15158, San Francisco
CA 94115 (415) 759-6233
Open by Appointment.

EUROPE BY CAR
ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

Panache NOT spoken here

Just the warm, elegant charm that accompanies period antiques, original paintings and fresh flowers. The sort of atmosphere you would expect with the ultimate in personal service that has made The Lancaster known world wide. Experience The Lancaster: truly, downtown Houston's personal hotel in the heart of the theatre and financial district.

THE LANCASTER®
701 Texas Avenue
Houston, Texas 77002 • 713/228-9500
Outside Texas 1-800-231-0336
Telex 790-506
Member: Small Luxury Hotels
A Lancaster Group Hotel

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS SINCE 1910

Startling and Inevitable

THE GARISH DAY
RACHEL BILLINGTON

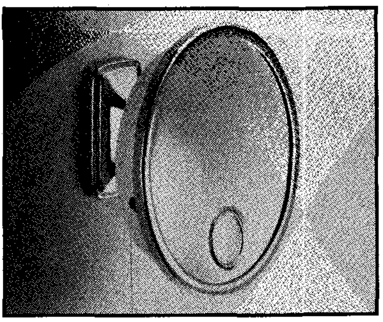
Henry Hayes Middleton, born in 1940, is a product of his class and of his times. In telling Henry's story, Rachel Billington does more than record a man's search for values in a vanishing culture; she has astutely dramatized the possibilities of satisfactions greater than the pleasures of the garish day.
A William Morrow Book, $17.95

Doubleday Book Shops
NEW YORK ★ SHORT HILLS ★ BOSTON ★ SAN FRANCISCO
and other select locations. Phone Orders Accepted
East (212) 397-0550 ★ West (415) 989-3420
Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrap ★ Major Credit Cards

“Greatness of soul is not so much pressing upward and forward as knowing how to set oneself in order and circumscribe oneself.”

Don't wait too long to join a Great Books reading and discussion group. Write:
The Great Books Foundation
A nonprofit corporation
40 East Huron Street
Chicago, Illinois 60611
Or call: (312) 332-5870

MIROIR BROT



The non-fogging magnifying mirror with the built-in light. From France.

French Reflection, 5555 S. Sepulveda Blvd.
Culver City, CA 90230. 213/204-4400

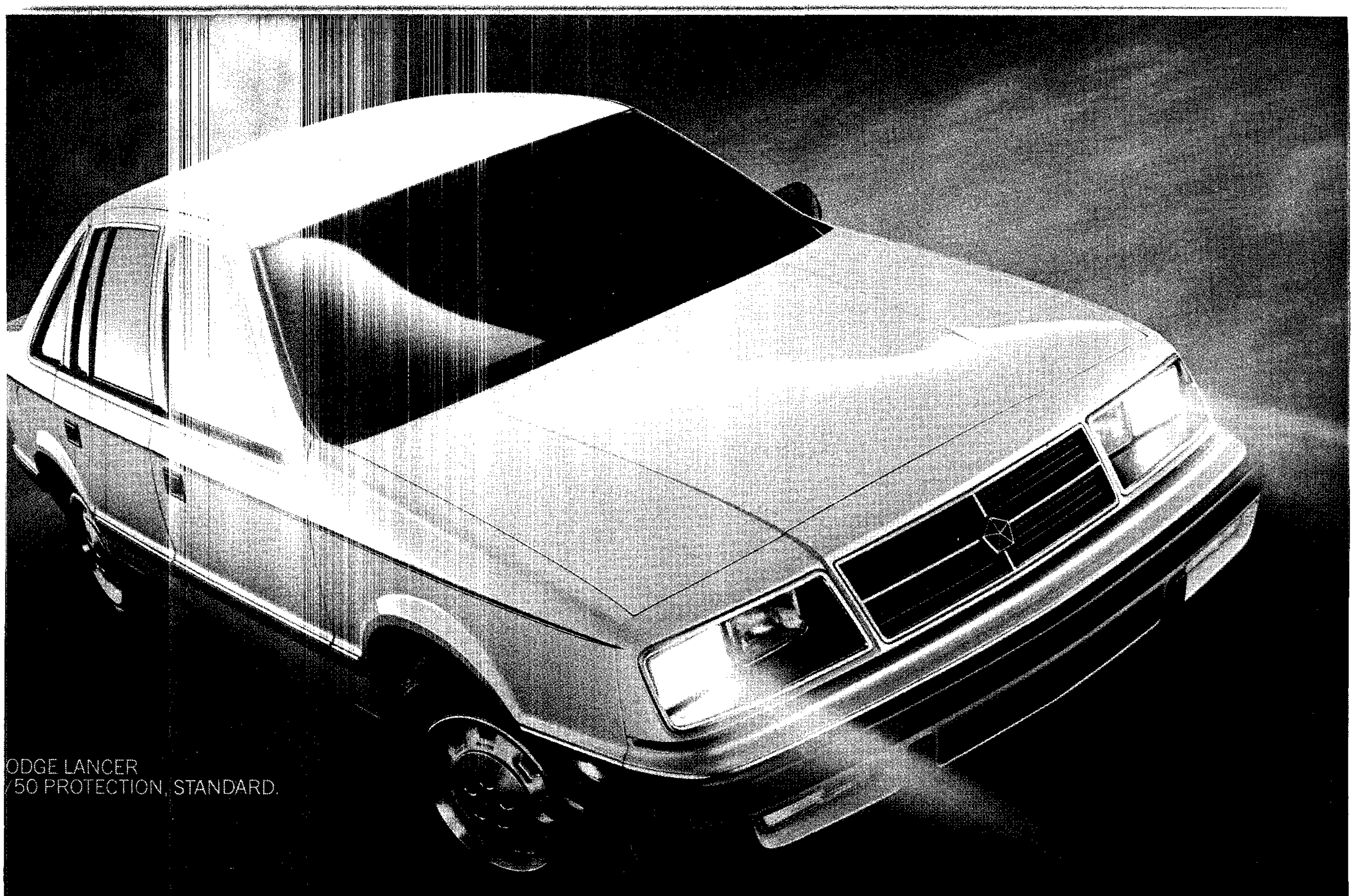
ful portraits that Holbein made at the court of Henry VIII. Arundel was tireless in his efforts to educate his countrymen, to promote a climate of intellectual inquiry, and to further the cause of living artists. His friend Peter Paul Rubens, who made several portraits of him, said that Arundel was “one of the evangelists of our art.” The book is abundantly illustrated with pictures of the men and women around Arundel and of the masterpieces he accumulated.

NOTE: “Offshore: A North Sea Journey,” A. Alvarez's report on Britain's oil drilling off the coast of Scotland, has been published by Houghton Mifflin ($15.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Alex Shoumatoff's “In Southern Light: Trekking Through Zaire and the Amazon,” an account of travels in Africa and Brazil, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($17.95). Much of the contents first appeared here.

NATACHA STEWART

NATACHA STEWART, a *New Yorker* staff member, who died late in April, at the age of fifty-seven, was a writers' writer. Working in a small compass, she was too good to be immediately noticed. She had the kind of style, both as a person and as a writer, that doesn't draw attention to itself but gives, with a native generosity, everything to the subject or the situation at hand. She was so far removed from the scrimmage of publishing that she was easily overlooked in the world of big, and even little, reputations. The whole idea of “reputations” would have been repellent to her. In a lifetime of superb writing, she published only one book of short stories, “Evil Eye,” in 1972, and it is as good today as it was on the day it was printed. For *The New Yorker*, she was versatile enough to be—besides a short-story writer—a Footloose Correspondent (with a piece about a Soviet cruise ship, published in 1974), a Talk of the Town reporter, and the translator of a French poem by Jacques Prévert. Born in Paris, of Russian parentage, the daughter of the well-known pianist Ania Dorfmann, she grew up in a world of musicians and artists. As a child, and later, she knew Horowitz and Toscanini and Saint-Exupéry, who makes an important appearance in her unforgettable story “Let's Play Portraits.” You won't find the story in any book. It appeared in the January 27, 1962, issue of this magazine, and we continue to cherish it.

Natacha was a special blend of Russian reality and French cultivation, combined with a bit of the panache of New York, and she spoke three languages fluently and wrote beautifully in one. We had the good fortune to rent a house on Fire Island the same summer she did. We can still see her lithe figure running down the beach. One of the joys of that summer was having “Russian tea” with Natacha. Something unexpected would always make an appearance—a marble cake, an upstate cheese, black-currant tea—homemade or hauled over somehow from the mainland. In her writing, too, she was accomplished at small surprises, which were unerring in tone and lent to journalism a poetry that enlightened narrative but did not interfere with it. Her writing had a magnetic quality, a slight tipping of the scales this way or that, a bit of shading or a highlight darkening or shining up a word so that it took on a new existence. Natacha, modest but not self-effacing, blessed with an inner and an outer grace, dressed the way she wrote—with a chosen elegance—and she loved good food, fine clothes, odd books, genuine people, dance (at one time she studied at the Martha Graham school), paintings, music, and society. She was plagued by illness most of her life, and in her last years was threatened by blindness—one of the worst blows that a writer can suffer. But she plugged on diligently, determined and dedicated. She was a woman who knew more than she let on, being too polite to put herself forward. As good on earrings as she was on Chopin, she shared at least four qualities with Proust: she spoke his language, was afflicted with asthma, adored her grandmother, and believed in the perfection of style. Natacha had a trait found only in the best people: the young girl was still alive in the mature woman. Her voice, warm and particular, was unlike any other. She was a charmer and a devoted friend, and we will miss her.



ODGE LANCER
/50 PROTECTION, STANDARD.

DODGE LANCER. THE AFFORDABLE FAMILY SEDAN WITH THE HEART OF A SPORTS CAR.

If you're in need of a family sedan, but your heart's in a sports car, take heart. Because Dodge Lancer is the family sedan that's hidden a sports car inside. Standard features include:

- 2.2 liter EFI engine.
- Precise power steering and brakes.
- Front-wheel drive.
- Precision balanced suspension.
- Halogen headlamps.
- Tinted glass all around.
- Hatchback versatility and fold-down rear seat.
- Tachometer, gauge alerts, message center.
- Front center console with storage box.
- AM stereo/FM stereo.
- 5 year/50,000 mile Protection Plan.*

Imagine! A sports car. A family sedan. You can get both for just $9,426.** Just see your Dodge Dealer about buying or leasing* a new Lancer.

Dodge
DIVISION OF
CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION

*Whichever comes first. See 5/50 limited warranty at dealer. Excludes leases. Restrictions apply. **Base sticker price excludes tax and destination charges. Styled steel wheels shown, $60 extra.
BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

Expressions of carefree innocence.

“Boy on Carousel Horse,” a pure delight in precious porcelain.
Superbly created with love by Lladró, it touches
the child in all of us.

LLADRÓ®

Authenticity guaranteed by the distinctive Lladró trademark on the base.
For information about the Lladró Collectors Society, write to: Lladró, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010

“Boy on Carousel Horse” (L1470 15¼") © 1986 Weil Ceramics and Glass Inc.